Collier's

OCTOBER 4, 1947

TEN CENTS

Dep 1

IOLA,
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KANSAS

F.D.R.'s cabinet begged him to reassure business. "All right, I'll turn on the old record" — from the

MORGENTHAU DIARIES

●

BUCKY HARRIS & CO.
by Quentin Reynolds

ct. 4, 1947

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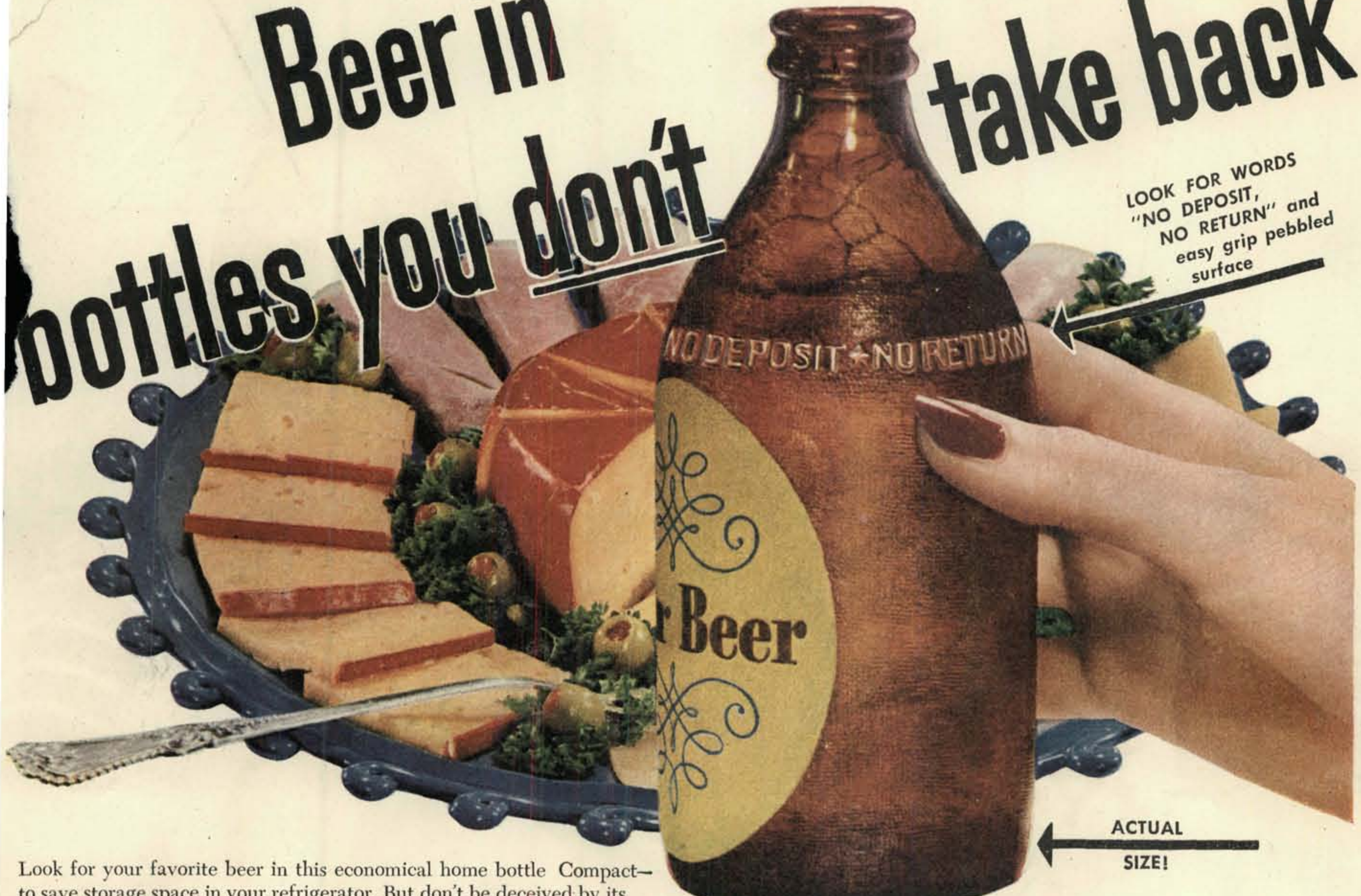
To Your
Community
Chest

Beer in bottles you don't take back


NO DEPOSIT ✦ NO RETURN
Beer
LOOK FOR WORDS "NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN" and easy grip pebbled surface
ACTUAL SIZE!

Look for your favorite beer in this economical home bottle Compact—to save storage space in your refrigerator. But don't be deceived by its seeming smallness—it holds the same amount you're used to getting!

Men prefer beer in bottles because it **TASTES BETTER** *and* **KEEPS BETTER.**

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NOW—*a wonderful* *new* *convenience—a 1-WAY, No Deposit bottle you* **JUST DISCARD** *when it's empty*

it leaves beer's flavor strictly alone

the Duraglas 1-WAY bottle

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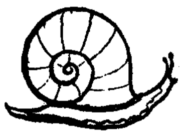
Diabetes met its master

in 1921 when insulin, which often controls the disease, was discovered.

Since that time, other advances have further improved the treatment of diabetes. Control has become more accurate with the development of slower  acting insulins. Today, most diabetics under good medical care

can look forward to a healthy, active life!

The diabetic today holds the key to his future

Successful control of diabetes depends largely on the closest teamwork between doctor and patient. Most doctors say that the patient is the more important member of the team.

The diabetic needs to study his disease under his doctor's guidance. He can usually learn to avoid such complications as diabetic coma, insulin reactions, gangrene, and early degenerative changes in the arteries, the heart, and the kidneys. Above all, he can learn how to fit his special diabetic requirements into a normal pattern of happy living.

For further information about this disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet 117C, "Diabetes."

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Please send me a copy of your booklet 117C, "Diabetes."

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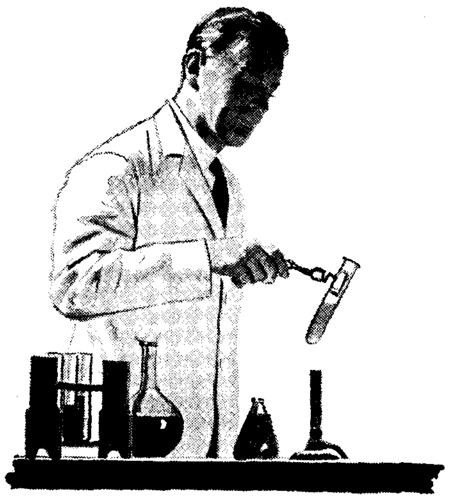
TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

Q. What is insulin and why is it used?

A. Insulin is a substance produced by the pancreas, a large gland near the stomach. It enables the body to store and burn sugar. When the pancreas does not produce enough insulin, the sugar is not fully utilized and diabetes may result. It then becomes necessary to replace the natural insulin with prepared insulin, or to reduce the need for it by means of a suitable diet.

Q. What other controls are important?

A. Diet is an essential part of the treatment of every diabetic. In many mild cases, especially when diabetes is discovered early, correct diet alone can control the disease. Active work or exercise also helps the body to burn up sugar. Success in treating diabetes depends on keeping *diet*, *exercise*, and *insulin* in correct balance.



Q. How can diabetes be detected early?

A. Diabetes can be detected by having a urinalysis with your regular physical examination. This will permit your physician to discover diabetes before the appearance of such symptoms as excessive hunger and thirst, frequent urination, and loss of weight. Such periodic examinations are a sensible precaution for everyone. They are essential for those most likely to get diabetes—people between 40 and 60, especially if they are overweight, or have a history of diabetes in the family.

Lee's Oct-Dec 1947

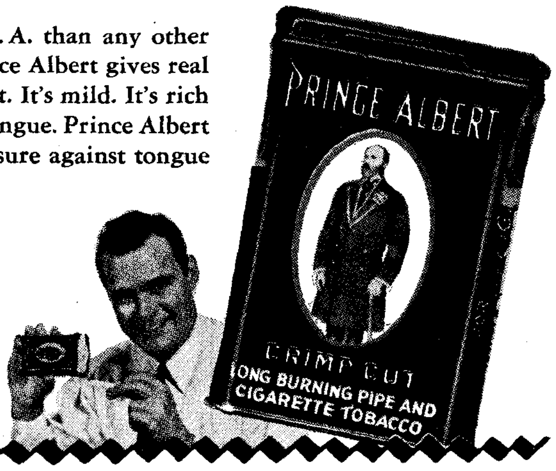
He's "sitting pretty" ... he's got P.A.*

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

A pipe *does* something for a man—adds a masculine touch that appeals to women. And a pipe filled with Prince Albert has real appeal to any pipe smoker!

means Prince Albert

- More pipes smoke P.A. than any other tobacco . . . because Prince Albert gives real smoking joy and comfort. It's mild. It's rich tasting. It's easy on the tongue. Prince Albert is specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Try P.A. today!



CIGARETTES ROLL UP FAST AND NEAT—WHEN YOU USE CRIMP CUT P.A.

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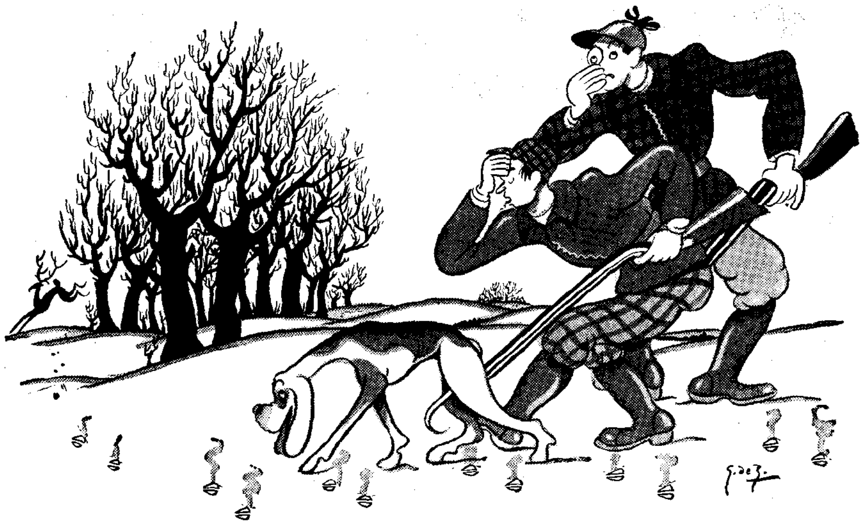
The National Joy Smoke



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Most species of deer have foot glands which secrete a substance that, when freshly tracked, has an odor so strong it nauseates pursuing hunters.

During its 1896 season, Barnum and Bailey's Circus exhibited one of America's first automobiles, a Duryea Motor Wagon, among its "Wonders of Nature" such as the Alligator-Faced Boy and the Wild Man from Borneo.

The quality of some Japanese swords is illustrated by an incident that occurred during the fighting in Shanghai in 1932. Armed with a particularly fine specimen, an incensed Jap officer slashed off the barrel and water jacket of a Chinese machine gun with a single stroke.

Persons holding annuities live, on the average, from two to four years longer than persons holding regular life insurance policies because they are usually healthy people and the income enables them to have a carefree, secure old age. Because of this difference, special mortality tables are used for annuitants by insurance companies.

The most damaging plagiarism suit brought in this country was that against Richard Walton Tully in 1912 by a woman who claimed his play, The Bird of Paradise, had been stolen from one she had written. Not having any play to show the court, she disappeared until 1924 when she returned, reopened the case, produced a manuscript and was awarded $781,990. In 1930, the decision was reversed by the N.Y. State Court of Appeals which found no resemblance between the two plays. The battle to clear his name cost Tully his fortune and left him unable to write during the remaining 15 years of his life.

Among the noteworthy disk jockeys in the United States today is Robin Morgan whose turntable shows, interspersed with comment, is broadcast Saturday mornings from 10:15 to 10:30 (EST) over Station WOR in New York. Miss Morgan is five years old.

A civil marriage is more important than a religious marriage in most European countries as it is obligatory and the only one recognized by the law of the state.

Few feats have paralleled that of the miner, W. H. Schmidt, who worked from 1906 to 1938 in digging a 2,000-foot tunnel through a granite mountain in Kern County, California. Realizing such a tunnel was the only feasible way he could transport the ore from his claim to the outside world, yet being too poor to purchase modern tools or employ help, he did the job alone, equipped only with a small jackhammer, a lantern and a hand-pushed truck for removing the loosened rock.

In the early 1870s, so many divorces were sought in Utah, where no grounds were required, that one law firm in the town of Corinne handled its divorce business on a mass-production basis. In quantities in advance, it prepared the necessary papers so completely that they became legal when signed by the man and woman involved; and the firm sold them through a slot machine at $2.50 a set. *—By Earl L. Wellersdick, Torrington, Conn.*

Montevideo, Uruguay, has a peculiar cemetery consisting of walls in which the dead are sealed in crypts arranged in seven horizontal rows whose total height is about 25 feet. Anyone wishing to attach flowers to a crypt above the second row has to be lifted up to the position on an elevator wheeled about and operated by an attendant.

While the atomic theory is generally believed to have originated in 1803 with John Dalton, the British scientist, the idea that all material substances are composed of atoms was taught in several ancient Greek schools as early as 400 B.C.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

"Wake-up-to-music"

CLOCK-RADIO

MARIA MONTEZ—starring in the United Artists release "ATLANTIS", a Seymour Nebenzal production.

Wakes You Up Smiling—Automatically Turns on Favorite Programs—Anytime

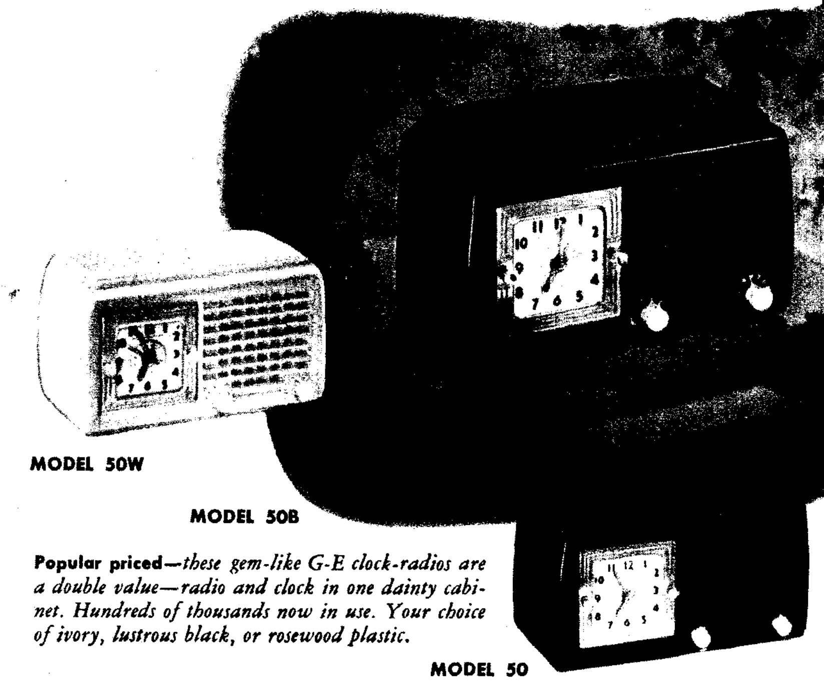
It's all so simple. Set the hour and station. Then this clock-radio wakens you with music—gently as a falling leaf. If you doze off again, it becomes firm as a stern papa, buzzing, buzzing, buzzing, until you rise and shine.

Starting your day right is only part of its magic. Is there a program you simply mustn't miss? Want to catch a train or keep an important luncheon date? The G-E clock-radio remembers—reminds you automatically.

Imagine a fine-toned G-E superheterodyne radio and an accurate G-E electric clock—both in one beautiful plastic cabinet. In your living room, or office, or kitchen, as well as beside your bed, it's the smartest-looking table model you ever saw.

Why be alarmed? Get this double value General Electric Clock-Radio and wake up smiling. A welcome gift for every member of the family—including yourself.

What beauty! *Beauty of tone, beauty of cabinet in this G-E Clock-Radio, Model 62. Genuine ivory plastic. Plenty of power. Superheterodyne circuit. Built-in Beamascope antenna. Big (4") Dynapower Speaker. Latest model, accurate G-E electric clock. Also available in rosewood plastic, Model 60.*



MODEL 50W

MODEL 50B

MODEL 50

Popular priced—*these gem-like G-E clock-radios are a double value—radio and clock in one dainty cabinet. Hundreds of thousands now in use. Your choice of ivory, lustrous black, or rosewood plastic.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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natural color tone radios

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Simoniz Your New Car... From the Start!

Simoniz Keeps Colors from Fading . . . Protects and Makes the Finish Last Longer

The sooner you SIMONIZ your new car the better! Your new car needs finish protection now . . . to "build up" the beauty . . . to give it brilliant beauty from first mile to last. SIMONIZ protects the finish from road grime and grit that scar . . . against corrosive airborne chemicals that dull and destroy. SIMONIZ saves car washings, too. Dust and dirt wipe off easily with a cloth. Remember, you can SIMONIZ your car only with genuine SIMONIZ and Simoniz Kleener. Insist on them always!

LIQUID SIMONIZ KLEENER is wonderful for cleaning quickly new cars or those with finishes in average condition. *Paste* Simoniz Kleener cleans, restores lustre and makes dull cars look new again. Then apply SIMONIZ to make that restored beauty last years longer.

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Motorists Wise SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG.

KEEPS NEW CARS . . . NEW LOOKING

THE WEEK'S WORK

W. B. Courtney

CHER SHANE: You ask for autobiographical details. I believe your readers would be more interested in some of my recent and objective experiences in rambling these past two years around a reborn Europe—to where I will return as soon as I collect my back pay.

In Greece I visited the only Aegean Isle the Germans failed to capture and hold. It is inhabited by honey-exporting monks who, when the Nazis tried to land, threw the beehives at them. In Lisbon I saw an official pamphlet on "Better Hotels" advising innkeepers, in preparation for the expected reappearance of American tourists, to banish cuspidors from their rooms, because well-bred Americans prefer to spit out the windows. In Czechoslovakia there was a brisk black market in grandmothers; they are rented out at high rates to prove Aryan descent. In North Germany they periodically weigh cops in charge of food distribution—a gain in weight being held proof they have pinched some of the food, and they are forthwith jugged. In Lourdes a greeting banner over the railroad station read: "WELCOME TO GOD'S TOWN. BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS!"

In Clack Street, London, a tankful of whale oil busted and flowed over the cobbles until it solidified. Mistaken for lard, it was joyfully scooped up by hundreds of hungry East Enders chanting, "Fish'n'chips for everybody tonight!"

In Copenhagen I found at last the sensible relation between national security and national welfare: The 1947 Budget for Denmark's army, navy and air force is footed entirely by the profits of the Carlsberg Brewery. While across the Ore Sound in Sweden, I saw a football match, in which a team of confirmed alcoholics played a team of robust young temperance athletes. The lushes won—34 to 0—and I came away much refreshed.

By the way, Mr. Shane, who the hell are you? The last time I made a routine visit for editorial guidance to the Home Office on February 6, 1897, we had a bloke named Tod Sloan writing about horses.

A guy named Richard Harding Davis writing articles that made the founding of the Boy Scouts inevitable; and two old codgers named Davenport and Crichton writing pieces about the curse of liquor. But I don't recall anyone named Shane. Are we expanding? *Veuillez agreer, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus sincere,* and hoping you are the same, W. B. Courtney

(The Boys They Left Behind, p. 24)

SINCE we specter to get her facts right, Jule Mannix, flanked by her husband, Dan, spent a week with Bob Nelson, who has Ghosts for Sale on p. 16. Dan used to work in a carnival, and the gypsy palmists, horoscope casters and mind readers in the show had bought their equipment from Nelson wholesale.

Dan had always dreamed of meeting Nelson; Jule's assignment provided the necessary carfare and introduction.

Nelson proved as fabulous as only a One-man Clearing House for Mentalists can be.

Mail-order business for Nelson products: Palmistry books, magic mirrors and poltergeists was brisk; professional "mentalists" came by droves from the country over to watch Nelson demonstrate his methods; and Nelson was deep in old parchments, new books on psychology, and studying the stars for new wrinkles in promoting good, honest deception.

What Jule liked best about Nelson was his preoccupation with the "real thing." If you buy a pound of Nelson's Devil's Foot Root, or High John, the Conjurer's Herb, a silver talisman, or book of charms and incantations, you can be sure the herbs are fresh, the talisman silver, the parchment is lamb and the incantations exact translations from old documents.

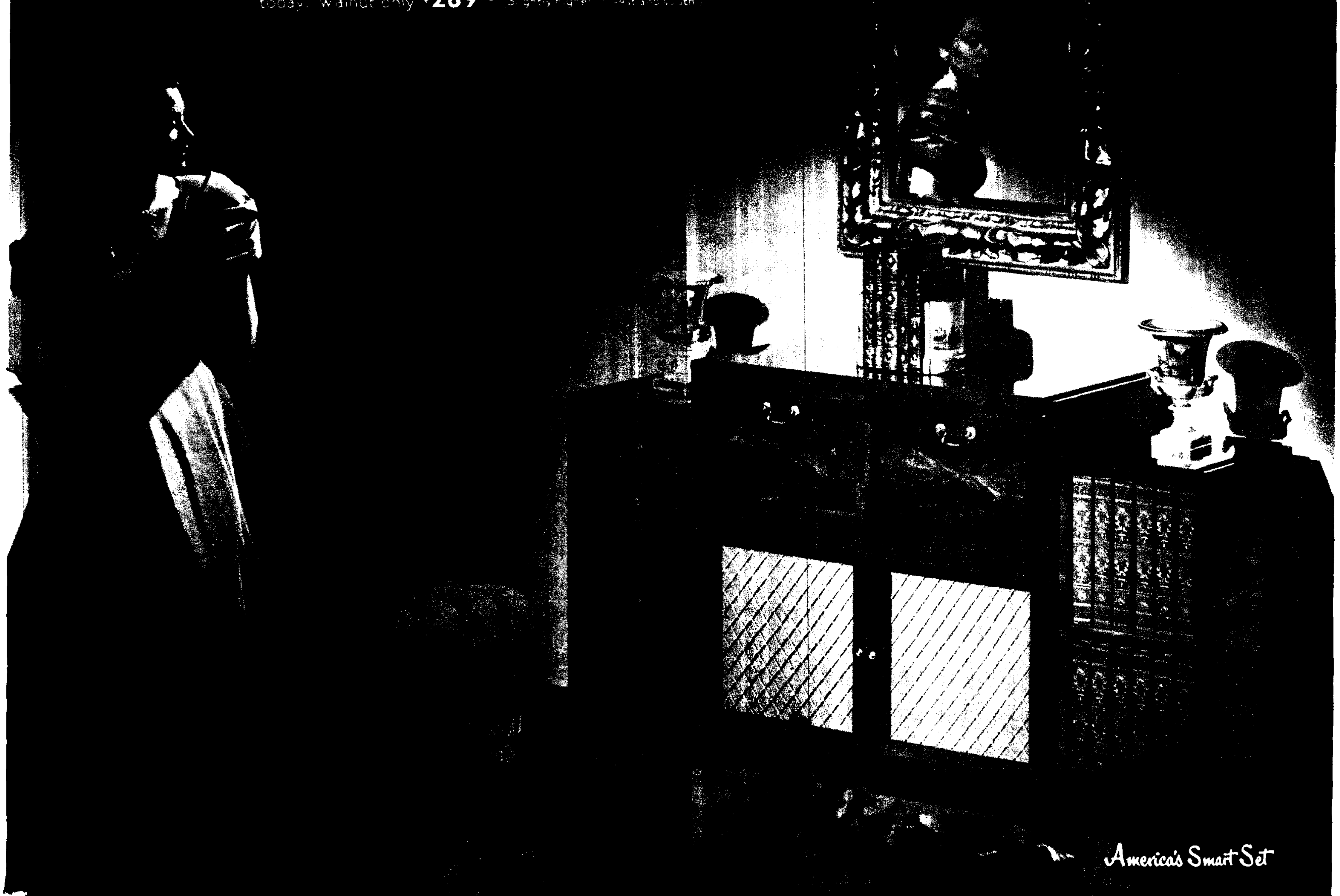
Nelson's artificial ghosts are carefully copied from letters he gets describing the "real thing"; and his special brand of ectoplasm (the stuff ghosts are made of) has been carefully laboratory-tested for the commercial market. Many letters from satisfied customers attest the spirit-raising qualities of the Nelson product.

"Working with Bob Nelson," Mrs. Mannix tells us, "you always have a feeling someday he may draw a chart on the floor, burn some of his Special Lizard's Blood Incense, there'll be a puff of smoke, the devil will appear and ask what you want. And who knows, maybe someday it'll happen. History's studded with such cases."

This week's cover: Boy's Life. Edmond Abel, holding the kittens, is from Hollis, Long Island, hopes to be a great musician; goldheaded Harold Stone, hopeful of becoming a Barrymore, is on the road now; Whitey, the pooch, wants to meet Lassie of Hollywood, some day. Jimmy Snyder kodachromed it, gaining inspiration from the fable of the lad who traded his $50,000 dog for two $25,000 cats. . . . TED SHANE

The greatest improvement IN RECORD PLAYING since the invention of the phonograph

It's new! It's beautiful! It has everything! New pull-out phonograph makes record loading easy. New high speed changer plays up to 12 records automatically. New static-free FM radio with tilt-tuning dial. Choice of walnut, mahogany or blond period cabinet with compartment for 144 records in albums. See it . . . hear it . . . at your Admiral dealer, today. Walnut only 289^{95} (Slightly higher in west and south.)



Miracle tone arm brings a new thrill to your record listening pleasure. Uses no coil, no crystal, no filament, no special tube. Banishes needle scratch, "talk-back" or other disturbing noises. Keeps records like new for hundreds of plays longer.

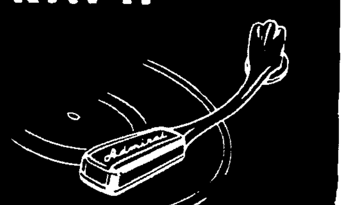
*Gown—**Fred A. Block** Original*

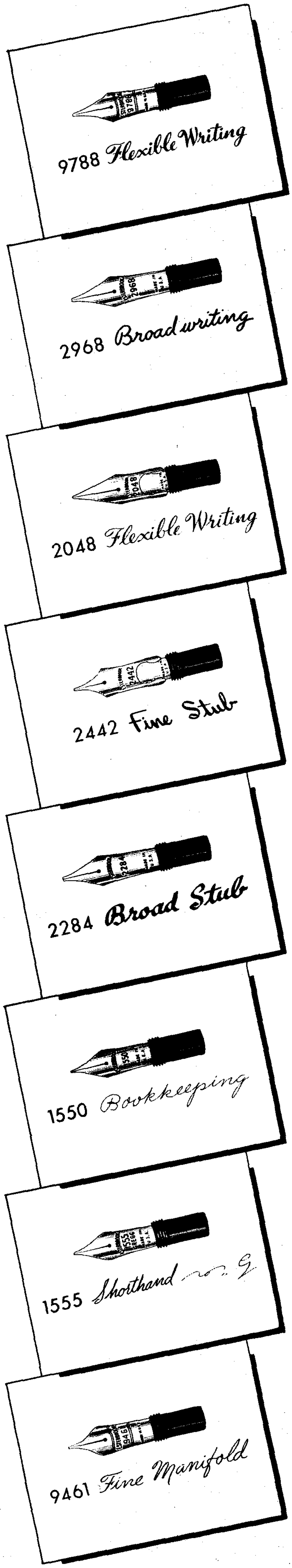
America's Smart Set

Admiral

FM-AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

with Miracle Tone Arm




9788 Flexible Writing
2968 Broad writing
2048 Flexible Writing
2442 Fine Stub
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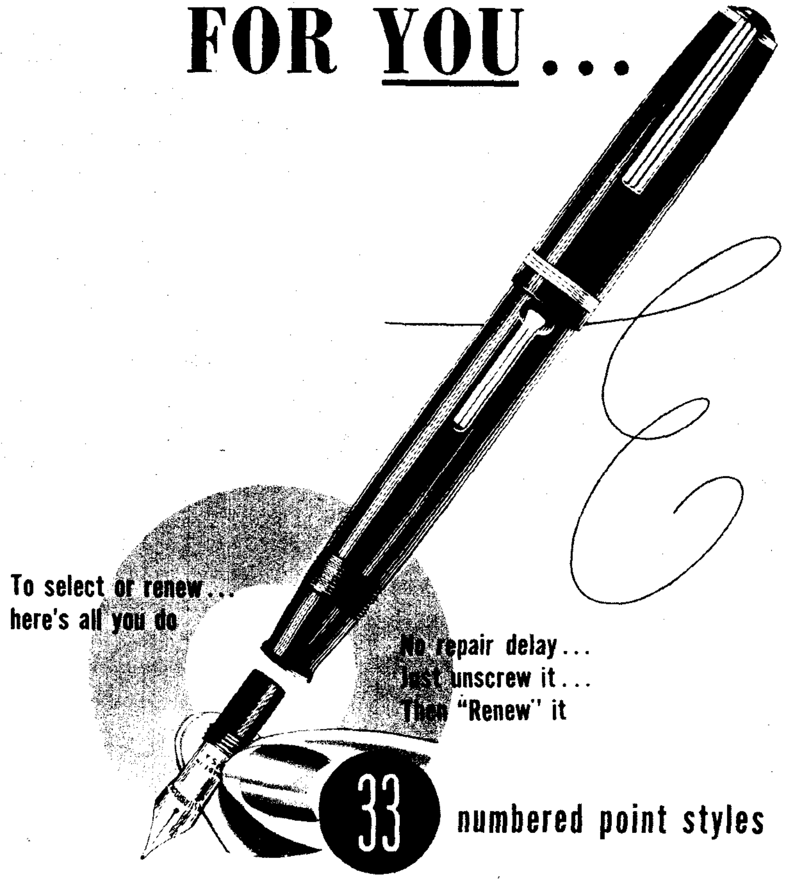
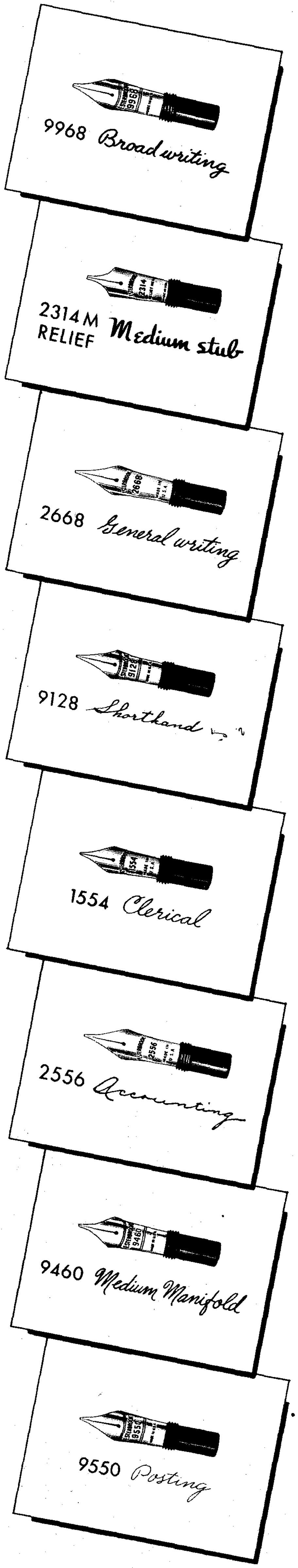
1550 Bookkeeping
1555 Shorthand
9461 Fine Manifold

NO OTHER PEN CAN WRITE SO WELL FOR YOU...


To select or renew...
here's all you do
No repair delay...
Just unscrew it...
Then "Renew" it
33 numbered point styles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9128 Shorthand
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2556 Accounting
9460 Medium Manifold
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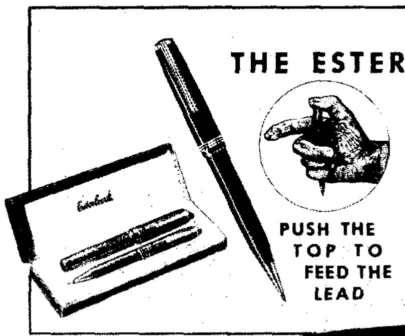
The Right Point For the Way You Write!

In all the world, no other pen can write so well for *you* as an Esterbrook with the right point for the way *you* write. With Esterbrook *you* make your *personal selection* of points from 33 numbered point styles . . . you choose the one point that matches your handwriting exactly . . . and fit it into the barrel yourself! And you can renew this personal point of your Esterbrook Pen any time. Just ask for it by number at any pen counter.

THE ESTERBROOK *Push* PENCIL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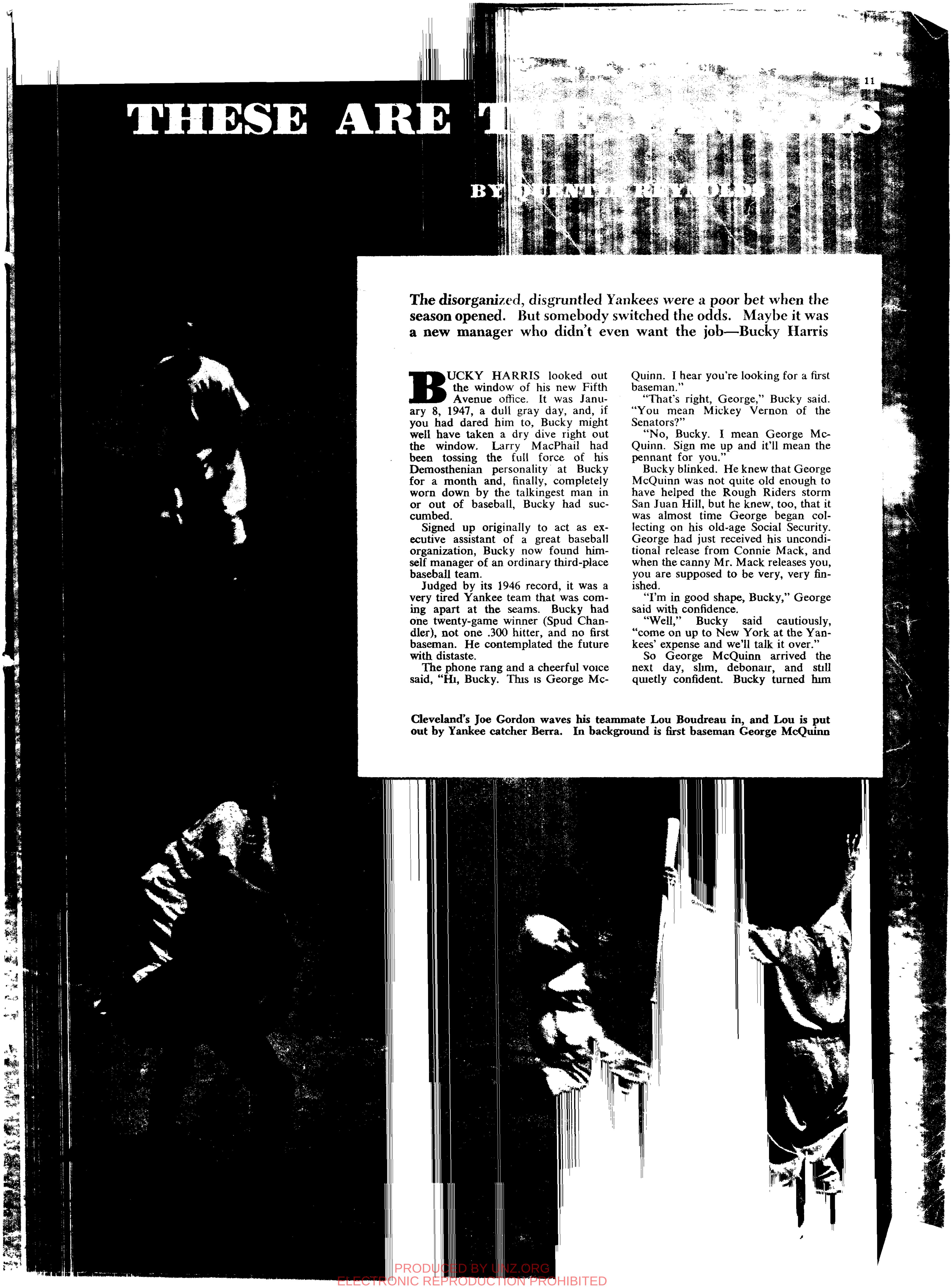
Feeds two feet of lead . . . without reloading. Push the top to feed the lead as you need it. Patented tip eliminates "lead-wobble" and "jamming". Six colors to match Esterbrook Pens.

Esterbrook

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

THESE ARE THE YANKEES

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS



The disorganized, disgruntled Yankees were a poor bet when the season opened. But somebody switched the odds. Maybe it was a new manager who didn't even want the job—Bucky Harris

BUCKY HARRIS looked out the window of his new Fifth Avenue office. It was January 8, 1947, a dull gray day, and, if you had dared him to, Bucky might well have taken a dry dive right out the window. Larry MacPhail had been tossing the full force of his Demosthenian personality at Bucky for a month and, finally, completely worn down by the talkingest man in or out of baseball, Bucky had succumbed.

Signed up originally to act as executive assistant of a great baseball organization, Bucky now found himself manager of an ordinary third-place baseball team.

Judged by its 1946 record, it was a very tired Yankee team that was coming apart at the seams. Bucky had one twenty-game winner (Spud Chandler), not one .300 hitter, and no first baseman. He contemplated the future with distaste.

The phone rang and a cheerful voice said, "Hi, Bucky. This is George McQuinn. I hear you're looking for a first baseman."

"That's right, George," Bucky said. "You mean Mickey Vernon of the Senators?"

"No, Bucky. I mean George McQuinn. Sign me up and it'll mean the pennant for you."

Bucky blinked. He knew that George McQuinn was not quite old enough to have helped the Rough Riders storm San Juan Hill, but he knew, too, that it was almost time George began collecting on his old-age Social Security. George had just received his unconditional release from Connie Mack, and when the canny Mr. Mack releases you, you are supposed to be very, very finished.

"I'm in good shape, Bucky," George said with confidence.

"Well," Bucky said cautiously, "come on up to New York at the Yankees' expense and we'll talk it over."

So George McQuinn arrived the next day, slim, debonair, and still quietly confident. Bucky turned him

Cleveland's Joe Gordon waves his teammate Lou Boudreau in, and Lou is put out by Yankee catcher Berra. In background is first baseman George McQuinn

Above: The Yankees' two top men, Manager Bucky Harris and President Larry MacPhail. Larry, though a master at filling the ballpark with paying customers, can't get along with the players, and the popular Bucky acts as peacemaker, smoothing out the various causes of irritation between them and MacPhail

over to Dr. Mal Stevens, then the team physician. Doctor Stevens gave George every test he could think of, and then he said to Bucky, "He's in great physical condition. I see no reason why he doesn't have another good year left in him."

Bucky, who prides himself on being strictly a percentage player who seldom plays hunches, said, "George, what's the most you ever made in baseball?"

George said, "Twelve thousand a year."

"Will you play for us for fifteen thousand?" Bucky said. George would.

Of course, Bucky could have played Tommy Henrich at first, but Tommy was just about the best right fielder in the league. He had young Steve Souchock, but he felt that the kid was at least a year away from the big time. Who else was there? Nobody but old man McQuinn. So Bucky crossed his fingers and on opening day he said casually, "George, you're our first baseman."

Just four months later old man McQuinn, after a sensational early-season splurge, was picked by everybody to be the league's first baseman in the All-Star game.

It would take a clairvoyant with a crystal ball in good working order to tell you how the inept, lackadaisical third-place 1946 Yankee team leaped to the leadership of the American League, but baseball men are pretty unanimous in saying that one of the most important factors in this baseball miracle was the play of old man George McQuinn.

There are, of course, many other reasons. There was Joe DiMaggio, for instance. Joe, playing the first two months with a huge six-inch open cut in his left heel; playing with a chipped bone in his right shoulder that made it agony for him to throw; playing with a ruptured neck muscle that hurt every time he turned his head, was magnificent all year. The Yankees really tore the league apart when they won nineteen consecutive games (June 29th through July 17th).

When Freddie Hutchinson of Detroit finally brought it to an end on July 18th, the Yankees were eleven games out in front; and the Red Sox and the Tigers were weary from chasing them. During that stretch DiMaggio hit .361; all pitchers looked alike to the Yankee Clipper. He hit men like Masterson, Dobson, Kramer, Feller, Marchildon, Kinder and Muncrief as though he owned them.

McQuinn, Henrich, Johnny Lindell and Billy Johnson caught fire, too, and the five, with help from the rest of the boys, slammed the ball so hard that only four opposing pitchers (Wynn, Masterson, Kinder and Feller) were able to go the route against the 1947 edition of Murderers' Row. But it was DiMaggio who paced the club. Shortly after the streak ended Joe hurt his neck. He was out seven days—the Yankees lost five out of seven. As soon as he returned the club resumed its winning way.

Then there was Frank Shea, the miraculous rookie who was toiling for Oakland a year ago. By July 5th, Shea had won his eleventh game. Then he was hurt and was lost to the team for almost the rest of the season. There was Joe Page, who always wanted to be a starting pitcher. Bucky convinced him that he was the best relief pitcher in baseball, and he went right out and proved it.

Men Who Played Great Ball

There was Yogi Berra, the Man Without a Neck, who caught when Aaron Robinson's hitting fell off and who played the outfield when he was needed. Berra is a discovery and protégé of canny John Schulte, one of the best coaches in the game. There was the steady play of Tommy Henrich and the timely hitting and truly great fielding of Rizzuto and Stirnweiss, a double-play combination that has its equal only in Lou Boudreau and Joe Gordon of Cleveland. There were other reasons why the Yanks surged to the top of the league, but far and above them all looms the amiable figure of Stanley (Bucky) Harris, the man who didn't want to be manager.

Just to refresh your memory about Bucky Harris. He came up from Buffalo in 1919 to play second base for the Senators. He was the kind of hustling ballplayer who was never stopped by such slight occupational mishaps as broken fingers. His fingers were always getting broken, but that only cost the Senators a few dollars for adhesive tape. Made manager in 1924, he won the pennant and then the World Series from John McGraw's Giants. In 1928, he went to Detroit to spend five years building up a pennant contender. Tom Yawkey then signed him to manage Boston, and in 1934, he brought the Red Sox home in fourth place, the first time the club had seen the rarified air of the first division since 1918.

One day Bucky and Yawkey were out duck hunting. Yawkey told Harris that he had a chance to get Joe Cronin from Washington. Cronin was then the hottest shortstop in the game.

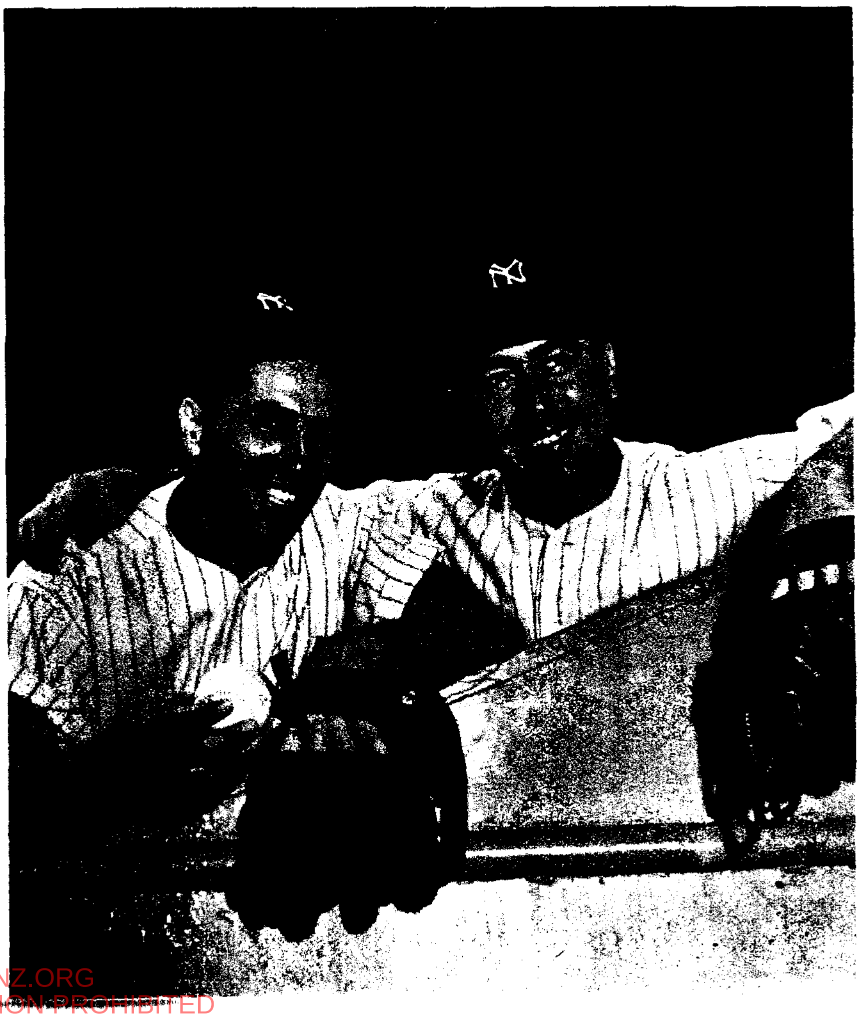
"That's great, Tom," Bucky said. "Grab him."

"Griffith will only sell him on condition that I make Cronin manager of the Red Sox," Yawkey said.

"Joe will be a great playing manager," Harris said calmly. "I advise you to make the deal."

Well—that's Bucky Harris. He went back to Washington as manager, then shifted to Philadelphia in 1943. Bill Cox, who owned the Phillies, fired Bucky in midseason, and the whole baseball world (including the late Judge Landis) fired broadsides at Cox. Buffalo of the International League offered Bucky a major-league salary and he went to the upstate city.

It was then that persuasive Larry MacPhail asked Bucky to become his executive assistant at the Yankee Stadium. Bucky, deceptively young-looking at fifty, liked the idea of hanging up his spikes and parking the carcass in a big soft chair in an air-cooled office. That was in August, 1946. Joe McCarthy had resigned. Big as it was, the Yankee Stadium wasn't nearly big enough to hold such conflicting personalities as Joe and Larry MacPhail. Bill Dickey tried his hand as manager and it didn't work. It was a tired, sullen, unhappy ball club. Dickey resigned and Johnny



Phil Rizzuto and George Stirnweiss, the great Yankee fielding team, make a double-play combination equaled only by Boudreau and Gordon of the Indians

Collier

OCTOBER 4, 1947

TEN CENTS

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KANSAS

F.D.R.'s cabinet begged him to reassure business. "All right, I'll turn on the old record" —— from the

MORGENTHAU DIARIES

●

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Beer in bottles you don't take back

NO DEPOSIT • NO RETURN
Beer

LOOK FOR WORDS "NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN" and easy grip pebbled surface

ACTUAL SIZE!

Look for your favorite beer in this economical home bottle. Compact—to save storage space in your refrigerator. But don't be deceived by its seeming smallness—it holds the same amount you're used to getting!

Men prefer beer in bottles because it TASTES BETTER and KEEPS BETTER.

Women add that bottles always look smart, appetizing, on the table.

NOW—a wonderful new convenience—a 1-WAY, No Deposit bottle you JUST DISCARD when it's empty

it leaves beer's flavor strictly alone

the Duraglas 1-WAY bottle

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Neun finished out the season. Then during the winter MacPhail went to work on Bucky.

Finally he sold Bucky the idea of managing the Yankees "just for one year." It isn't MacPhail who sold Bucky the idea of sticking around next year (and probably from then on); it was DiMaggio and Keller and McQuinn and Henrich and the rest of the Yankee players.

"I've been with a lot of ball clubs," Bucky says, "but never one like this. There isn't a wrong guy on the club. These boys have done everything I've asked them to do this year. I've never seen spirit on any club like we have on the Yankees. I can't quite explain it, but if you hang around the locker room and sit in the dugout during batting practice and go out with the boys afterward, you'll see what I mean."

So I did those very things and found the answer—Bucky Harris. The players like the way he handles the team. They like the way he plays percentages instead of going in for wild gambles. They like the way he leaves them alone if they're going good. This is a mature Yankee club. Of the twenty-six men on the club roster, eighteen spent the war years in service. They are professionals who learned their trade well in the fast minor leagues. Bucky lets them think for themselves.

As a group the 1947 Yankees would compare favorably with any similar age group of insurance salesmen, advertising men, newspapermen or bankers. Bucky treats them like that, too. Before a game he may give a few words of advice to his starting pitcher, but that's all the instruction he feels they need. I was sitting with Bucky in his office one afternoon when Bobo Newsom, whom he had named as his starting pitcher, came in.

"Got any orders, Bucky?" Big Bobo asked.

Bucky grinned. "You know how to pitch to this club as well as I do, Bobo."

Newsom smiled happily and then pitched a shutout against the Red Sox.

The toughest job Bucky has is to act as a buffer between the players and Larry MacPhail. Larry's job is to keep the ball park filled with paying customers, and at that he has no equal. But he is also boss of the players, and in his human relationships with them he fails utterly.

To Larry, players are chattels to be bought, traded and sold. He pays them well and figures that the Yankee Corporation owns them body and soul. When they are going particularly well Larry will toss them a bonus or a gaudy bauble like a watch or tie clasp. If you tried to explain to Larry that ballplayers are human beings, capable of likes and dislikes, he would be honestly puzzled. Larry treats the players with all the exquisite tact of a ten-ton bulldozer clearing a forest.

Mal Stevens' "Resignation"

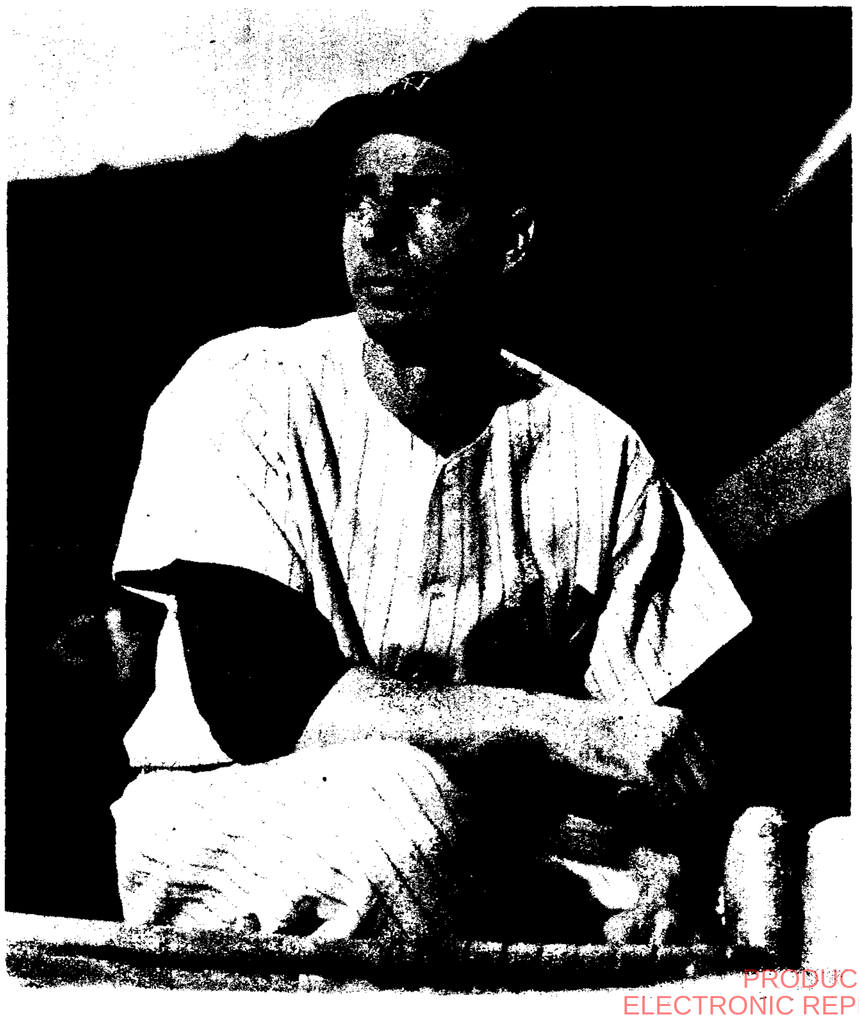
There was the matter of Dr. Marvin Stevens, for instance. The popular Mal Stevens began the season as the team physician. Eminent in his own field of orthopedics, the former Yale football star made friends of the players. If one of them came up with some ailment that Mal thought could be better treated by a specialist in that field, he'd hustle the player to the best qualified expert.

Midway through the season it was announced that Doctor Stevens had resigned. He hadn't resigned; he was fired by Larry MacPhail, who had found a doctor whose methods he liked better. Stevens disagreed with MacPhail over methods for treating certain muscular ailments. So did some of the players.

Larry took the attitude, "What do ballplayers know about medicine?" The answer obviously is, "Nothing." Larry threatened to fine them heavily if they didn't follow the methods he considered best. And Larry stuck to his choice with typical stubbornness. Bucky had to straighten out things like that all season.

The veteran George McQuinn had been given an unconditional release by Connie Mack, and when Connie releases a ballplayer he is generally supposed to be very, very finished. But Bucky Harris took a chance and signed McQuinn for the Yankees. McQuinn became a sensation at first base

As goes Joe DiMaggio so go the Yankees. He's the pace-setter for the club and despite an injured heel and bad shoulder he marched it to a lively tempo



Larry didn't think that DiMaggio, Keller and a couple of others were co-operative enough one day when some newsreel men were around taking pictures. Keller hadn't had a hit in three days and he wanted a lot of batting practice. Joe hadn't been meeting the ball well and he too wanted to stay in that cage. When ballplayers are in a slump, the understanding newspaper photographers stay away from them. The newsreel men weren't so hep. They got insistent and finally Joe and Keller told them to run along and roll their hoops. MacPhail fined them both for that.

He fined a few of the boys for not speaking at banquets arranged by local New York groups with the help of the Yankee front office. The boys were too tired at night to join any chicken-and-string-bean circuit. They weren't interested in Larry's promotional stunts.

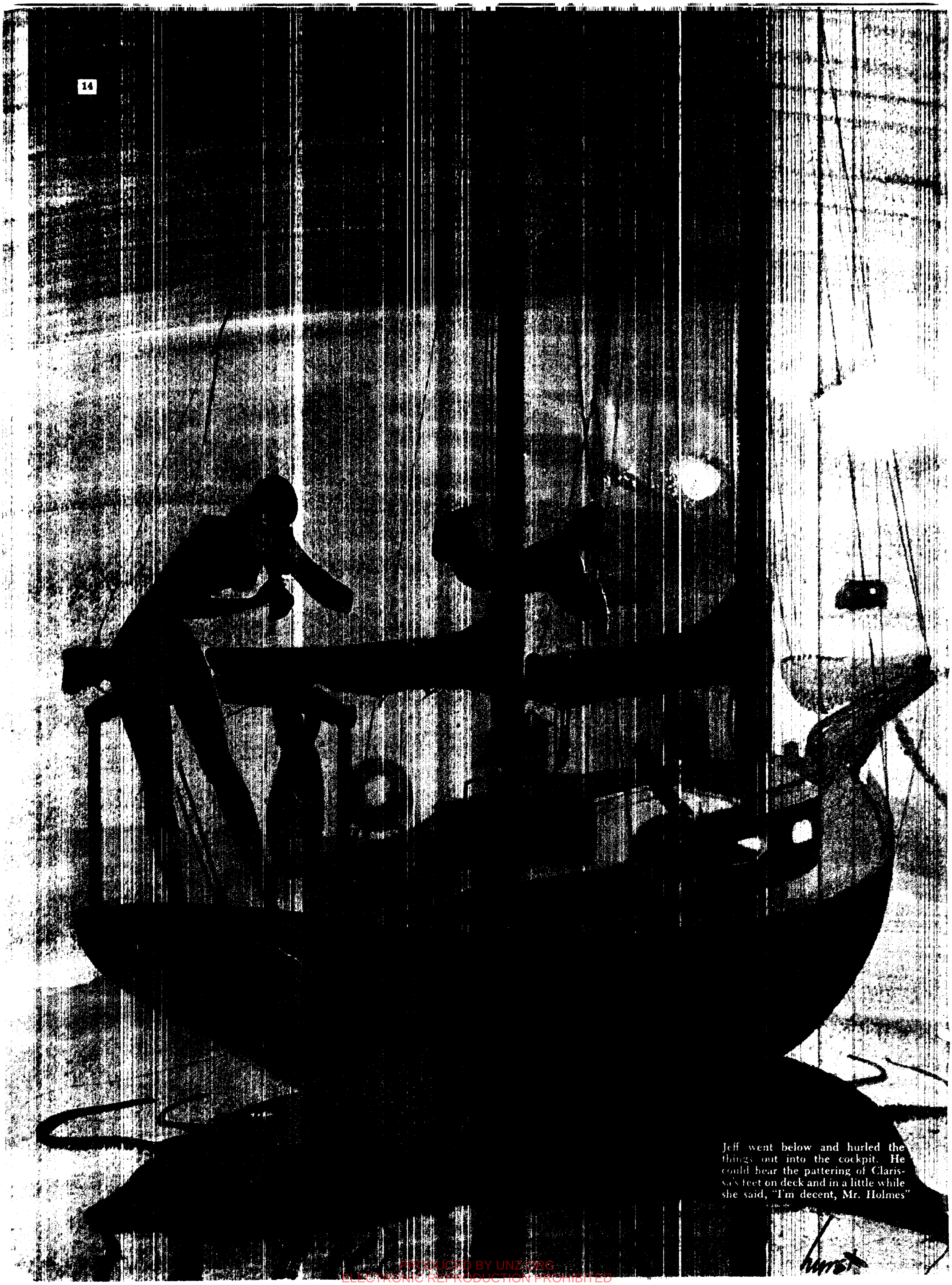
Under any other manager the team might well have folded up, or at least been badly affected by the dictatorial front-office tactics. Ballplayers in mid-season are trained down fine, and with the sharpening of their physical condition comes an understandable increase in sensitivity. They're on razor edge physically and mentally. MacPhail's treatment of them drew them closer together. And they drew Bucky in with them. Sure he was a friend of Larry; Larry was his boss, but they felt that Bucky was in their corner. And they were right.

The players believe in him as a manager, too. At one time this year Shea, DiMaggio, Chandler, Keller, Wensloff and Henrich were all out with injuries, and Floyd Bevens, a sixteen-game winner in 1946, had completely lost his stuff and was sitting on the bench gloomily contemplating a four-won-ten-lost average. Yet somehow Bucky managed to juggle his reserves around so that the team kept on winning. Ask Bucky how he did it and he grins and gives you a one-word answer, "Percentage."

That of course only tells half the story. A good manager has to have the same sense of prophecy usually attributed only to the seventh sons of seventh sons. The Yanks had a serious-looking bespectacled pitcher named Vic Raschi with them in spring training. Raschi was the typical post-war rookie—a twenty-eight-year-old ex-serviceman. Serious in mien as

(Continued on page 36)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVE PESKIN



Jeff went below and hurled the things out into the cockpit. He could hear the pattering of Clarissa's feet on deck and in a little while she said, "I'm decent, Mr. Holmes"

BY JAMES CHARLES LYNCH

YOUNG MAN WITH AN IDEA

Geoffrey J. Holmes believed in Fate—and Fate, who had a lovely figure, believed in him. Why else would she follow him around in such an exposed condition?

GEOFFREY J. HOLMES had to draw up his knees or hunch over when he coped with the standardized equipment designed for the average-sized man. The ideas that came to Jeff's mind were of like stature. Naturally, he was young.

This morning he hunched. The top of his convertible pressed down upon his head. It poured down rain. Wilshire Boulevard was a sea of traffic.

Besides all this, Jeff toyed with two tremendous ideas at once—the details of building the Ledge Canyon Dam, and marriage. The bids on the dam had not been submitted, nor had Jeff met the girl he would marry. But such things were mere details. The important thing was in knowing exactly what you wanted and going after it.

The woman Jeff intended to marry would be tiny and cuddly. One he could bounce on his knee, while he pored over blueprints of an evening.

Jeff could see her plainly, in his mind. Better yet, he saw her dart from the shelter of a store vestibule and wave frantically at him, he was sure of that. Three other male drivers, alone and searching for opportunities, thought so, too.

Jeff rose to the occasion. He figured he could get there first if he sideslipped in. He did. He skidded through the deep gutter water and stopped exactly in front of where the green-suited little lady was standing. The other drivers stopped, too. They leaped from their cars and ran toward the girl. But Jeff knew he was the lucky one.

The girl was not tiny or cuddly. She was tall, with wide shoulders, slim waist and long, straight pin-up kind of legs. Her hair was black with a dusty sheen and her eyes were green. She was exactly the type, even the very one, Jeff realized, he had in mind, though she looked perfectly capable of deciding when she might like to be bounced on whose knee.

The trouble was, the girl was all wet. Jeff's skidding car wheels had picked up about a half ton of water from the gutter and heaved it in her face.

Her perky little hat hung over one ear. Muddy water streamed down her beautiful face, and a small gob of mud had plastered itself in the provocative hollow of her right cheek. A once floating paper bag was draped limply over her handbag and her once light green suit was now a dark, water-soaked green. According to all the rumors Jeff had heard, this was definitely not the way to get acquainted with the woman of your dreams.

The three knights of the road and rain came galloping up. "You dumbheaded California driver!"

"Give a guy a big car," said the redheaded young man, who drove a small car, "and he thinks he owns the road."

The third, an older gentleman, tried the Father-will-protect-you approach. "Come, my dear," he said. "I have a heater in my car. And a little nip. A little nip will help ward off a chill."

Jeff squeezed himself out the door and stood upright, frowning down upon the outraged males. The one who had called him a dumbhead turned pale. The older man backed up. Only the redhead stood his ground.

"You can't go around splashing women, see," he said. "You ought to be more careful."

"Let's not have any trouble," said the girl. "It was this tall gentleman I was trying to attract."

"Yeah," said Jeff, looking at the others. "She was trying to attract me. You guys have caused enough trouble. "You run along so you won't be late for work."

He did not even stop to wonder why such a beautiful girl had been trying to attract him. Fortune had patted his head so often lately he just took such things in stride.

"Let's get in the car," he said. "You'll get all wet standing here in the rain."

The girl rolled her green eyes up at him and a shiver of fear tickled his spine and he knew his first doubt. But the crisis passed. The lust to maim and murder faded from her eyes. She even smiled. It would have been more beautiful if it had not been so forced. But at least it showed her teeth.

"Thank you," she said. "You are so kind."

THE girl picked up the hem of her skirt and twisted it. Water ran onto the floor of the car. She seemed resigned.

"I," she said, "have been trying to attract your attention for almost a month."

"You have?" said Jeff, amazed. "My gosh!"

"Yes," said the girl. "I suppose you know why?"

"Yes," said Jeff. "It's Fate. Fate makes you do things whether you want to or not. But I can't see why it made me not see you for a month. I'm not really blind. I don't see why it made me get you all wet, either. I'm sorry about that, but I will make amends. Just tell me what you want me to do."

"Very well," said the girl. "I want you to turn around and take me home so I can change clothes. I can't show up at the office looking as if I'd spent the night plugging a leak in a dike."

Jeff swallowed. She was asking little enough in the way of amends. But affairs were rushing toward a climax. Within the hour, Geoffrey J. Holmes was due to be interviewed by the press. He was to become a national figure. This was no time for a woman to change clothes.

"What," said Jeff, "do your friends call you?"

"Clarissa. Clarissa Margaret."

"Look, Clarissa," said Jeff. "There is a nice radiator in Mr. Geoffrey J. Holmes' office. You could sit by the radiator and dry out."

"You don't mean *the* Geoffrey J. Holmes!" cried Clarissa. "Not the engineering genius who is going to merge with the C. M. O'Connor Company, like I read in the papers, and build the Ledge Canyon Dam?"

"That article was a lie!" Jeff almost shouted. "The O'Connor Company planted that piece to try and compromise Mr. Holmes. They have been writing and phoning his office for a month and Mr. Holmes won't even talk to them, let alone merge. Someday Mr. Holmes is going to get his hands on O'Connor." He almost tore the steering wheel out by the roots making his point clear.

"My goodness!" said Clarissa. "Is the great Mr. Holmes going to build that monstrous dam by himself?"

"No," said Jeff. "He wishes he could, but he is not that well off financially. He is going to merge with the Big Four Construction Syndicate."

"Oh," said Clarissa. "I am disappointed in him. I understand the Big Four is a bunch of bandits. They always wind up making the job cost twice as much as their original bid. The newspapers—"

"Newspapers have to have someone to pick on," said Jeff. "Lately they've picked on the Syndicate. That is why the Big Four are letting Mr. Holmes in. He has an idea that will save a million dollars on that Ledge Canyon job."

"No!" said Clarissa. "Has Mr. Holmes told them the idea already?"

"Ha!" said Mr. Holmes. "He is not that dumb. He has just convinced them he can, that's all. Confidentially, all concerned know the Syndicate is tottering. One more little scandal and they are washed up. But one job, well and cheaply done, which is the only way Mr. Holmes would do a job, puts the Syndicate back in public favor. So the Syndicate is grateful and Mr. Holmes becomes the white-haired boy and a leading member of the biggest outfit in the world. Don't you think he's smart?"

Clarissa said, "I think Mr. Holmes is nuts."

"That is no way for a lady to talk."

"Sorry," said Clarissa. "But the point is, when Mr. Holmes becomes involved with the Syndicate, he loses his identity. Mr. B. B. Bowen takes credit for everything. Every time the Big Four is mentioned there is a picture of B. B. Bowen. B. B. inspects work. B. B. plays golf in a helicopter. What do the other three companies do?"

"You just don't understand," Jeff said. "Geoffrey J. Holmes will not be submerged. A strange sort of Fate looks after him. Oh, you'll love Jeff when you get to know him real well. Tonight, when we are having dinner together, I will tell you all about him."

"Oh, wonderful," cried Clarissa. "I hope anticipation doesn't make me sick so I can't make it. But now, let's assume that Mr. Holmes is one hell of a fellow and the subject exhausted. I yearn for that hot radiator."

On the twelfth floor of a downtown office building they came to a door bearing the legend, "Geoffrey J. Holmes Construction Company. Geoffrey J. Holmes—Private."

"It just so happens," Jeff said, "that I have a key to Mr. Holmes' private office. Nice guy. You'll love him."

The office was a corner one. The radiator was in the far corner, between two large windows. Jeff's desk was set diagonally between the windows so that his back was to the radiator. Clarissa made a beeline for the hissing heater.

"Just take all the time you need," said Jeff. "No one will bother us in here. Mrs. MacDonald, Mr. Holmes' secretary, is late on a rainy day. Now—"

He fell silent as voices rose in a connecting office. Clarissa, her back turned to him, the hem of her skirt lifted a little to the warming heat, froze. Someone wished to be ushered

(Continued on page 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

GHOSTS FO

Bob Nelson makes them to order and guarantees to scare the daylights out of your Aunt Emma. If your house needs haunting, he can arrange that, too, down to the last skeleton rattle and terrifying scream

FOR the last 25 years, Robert Nelson of Columbus, Ohio, has been in hot competition with the Powers of Darkness to see which of the contestants can do the best job of scaring the tar out of the American public. So far, Mr. Nelson has won.

Bob Nelson acts as agent for ghosts, vampires, werewolves, strangled screams, and things that go bump, bump in the night. For a reasonable sum, Nelson will have your house haunted, provide a headless skeleton to walk through your mother-in-law's bedroom at three A.M., or instruct a disembodied voice to wail and gibber from the teakettle when your wife has a few friends in for the afternoon.

Nelson keeps a careful catalogue of all particularly grisly cases of supernatural visitante or hauntings that appear in the newspapers. Whenever he feels that the devil may be catching up on him, Nelson and his corps of highly trained assistants work night and day to create some new horror.

When Bob Nelson was 13 years old, he and his brother Lawrence decided to become the world's greatest magicians. They began giving shows at children's parties. Then one afternoon the Nelsons stopped to watch a pair of street corner mind readers. One of the mind readers sat blindfolded on a platform and called out the name of any object handed his friend who walked through the crowd.

At the end of the performance, they offered $10 to anyone who could duplicate their feat.

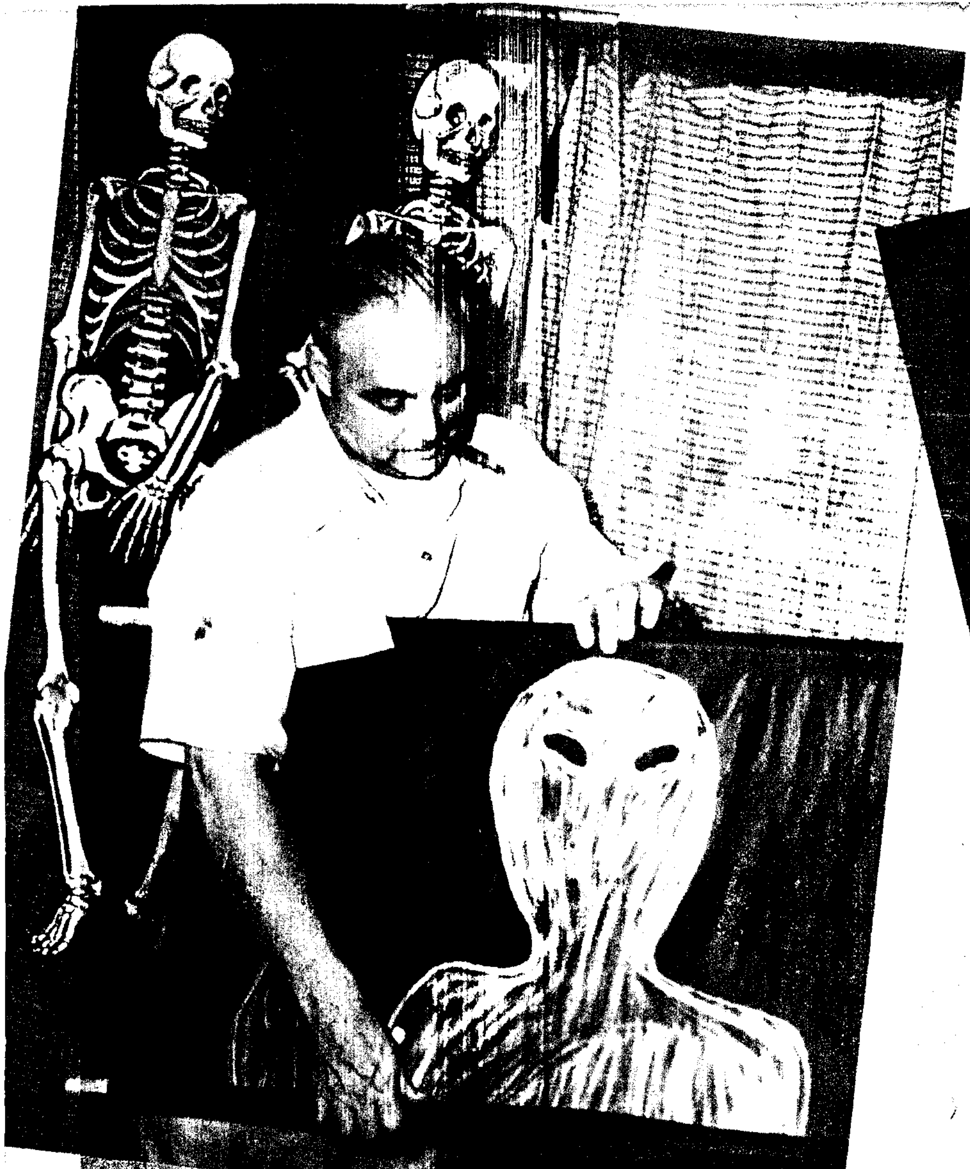
"Lawrence and I had worked out a system so that we could secretly communicate with each other," Bob explained. "We put on a better demonstration of thought transference than the mind readers. Once, we were nearly caught. They challenged us to read off numbers they wrote on a blackboard behind our backs while we were blindfolded. That was tough. Fortunately, Lawrence was a quick thinker. He found he could see down the sides of his nose under the blindfold. He palmed a small pocket mirror so he could watch the blackboard and call off anything they wrote. The crowd made the mind readers pay us the $10. We realized then that our naturally strong occult powers might have to be strengthened occasionally by mechanical means."

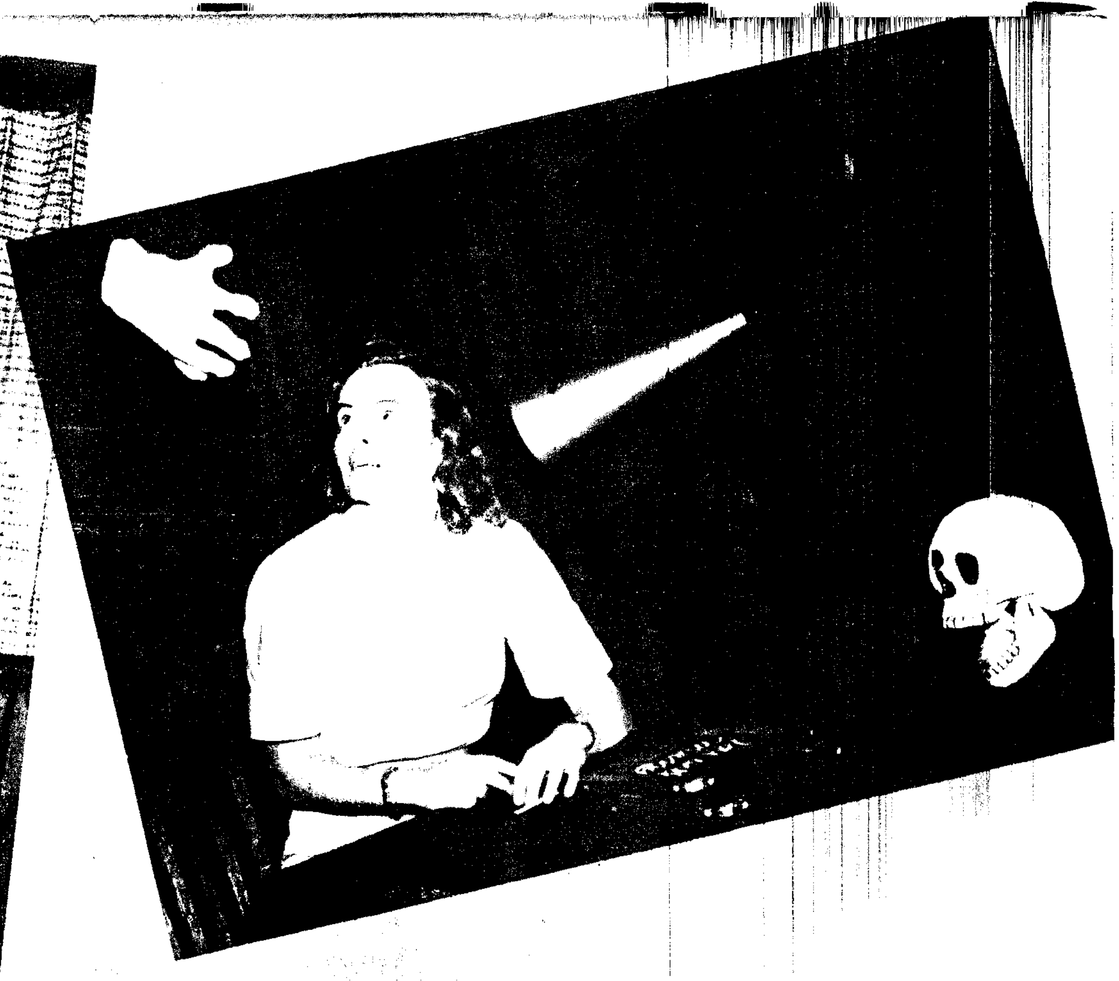
A few years later when the magic business hit a slump, the boys remembered their mind-reading system. Instead of presenting their magic show as trickery, they decided to introduce a few mentalist routines and suggest that the effects were performed by cosmic vibrations. As a result, the boys took in $250 the first night. Both the Nelsons have been mentalists ever since.

"We got our first big break while we were playing a small theater near Columbus," Bob recalls. "The audience would write their questions on slips of paper and Lawrence, disguised with a beard and turban, answered them from the stage. I happened to be standing in the lobby when a shopkeeper I knew in Columbus came in. He didn't notice me and naturally he couldn't recognize Lawrence. I sneaked up behind him and read his questions while he was writing them down."

Lawrence had rigged up a pair of earphones inside the turban with a concealed wire that led to a telephone mouthpiece in the rear of the theater so Bob could tell him what the audience was writing. Bob rushed to the telephone and rapidly recounted to his impassive brother on the stage not only the shopkeeper's message but also a complete account of the man's home life. Lawrence began his reading. Halfway through the speech, the shopkeeper leaped from his seat with a hoarse scream and bolted from the theater. From then on, the brothers were made.

In order to solve its daily problems, the American public requires a steady





Above, Bob Nelson demonstrates window-shade "ghost" which is luminous and appears or disappears at a seance as the medium unrolls or rolls up the shade in the dark room. (Above, right) The author poses at medium's table in a simulated seance scene. All ghostly objects shown can be manipulated by medium, using thin metal attachments. Writing on slate appears automatically when slate is turned over. (Right) Nelson's famous talking teakettle excites dog when voice from spout calls him by name

BY JULE MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

supply of dream books, horoscopes, crystal balls, and lucky pieces. The brothers received such a steady demand for these items, that Bob Nelson decided to start manufacturing them wholesale. Lawrence preferred to stay on the road. So they broke up.

Bob returned to Columbus and opened his occult supply house. He was promptly deluged with orders from mediums for floating tables, self-writing slates, and trumpets and built-in voices. Today they form the major part of his business.

"Ordinary ghosts are too high-strung to stand the strain put on them by modern life," explains Nelson. "Harry Price, the well-known English expert on psychic research, tells a story that illustrates this very well. As a boy, Harry wanted to photograph a ghost that was haunting an old English castle. He and a friend rigged up an electrical unit loaded with flash powder around the staircase where the ghost usually appeared. Being amateurs, they used too much flash powder. Then they led wires into another room and hid.

"At midnight, they heard the ghost walking through the castle. He caught sight of the photographic outfit and went over to examine it. The boys heard him clicking his tongue with astonishment as he inspected the apparatus. Then he started up the stairs. The boys hurriedly set off the powder. For a few seconds, all they could hear was the explosion. Then they heard the ghost falling downstairs. Apparently he dematerialized before he hit the bottom, because he was gone when they rushed out."

Any of his ghosts, Nelson claims, would have poured down those stairs and run Harry Price and his friend ragged. Nelson's ghosts are all used to being photographed. They are also virtually indestructible and take being shot at, seized by irate exposers, and having lights suddenly turned on them, with equal indifference.

"All my supernatural effects are much superior to the ordinary run of stuff you'd find in a haunted house," says Bob proudly. Last spring, Nelson visited Lily Dale, New York, the famous summer resort for spiritualists. In Lily Dale stands the farmhouse where the Fox sisters, founders of modern spiritualism, first heard the ghostly rappings made by the spirit of a peddler whose murdered corpse was buried in the cellar. The peddler still haunts the farmhouse. One of the local mediums offered, for a fee, to bring back his spirit to knock for Nelson. Nelson agreed and a few minutes later soft raps were heard from the floor boards near the medium's feet. But not for long. Suddenly loud, authoritative knocks came from every part of the room.

"What's that?" screamed the terrified medium. "That's not the peddler!"

"Certainly not!" Nelson told her indignantly. "That, Madam, is my Little Wonder Spirit Knocker, now retailing for $3.50. Far superior to any knocks produced by spirits, the Little Wonder will work even though I am tied hand and foot and subjected to a strict examination. You can't afford to be without it."

Charmed, the medium bought two Little Wonders, and Nelson hurried on to his next customer.

Revealing how Nelson creates his ghosts would be unfair. But it would be equally unfair not to give some idea of the ghost maker's ingenuity.

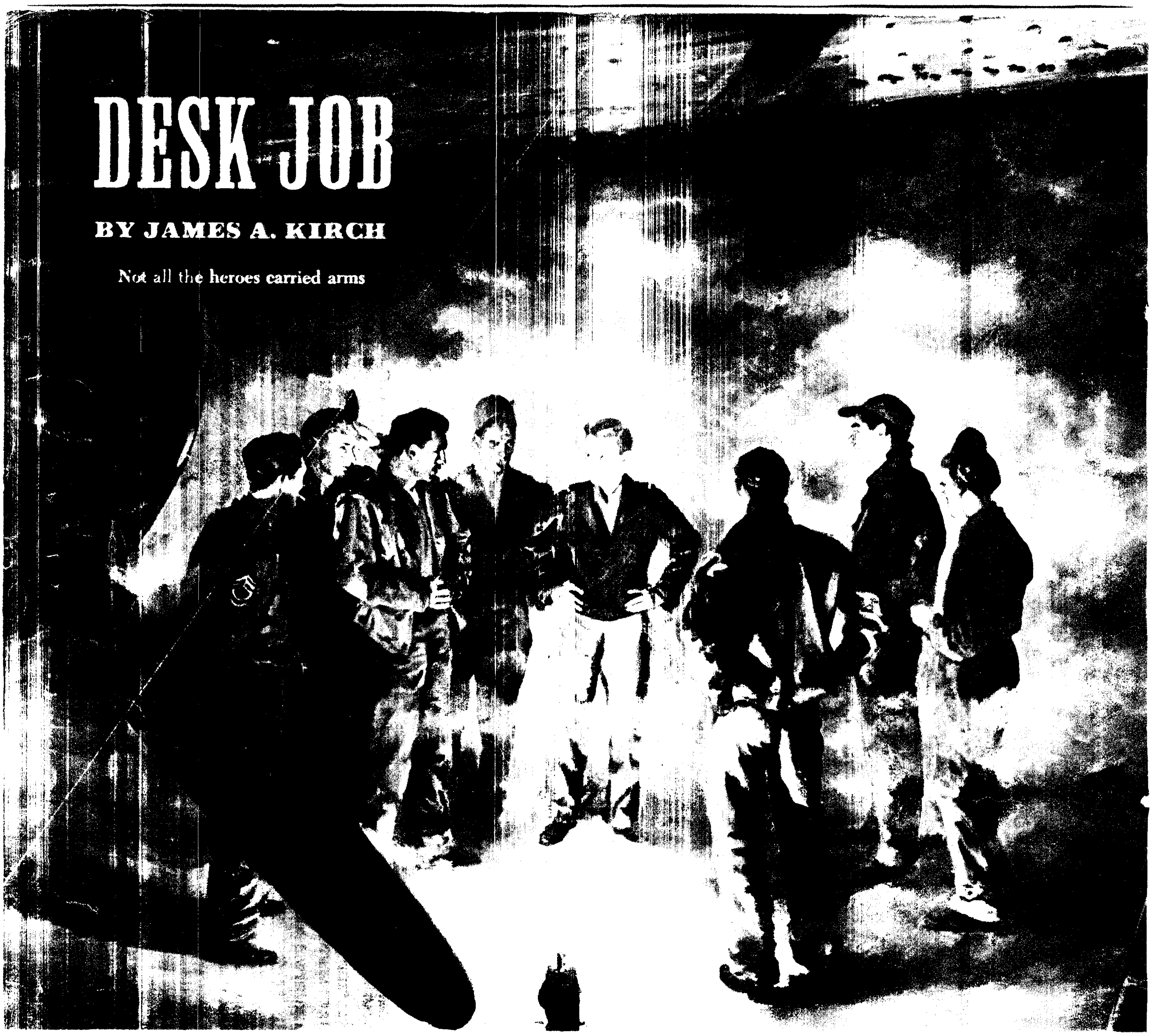
Nelson is frequently requested to haunt guest rooms, particularly in country houses during the summer when visitors drop in and stay a month. Let's suppose you and your family have decided to move in on Cousin Willie during August. After a few days, you notice that Cousin Willie and his wife are making pointed remarks about train schedules. You remember hearing that the

(Continued on page 88)

DESK JOB

BY JAMES A. KIRCH

Not all the heroes carried arms



EVEN before he opened the Quonset door and looked out, he knew, but he stood there for a moment and hated the swirling fog with his eyes. He pushed the door closed against it, but it feathered into the weather station like stuffing from a pillow. It clung to his thin young face in fat beads and made blinders of the square-cut lenses of his glasses.

The sergeant swung around on his plotting stool. He was a thickset blond boy, just crowding twenty, younger even than Lieutenant Harkness. "Any better, Lieutenant?"

Harkness took off his glasses and rubbed them on the front of his shirt. "It's bird-walking weather." He said the words slowly, as if the fact had just become clear to him.

The sergeant's eyes checked the clock on the wall. "It's early," he offered. "They'd be maybe over the target, now. It could still break wide open. If this stuff blows out . . ."

"It *has* to blow out." Harkness sat down at his desk, studying the half-scrawled letter to his father. He knew the words were without meaning, but he couldn't sit there watching the clock. Awkwardly he gripped the pen and wrote: *I was thrilled with the news about Ed.*

The squawk box said, "Operations to Weather." Harkness' pen stopped in the middle of a word. "Go ahead," he said dully.

"Harkness," the colonel's voice barked. "How about this stuff? We're socked in completely."

"It should blow off," Harkness answered, then repeated it, trying to convince himself with the sound of the words. "It should blow off all right."

The colonel said, "I've got fifteen planes out there, Harkness. They're going to be looking for home pretty soon. It had *better* blow off." The squawk box clicked shut.

"He thinks we make it ourselves." The sergeant's voice was bitter. "He's got an idea we cook it up under the weather station and can turn it off when we want. He's nuts."

"He's worried," Harkness said.

"Sure," the sergeant said. "*Now,* he's worried. But whose idea was it? Who came in here and said he had to send a flight out on the first break in the weather? Who sent 'em out knowing it would fog in after they left?"

"I called it," Harkness reminded him. "I figured it would clear again an hour before they got back."

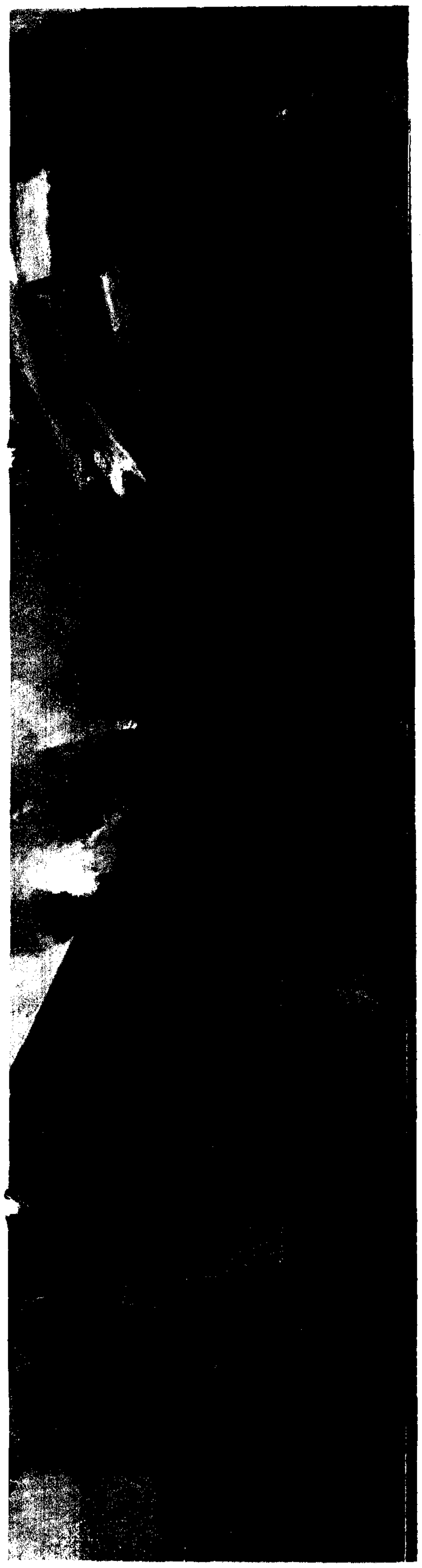
The sergeant picked up the word. "An hour. So we call 'em right down to an hour? And if we muff one, who takes the rap? Nuts!"

Only half hearing him, the lieutenant settled back at his desk. He accepted the fact that errors in judgment were his: it was part of his job. It had been up to the colonel to hound him, to insist that they make use of the first chance to send out their planes, but it had been his job to call that break and make certain the colonel didn't prod him into a hasty decision. He didn't know what had gone wrong.

The fog, when first it had settled, had fit in with his forecast. But the cold air that should have been bulging behind it hadn't flowed in to break it. The winds had been right when they'd taken the balloon run, but that had been before the fog had blanketed the field, when you could still see a lantern in the air. But now the winds might be wrong. If they were wrong, this stuff could lay in for hours. The bombers would come back and circle high over the field, chattering on the intercoms, but the pilots wouldn't find the landing strip. They'd lay up there like pigeons locked out of their roost, until their engines choked with thirst, and then they'd black out their minds and head down through the fog. One or two of them would make it, if their luck rode hot.

"I ain't worried, yet." The sergeant studied the clock, figuring the time. "I got half an hour. If we're still socked in, I'll start sweating it out."

Harkness went back to his letter, forcing his mind to it. He'd lost the thought of his writing, so he picked up



"It's going to be rough," Harkness admitted. "With plenty of flares, they should find us—if it breaks"

the V-mail note from home. In the bold, sure strokes of the pen, he saw his father again. *Ed*, he remembered. That was it. Ed had just won a medal. His father had colored the news like a sports commentator covering a game. Always it had been like that. As a child, he had crouched next to his father in the stands and the older man had pounded his shoulder until the muscles were sore, roaring, "Look at Ed! Look at your brother, boy!" It was always Ed his father was watching.

He hadn't been jealous. He had accepted the fact that Ed had the gift of his father in him, the boldness and drive that could take him to the top. He hadn't been jealous, but he had carried with him the hurt knowledge that only Ed was the son of his father.

He could imagine his father swelling with pride as he spoke of his boy and he could picture the amazement that would cloud his face if someone asked which son he meant.

"Why, Ed," he'd say. "Ed, of course. Stan's got a desk job someplace. Stan's a fine boy, but different. He's more like his mother." And there would be wonder in his father's voice at the thought of a woman being uppermost in a man.

The squawk box sputtered, "Operations to Weather."

"Shoot," the sergeant said.

The colonel's voice was ragged. "Harkness, what do you think about flagging them on down to Callwater when they start coming in?"

CALLWATER lay sixty miles inland. It made a good alternate when the planes were riding ahead of a storm.

"We can't," Harkness said. "It's zero-zero down there. This stuff is laying thick all along. It hit us first, and it'll blow out of here first."

"You're sure of that? You're *sure* it will blow out?"

The sergeant scowled at the squawk box.

"Before it leaves Callwater," Harkness said, tightly. "If we're socked in, they're bound to be worse."

"You mean we'll *both* be fogged in?"

He hadn't said that. He wouldn't have put it in words. "I mean we'll clear before they do," he said.

Slowly, the colonel said, "There's a lot of boys up there, Harkness. I hope you figured this right." The squawk box went dead.

Pushing up from his desk, Harkness opened the door again. The sergeant followed him, peering over his shoulder. "If we had one of those radiosonde gadgets, we could get a line on the winds."

Harkness didn't answer him. He had made his forecast with the information available to him. The fact that his data was limited didn't alter it. Unhooking a fog light from the wall, he burrowed into the soup-thick mist. The hangar line he found largely by feel, threading his way until the hangar loomed up before him.

The line chief came forward, motioning to the lantern in his hand. "That don't even take a bite out of it, Lieutenant."

Harkness glimpsed vague figures behind the towering bulk of the line chief. He felt them tighten with recognition and lean forward eagerly.

"It's going to be rough," he admitted. A man cursed in the darkness and Harkness went on, trying to ease the strain for them. "It should thin out on us, though. With plenty of flares, they should find us all right, if it breaks."

Silently, the line chief weighed his words. "Well," he said, "we're not looking for miracles, Lieutenant. Just lift it a little, that's all we ask. We've got good men up there, and good men down here to baby them in. We'll be lit up like Christmas. If it just lifts a little . . ."

"Right." Harkness said. "That's what I mean. That's what our chance is." He studied the grave faces of the men who had crowded close to him. "Look," he began. He stopped, turned, and fought his way back to the station.

As he entered, the sergeant looked at the clock but said nothing. The half-hour was up.

He tried to get back to his letter. *I'm proud of Ed,* he wrote, *but we all knew he had what it takes.* He reread the part in his father's letter that had disturbed him. It was like his father to have made all arrangements without consulting him. The very handwriting, firm and incisive, told him he was expected to accept his father's decisions, as he had always accepted them in the past. He would be, as always, the blurred shadow of Ed and his father.

"Radio to Weather!" The call brought him alive. This was it. The clock had run out on him.

"Go ahead," he said.

"Picked 'em up," the voice said. "They're still quite a ways out. They don't even know what they're headed for. You got any ideas?"

"That's Sergeant Mulrooney," the sergeant said. He yelled into the squawk box. "We're gonna blow this stuff off with a bellows. Me and the lieutenant. You don't have to worry."

"With your loud mouth, I believe it," Mulrooney said. "Besides, I'm not worried. I like it. I like the whole fouled-up war. I just want to know what to tell them."

"Bring 'em in," Harkness said. "Tell them to stay up and look for a break."

"I don't know," Mulrooney said. "The colonel was talking about sending them on. He had an idea . . ."

"He's full of ideas," the sergeant said. "That's why he's a colonel."

Harkness said, "I'll talk to the colonel. You just bring them in." He got up to switch the squawk box to *Send*. He had his hand on the button when the colonel's voice stopped him.

"Operations to Weather. I'm sending them on. They can maybe make it past Callwater."

"They can maybe make it in here," Harkness said. "You can let them circle the field and wait for a break."

The colonel grunted. "You're not a flier, son. A flier doesn't want to hang up there waiting to die. He'd rather take his chances on running it out."

"They can't run it out," Harkness said. He had to make the colonel see that. The stuff was dammed up all along, and this was the back of it. The only chance was a break overhead. There was no use sending them on.

"They can try," the colonel said. The colonel was his father's sort of man. Movement was part of him.

"No," Harkness said. He held his voice level, steadying the words with his mind. "Sir," he said, "for the record, I'm forecasting a break overhead. I want that clear, sir. I say we can bring them in here." He knew what he was doing even before the sergeant went through the motions of laying his head on the chopping block. He could have made it indefinite and left the final decision up to the colonel. But if the break came at all, this was where it would start. He couldn't let the colonel send them on down.

The colonel was a long moment in answering. "Roger," he said, finally. "It's your baby, Harkness."

The sergeant kept looking at him. "It's all yours now, Lieutenant," he said. "You bought it."

The first distant whine of the planes needled their eardrums. Until the angry hum of motors began to swell over the field, they sat in silence.

"They've got gas." The sergeant's face wrinkled as he added it up. "They can stand half an hour." A sudden thought stabbed him. "That's if it was clean. If they ran into trouble, that uses up juice."

Harkness said, "If it just starts to break, it'll wash right out of here. It's a soap bubble—one prick and it's gone." His hand tugged at his collar and came away damp. "Hot," he said.

The sergeant slid off his stool and crossed the room to the potbellied stove. Wetting his finger, he touched the stove lid, then let his hand lie on the top. He saw Harkness watching him and jerked his hand back. "Some stove," he muttered. "She sure burns up the coal. We're practically out." He kicked the coal scuttle to prove it. "Damn," he said. He went to the door and when he threw it open, the sound of the planes filled the room.

"They're stuck up there," the sergeant growled. "And the guys down here can't do a thing. I can see a bunch of guys down near the line, just sweating it out . . ." He stopped as his own words registered. He turned to Harkness, wonder filling his eyes. "I said I can *see* a bunch of guys down near the line . . ."

"I heard you," the lieutenant said. He came to the door and pulled it closed behind them. His eyes fought the fog and made out a dim flare on the line. Shadowy figures crossed in front of it, blotting it out. "It's . . . It's . . ." He couldn't say the word.

The sergeant said it for him. "It's *lifting*. Man, it's lifting." His clenched fist thumped Harkness' shoulder. "Just like you said, boy. Just like you said!"

THE fog sucked up off the ground, leaving the line chief's flares smoldering beneath it. They watched while the shadowy figures became men, and the landing strip bared its outline before them. Without speaking they stood there until the first plane dropped from the low-hanging clouds to circle the field. It circled twice, getting the feel of it, and then it came in and sat down like a baby. The second plane pulled up too soon and hit with a spine-jarring jolt, but the crew walked away from it. The sergeant kept track on his fingers, checking the count by punching Harkness' shoulder after each landing. "Look at that," he said. "Look at that pigeon come home." When he'd counted fifteen, Harkness suddenly awoke to the punches.

"Hey," he said. "Don't you know you can't hit an officer?"

The sergeant grinned. "No, sir," he said. "I mean, yes, sir." He pushed open the door and stepped aside for Harkness to enter. "Man," he said. "Wait'll I see Mulrooney. The trouble with him is he worries too much."

Harkness said, "The trouble with you is you talk too much. You and the colonel." He stood for a moment in the center of the room until his eyes found the V-mail note from his father. He sat down at his desk and reread it. *We've arranged for you to apply for a transfer. We'll get you someplace where your decisions will mean something. A more active sector. Maybe with Ed.* He picked the letter up, crumpling it in his hand, and threw it with a quick, sure motion at the coal scuttle.

"Sergeant," he said, "you'd better make up that coal requisition. We've got a rough winter ahead of us."

It would be hard to explain to his father. He'd let that go until morning. This time, this moment now, was his own. He looked up and found the sergeant's eyes on him. He grinned and made a circle with his forefinger and thumb and the two of them sat there and listened to the wind beginning to whisper over the land. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY GASTON SUDAKA

In November, 1937, President Roosevelt told reporters his first interest was the one-third of the nation who were ill-nourished, ill-clad and ill-housed

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

II—THE STRUGGLE FOR A PROGRAM

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

The 1937 stock market crash launched a bitter battle that threatened to tear apart the New Deal's high command. Here the former Secretary of the Treasury lifts the veil of secrecy from the tense conflict and tells who influenced Roosevelt's economic policy

OCTOBER 19, 1937, was a date of particular significance in the history of President Roosevelt's administrations. As I have explained, the Treasury had conducted a long and difficult campaign toward balancing the budget without endangering the President's essential relief and recovery aims. We seemed at last to be within sight of our goal. Then came October 19th, which became known as "Black Tuesday." The stock market collapsed.

Seven million shares changed hands while prices skidded amid a hysteria resembling a mob in a theater fire. Steve Early phoned me from the White House to say that telegrams were pouring in asking that the exchange be closed. I recommended that they keep all exchanges open. The production index started to decline. Panic overcame the business community, and our immediate budgetary plans eventually were lost in the emergency.

One result of Black Tuesday was a vast and sudden change in policy. Whereas we had been drastically curtailing expenditures and relief funds in our budgeting planning, we were now to return to a program of spending. Whereas the President's thinking had been directed toward more orthodox lines, he now was to swing back to the viewpoint that business was determined to fight him to the end.

Just how this affected his long-range political planning I would not pretend to say but it is interesting at this point to diverge briefly and look ahead to January of 1938 when I made an unusual entry in my diary concerning a conversation with the President. Obviously, the failure of our plans to balance the budget was in the background of his mind when I had luncheon with him on January 16th.

Afterward when I was thinking about what he said, I was not certain—and I am still not wholly certain—what he meant, but I put it down in my diary that it seemed the President was "going to plan to get back the way (President) Cleveland did." (There was an interval of Republican administration between Cleveland's first and second terms.)

In this conversation I had asked Roosevelt what useful work I could do for him in the last two years of his second administration, and he replied:

"The next two years really don't count. They are over the dam. I think you and I can get by (and he smiled) with another three billion deficit in '40 and '41. (The fiscal year of 1941 would end his second term.) Then it will be up to whoever succeeds us which will most likely be either a conservative Democrat or a Republican. The thing for us to be thinking about is what will happen after we are out.

"After we are out, the next Administration will most likely begin to economize and slash expenditures and the chances are we will have chaos as a result. We must have a plan. Our successors will not have a plan. After they have failed they will most likely send for us to come back and solve the problem. I don't mean necessarily send for us to return to Washington, but at least call on us for a program."

He did not elaborate further and at that time I was so involved in my own problems that I thought no more about his meaning, other than that he had no idea of seeking a third term in 1940.

But to get back to the October stock market collapse. I was convinced that the only way out was through restoring business confidence by balancing the budget as we had planned. I felt that private investors would not risk their capital when economic conditions were uncertain; and that government deficits created uncertainty by causing fears of present inflation and future taxation. The shot-in-the-arm that a balanced budget would give to private business seemed to me to be worth the try.

In the meantime, however, a different school of thought had arisen about budgetary and fiscal policy. As I have said, the early New Dealers, from Roosevelt down, were looking forward to a balanced budget as an ultimate goal. But in the course of time new theories, based in part on the reasoning of the great British economist, John Maynard Keynes, had come into vogue. These theories transformed spending from a temporary expedient to a permanent instrumentality of government. Whenever private investment declined, the Keynesians favored the expansion of government economic activity in order to fill the gap and maintain the level of production and employment.

Spending Group Is Active

The advocates of compensatory spending were an able and well-organized group. Leon Henderson's "Boom or Bust" memorandum of the previous spring had predicted a business slump, and this gave Hopkins, for whom Henderson was then working, a basis for demanding the continuance of the spending policies. Tommy Corcoran was the political brains of the spending group. Ben Cohen and Lauchlin Currie assisted in the formation of policy, and Jimmy Roosevelt, who was then acting as his father's assistant, was generally sympathetic to their ideas.

Thus the President was buffeted both ways. I would argue, with support from John Garner and Cordell Hull, that the best way to stop the recession was to cut spending and balance the budget as a means of encouraging private investment. Hopkins, Ickes, Corcoran, Henderson and the others were arguing that the large-scale spending should be resumed as quickly as possible in order to prevent the recession from getting any worse. Both of us had powerful economic arguments on our side, though mine were drawn from economics of the orthodox school, while the spenders followed the "new economics" of Keynes. The President listened to one group, then to another, and could not decide which course to follow.

On November 3, 1937, I drafted and redrafted a letter to Roosevelt. "I have had to come to the conclusion that we are headed right into another depression," I wrote. ". . . Last Friday you told newspapermen that your first interest was the one third of the nation who are ill-nourished, ill-clad, ill-housed. . . . I hardly need tell you that the first to feel another depression will be this same one third. . . . The question is, Mr. President: What are we going to do to stop it?"

This must not have been the most tactful letter I could have written. I called F.D.R. that night. He got very excited and disagreeable and quoted at great length a man he described as a "wise old bird" who had said that business was deliberately causing the depression in order to hold a pistol to his head and force a retreat from the New Deal.

I said, "A great deal depends on who this person is."

Like a crack from a whip, his voice came back, "It is not necessary for you to know who that person is."

It was a grim conversation. Mrs. Morgenthau later said that my voice sounded like the drippings of an icicle.

At Cabinet meeting the next day, the President continued in his acid mood.

"Of course, I am glad to hear from the various members of the Cabinet their sad story on how bad business conditions are," he began. "Last night when I went to bed, alongside of my bed was the darnedest letter you ever saw from Henry." He made a grimace of a long, long face and said, "It was just terrible." Then, in a fairly angry voice, he said, "I am sick and tired of being told by the Cabinet, by Henry and by everybody else for the last two weeks what's the matter with the country and nobody suggests what I should do."

There was complete silence. Finally, I gathered my courage and began, "You can do something about public utilities," I said. "You can do something about the railroads. You can do something about housing. Above all," I added, "you must do something to reassure business."

"You want me to turn on the old record," Roosevelt said, meaning a balanced budget.

"You asked me," I replied. "What business wants to know is: Are we headed toward state Socialism or are we going to continue on a capitalistic basis?"

"I have told them that again and again," the President replied.

"All right, Mr. President, tell them for the fifteenth time. That's what they want to know."

"That's what they want to know," Farley echoed. Wallace also supported me.

Farley, for the first time in my memory, asked to see the President's message before he sent it to the special session of Congress on November 15th.

"All right, Jim," Roosevelt said. "I will turn on the old record."

It was one of Roosevelt's grandest traits that he could take talk like that without a quiver. Farley remarked that it was the best Cabinet meeting we had ever had.

Six days after the meeting, on November 10, 1937, I stood before a meeting of the National Academy of Political Science in New York City. On each side of me sat a Morgan Company partner. The audience was filled with the wealthiest and most conservative businessmen of New York City. And the speech I was about to give had been checked and double-checked—every word, every syllable—by the President in two long conferences.

I told the audience of businessmen: "We want to see capital go into productive channels of private industry. We want to see private business expand. We believe that much (I had originally written 'the bulk,' but the President changed it) of the remaining unemployment will disappear as private capital funds are increasingly employed in productive enterprise. We believe that one of the most important ways of achieving these ends at this time is to continue progress toward a balance of the federal budget."

Audience Reaction to Speech

The reception of my New York speech almost convinced me that he was right. This audience of leading businessmen openly tittered and hooted when I tried to set forth the Administration policy. Perhaps they may have thought that the Administration had forfeited all right to be heard. Herman Oliphant, the general counsel of the Treasury Department, was furious. "We sit here and lose the feel of what the typical leadership of American business and finance is," he said at staff meeting the next day, "and it's very illuminating to realize the hopelessness of trying to work with them."

The President himself seemed still on the fence. At the next Cabinet meeting, remarking that the press had called the speech "constructive," he added dryly, "Possibly too constructive." While we are doing everything we can to balance the budget, he went on, we must remember that this is not the most important issue before the country—not nearly so important as human lives.

As a result of an editorial about that time in the Wall Street Journal, for example, he was persuaded that business would do nothing to improve economic conditions until the undistributed profits tax was changed. Corcoran, Hopkins and the others were feeding him tales of business hostility to the New Deal.

"He is firmly convinced," I told my Treasury staff meeting, "that business is just going to sit back and fight it out as to who controls America."

I clung to my hope that our business leadership would prove itself competent and public spirited. In the meantime, the spenders put on their winter drive. Harold Ickes and Robert Jackson delivered a series of speeches assailing the "sixty families," who have been named as the controllers of our national wealth. And the depression got worse and worse. One morning Mrs. Morgenthau opened her mail to find a letter saying that 50 to 75 men had organized in New York City to murder the President and the Secretary of the Treasury because they were holding back on relief. This was not true. I had always favored relief for the hungry and homeless. But this was quite different from a program to spend our way out of the depression.

In these grim times the President kept fighting for adequate relief funds. One day in January, 1938, he told me in an expansive mood, how

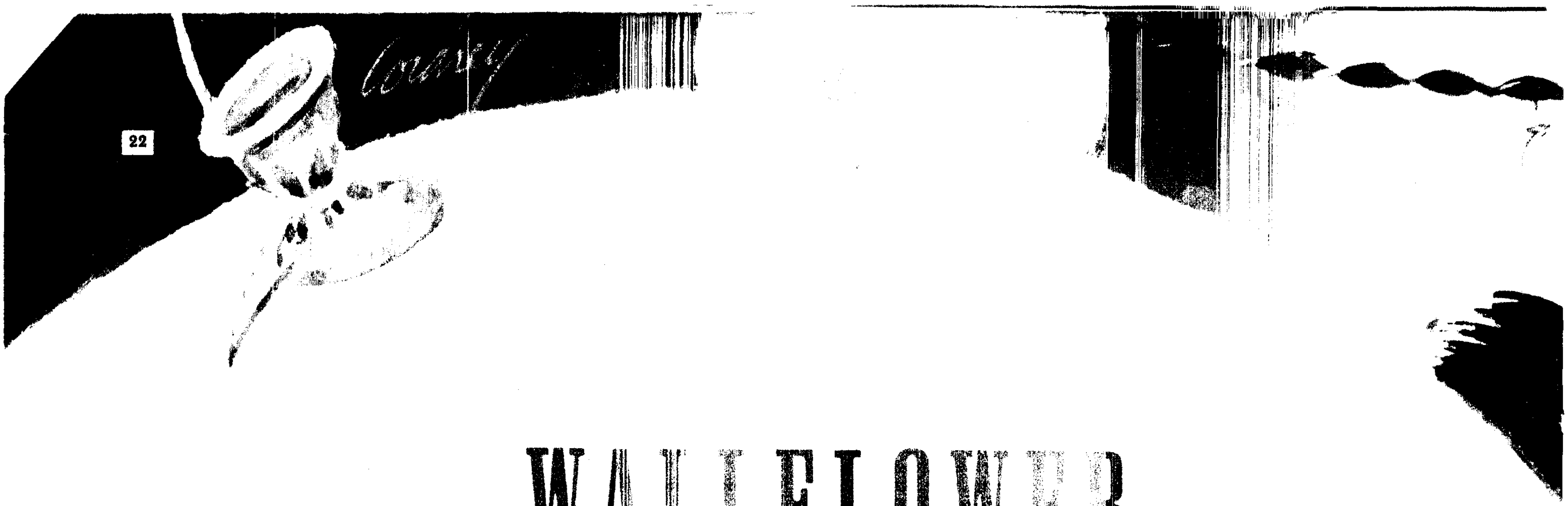
(Continued on page 45)

Harold Ickes (left) was to resume loans to states and municipalities after Tommy Corcoran (right) had helped sell Mr. Roosevelt on the spending program

ACME

Leon Henderson's (right) "Boom or Bust" statement gave Harry Hopkins (left) a basis for demanding continuance of spending policies in 1937

ACME



WALLFLOWER

The story of a rejected woman—who knew better than to fight back

THERE had been a washout somewhere along the line and the train was late. I waited near the train gate, pacing up and down a good deal, grinding out partly smoked butts with my heel and immediately lighting new cigarettes. So much had happened in the past few days, and there had been such indelible finality about it, that I felt the way I often have the day the bank examiners appeared—wondering if every detail will fit into place and knowing that it is too late to check up. In the station that night I found myself balancing accounts in the unexceptional career of George Saunders, cashier of the First National Bank of Coburn—that, is, myself—and knowing it was too late for revisions.

I looked often into the shadows beyond the train gate. In the forty years of my life I had watched the town of Coburn grow, and perhaps I had grown a little with it, but the old North Station remained the same. The only change in it, aside from replacement equipment, was the removal of the brass cuspidors in the waiting room.

The station was a dingy yellow building that would bring a nostalgic sigh from an old railroader. You could stand by the train gates and watch the trains follow their whistles along the tracks, approaching head on, puffing steam by day and focusing glaring lights in your face by night. That night I looked often along the tracks for the light of the train, and I thought about my first dance, when I was fifteen years old.

There was nothing strange about a sober, middle-aged bank cashier pacing a station platform at nine o'clock at night remembering his first dance, because the train I waited for would bring Serena Whitford back to Coburn, and Serena was the girl I had taken to that dance. It was a long time ago.

Somewhere in a cupboard Elsie used to keep a worn Manila envelope stuffed with trophies of her girlhood, and just the other day, before the final breakup, she had that envelope out and I saw over her shoulder what she was looking at. Among the souvenirs was a little red dance program, and I saw there my own name scribbled on the second line. The tune they played for that particular dance was Margie. That song has always had a strong nostalgic fascination for me, and it will always be associated in my mind with Elsie.

I suppose it's that way with everyone, and I suppose the other boys whose names I saw on the program will remember Elsie whenever they hear the Twelfth Street Rag, or Broadway Rose, or Grieving for You, or Sweet Mama—if those songs are ever played these days. Anyone who ever danced with Elsie certainly has not forgotten her golden hair and blue eyes and the little one-sided smile that brought out the dimple in her cheek. Sometime later I learned that she had practiced the smile in order to make the dimple more pronounced, but for that matter one of the boys I knew—I think it was Joe Minor—stood for hours in front of a mirror learning to raise an eyebrow individually, as Rudolph Valentino had in The Sheik.

I had known Elsie slightly at high school, and I had heard about the dance from Joe Minor, who received his invitation a couple of days before mine came through. I remember the excitement with which I opened the envelope and saw the neatly spaced printing. But at the bottom, just below R.S.V.P., was a line in the violet ink the girls favored in those days, and it said: *Please bring Serena Whitford.*

KIDS who grow up together in a small town—I should say city, because Coburn had about twenty-five thousand even then—know one another pretty well in childhood, but an abyss yawns suddenly and frighteningly in youth, and that dance was the bridge on which I stepped across. I had so much to worry about—white flannels to go with my blue serge coat, a bow tie, white shoes and socks, the use of the family car—that I hardly gave a thought to Serena Whitford, and it was not until we were on our way to the dance that I understood that I stood pretty low in Elsie's social classification and had barely got my foot in the door. Serena Whitford was about the least attractive girl in town.

When I think about it now, it's plain what the ordeal must have been for her, but at the time, and for years afterward, I could only appreciate the hell I went through. Except for that one dance with Elsie, when the band played Margie, I danced every dance with Serena. There was Foot Warmer Blues, Palesteena, Twelfth Street Rag, Grieving For You, Sweet Mama, Alice Blue Gown—I danced them all with Serena.

Serena had a broad, sallow face, and cheekbones that flattened out under her brown eyes, and her body was squat and muscular. She had everything that was unfortunate in a young girl, and to top it off she was shy. Through all those interminable dances we hardly exchanged a word. I know that my face was red and I had begun to sweat. After the Twelfth Street Rag I faced the awful realization that I was stuck with Serena Whitford, and I'm afraid I had little sympathy with Serena's feelings. For that matter, I suppose I never even considered that she had feelings at all; I really hated Serena then.

That one dance with Elsie was the high moment of the evening for me, and when it was finished and her next partner claimed her, she gave me a little pat on the elbow and her one-sided smile and said, "Be sweet to Serena, George. She's my best friend."

I suppose it's commonplace that beautiful young girls select rather unattractive specimens as their close companions. At the time I was consoled, at least to some extent, by the thought that I was serving Elsie in my attentions to Serena Whitford. It was my Ordeal by Fire.

That dance opened up a new social world for a small, cliquish group that revolved about Elsie and met usually in Elsie's home. The boys were the same who only a year before had been riding past Elsie's house on their bicycles to show off gymnastics; the girls were friends Elsie had made in grammar school and high school. Among them, of course, was Serena Whitford.

When the group gathered at Elsie's house to play records and dance, it was Elsie who delegated someone to drive over and pick up Serena. I had to do it only once; after that my improved social standing showed in the fact that I was never designated to escort Serena. But I remember that one occasion. She was in the parlor of the Georgian brick house she lived in, playing a record she always favored. As I remember it was Alice Blue Gown. But before I could get into the parlor I had to run the gantlet of her parents. Her mother was one of those pathetically effusive women who would have unnerved a caller even had her daughter been as beautiful as Elsie. Her manner made it obvious that few boys called to see Serena. In fact, she even brought out a tray of milk and cookies.

Lips that had already tasted corn whisky rank with the fusel oil of those prohibition days, and, to tell the truth, rejected it more than once, lifted scornfully over milk and gingerbread cookies. But I drank the milk and ate the cookies, and exchanged a glance with Serena in the conspiracy of youth to keep parents in ignorance of what youth knew and what youth wanted.

Later, as we drove to Elsie's house, Serena said in a voice that was tight and choked-up, "I could just die when Mother brings out milk and cookies."

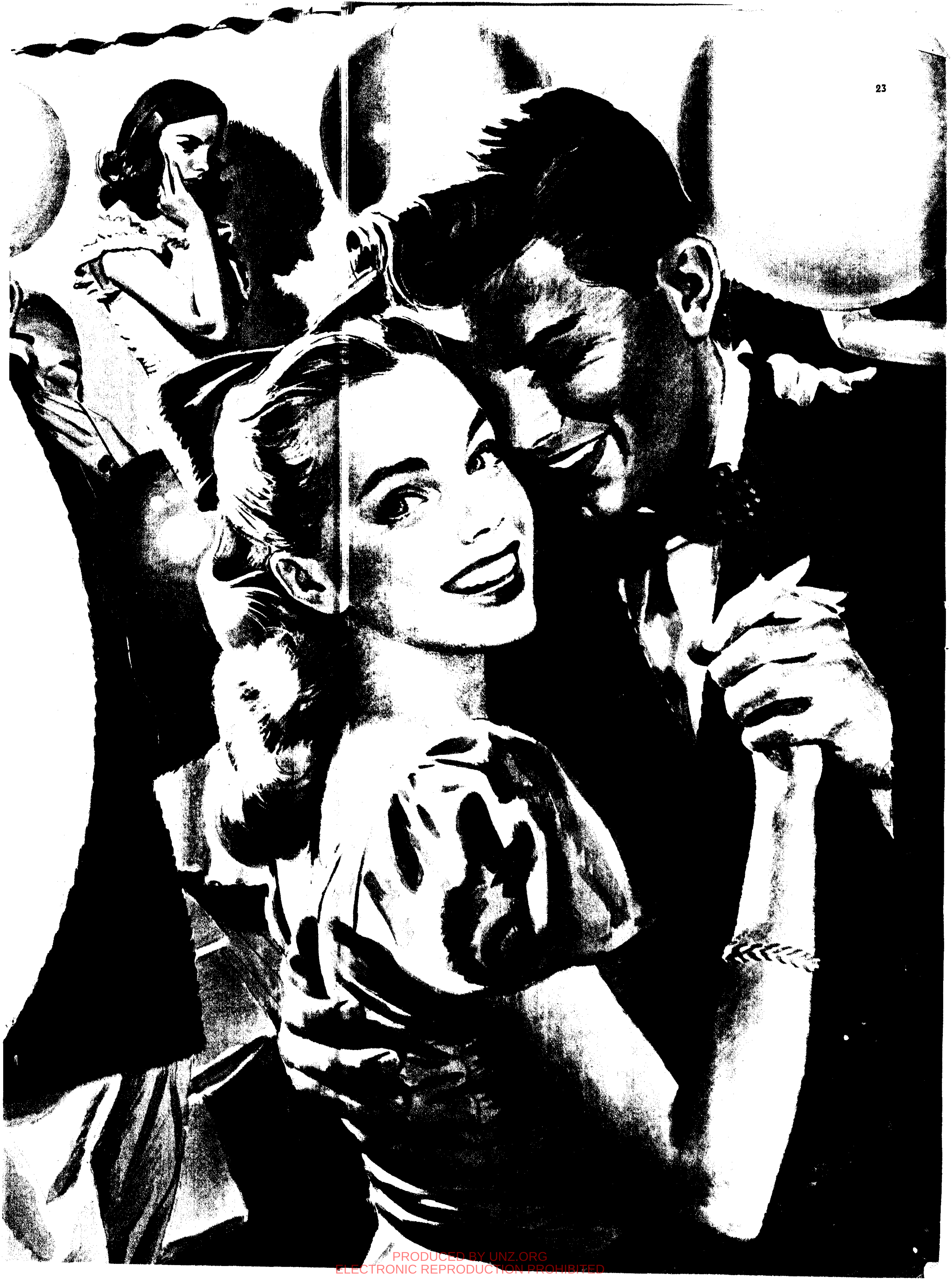
I was surprised and said, "Why, they were pretty good cookies."

It simply had not (Continued on page 82)

Anyone who ever danced with Elsie certainly has not forgotten her smile. That one dance I had with her was the high moment of my evening

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



His parents killed in Slovakia, Johnny Fomgacz Mascotted for G.I.s in medical and artillery units. Yanks freed him from prison camp

One of the Mystery Mascots. He says his name is Robert Bellet and that both parents were lost in an air bombardment. He now "lives wild"

THE BOYS THEY LEFT BEHIND

BY W. B. COURTNEY

Whatever happened to the thousands of young Mascots adopted by G.I. outfits in Europe during the war? The answer is sad, disturbing, for these victims of a lost boyhood are potential Dead End Kids

The first eleven years of Albert Lagrand's life are a closed book. Not a solitary clue has been found to his relatives, nationality or home

Do any of you G.I.s remember Jack Anderson, another Mystery Mascot? He escaped from the Dachau camp and joined the U.S. Army at Metz

UPON each shoulder of his miniature Eisenhower jacket he wore the silver oak leaves of a lieutenant colonel. Nice going!—for a boy not yet twelve, and small for his age.

The Unit patches on his arms showed nicer going: Shaef, the 8th and 9th Air Forces; the 82d Airborne, 2d and 4th Armored, and the 9th, 28th and 42d Divisions; together with the 3d and 6th Armies. Plus "Hershey bars" denoting 72 months' service, or more than half the months of his life's total.

Across his breast glowed the whole spectrum of war. Flight wings, combat infantryman's badge, Presidential citations, decorations from Purple Heart and Croix de Guerre to the Distinguished Service Medal; campaign ribbons of every theater Yanks had fought in the globe around.

He removed a cigar from his lips and studied it with a frown: "Lemme tell ya, chum, these here PX torpedoes ain't what they usta be when we was fightin'!"

"How come you're a lieutenant colonel today, pal?" I asked.

He grinned, but said nothing.

"What was your last outfit, pal?"

"What's it to ya?" he snapped. The bravado and posturing had fled instantly; in their place came a glare of misgiving and fright. It was a chilling reminder of the narrow margin-land between light and shadow in which such kids dwell; the automatic reflex of a legacy of orphanhood, beatings, Nazi jailers. So you kept silent, and waited. Soon he was at ease again; but not ready yet for confidences, save of the present.

"Ya wuz askin'," he said, "how come I'm sportin' beer-colonel pips. Lookit, chum, y'ain't such a dope ya don't know how in this man's Army brass is useful. So when I steps out formal, like t'night, I won't say I don't give th' chisel a toin. I cudda gone as prack'ly anythin' "—he fished a handful of rank insignia, including generals' stars, from his pocket—"but me buddies always said a beer-colonel wuz the oney grade no snoopers was inarested in an' ask no questions of. Suits me poifect, 'cause this drag t'night is strictly Kraut an' off limits."

"But all that fruit salad, Colonel? Aren't you overdoing it?"

He sucked in his chin and squinted down at his blazing chest. "Like I already told ya, pal, I'm steppin' out *ce soir*. Wit' a slick pigeon I pick up th' foist day I case this burg. Real high-class fam'ly stuff. Ole man runs a bak'ry."

This youngster is one of the countless "little G.I.s" that the millions of big G.I.s gathered in, petted, overfed, made pals of—then carelessly sailed away and forgot. He is one of the heartsick stepsons of Sad Sack.

This much about him is known. His name is Jake. His parents, three older brothers, and his only sister were burned in the Auschwitz ovens. He was flung into one of the Nazi camps to be "Germanized" as future man power for the Third Reich. Found starving by Yanks in the spring of 1945, he was sent to a hospital; after which he "served" with various American detachments. Home town—family name—relatives, if any—such details have been forgotten in years of animal-like terror and cave-wild existence.

Much has been heard and read about the extracurricular activities of our happy-go-lucky G.I.s in Europe, aside from their splendid war deeds. But no word has gone home about the castoff mascots. Nor, until lately, has intelligent and concerted awareness of them dawned over here. Now there is a special G.I. Mascot Camp at Wartenberg, a town northeast of Munich in our German zone of occupation.

Human and dramatic factors stalk behind this effort to segregate the Mascots from the other lost children of Europe. These factors highlight the Mascots as the saddest, and at the same time funniest and most dangerous, of the problems left by the G.I.s.

It's saddest because these little "discarded persons" had their imaginations bewildered, and then their hearts broken, by the idolized G.I.s. The story of each Mascot discloses one point common to all—"his" G.I. made heap big talk about the wonders of the land across the sea, and promised to take him there. It made each small head spin with golden fancies, and with the enchanting discovery that life was not just rags, cold, dirty cellars and scrimmaging over pails of garbage. Few of the G.I.s have made the slightest move to redeem their promises. And few of the Mascots, unless helped from America by their G.I.s have much chance of ever reaching the land they were led to believe is the fairest land on earth.

Tragedy of Lost Childhood

It's saddest, too, on another score, of which our pal Jake is typical. With his swaggering and cussing, his "pigeons" and "snorts" and cigars, Jake is but one of numberless European boys who will never know boyhood, partly because of well-meaning but thoughtless G.I. friends. The average G.I. was neither a psychologist nor a mind reader. He was simply a good-natured mugg, lonesome for his own town and kin, scarcely much older himself than the admiring kids who followed him. When he saw them fiddling around his gear, eager to be helpful, or eying his full mess kit, or when he stumbled upon them, sick and filthy, in liberated death holes—it was like him to stretch a hand. After that, he could never get rid of them.

The Mascot problem really arose from innate Yank generosity, and the complacent toleration of "kid brothers" normal to American young manhood. But there was a hidden qualification in these temporary kid brothers which the G.I.s did not realize. The Mascots had come from blackened and halted infancies. It amused the big Yank to see them share his perils, gripes, smoking, drinking and daily grind on a man-to-man basis. He did not understand that such experience would bounce them abruptly from interrupted childhood to premature manhood—with no way station.

Perhaps the most striking and comical first impression you have of the Mascots is their imitation American speech. The majority did not know a word of English to begin; none has yet the faintest idea of grammar. They learned parrotlike; in billets, not books. Unit Mascots speak average G.I. slang; but any whose fond attachment was to an individual Yank simply mimics him. Some prattle like hillbillies, Maryland tugboat hands, or New Mexican ranchers. Others—Jake, for instance—like Brooklyn street gamins. Add their hodgepodge of European accents, and the effect is unbelievably amusing.

The Mascot problem is funniest, then, because it sustains throughout Europe a full-blown echo and a

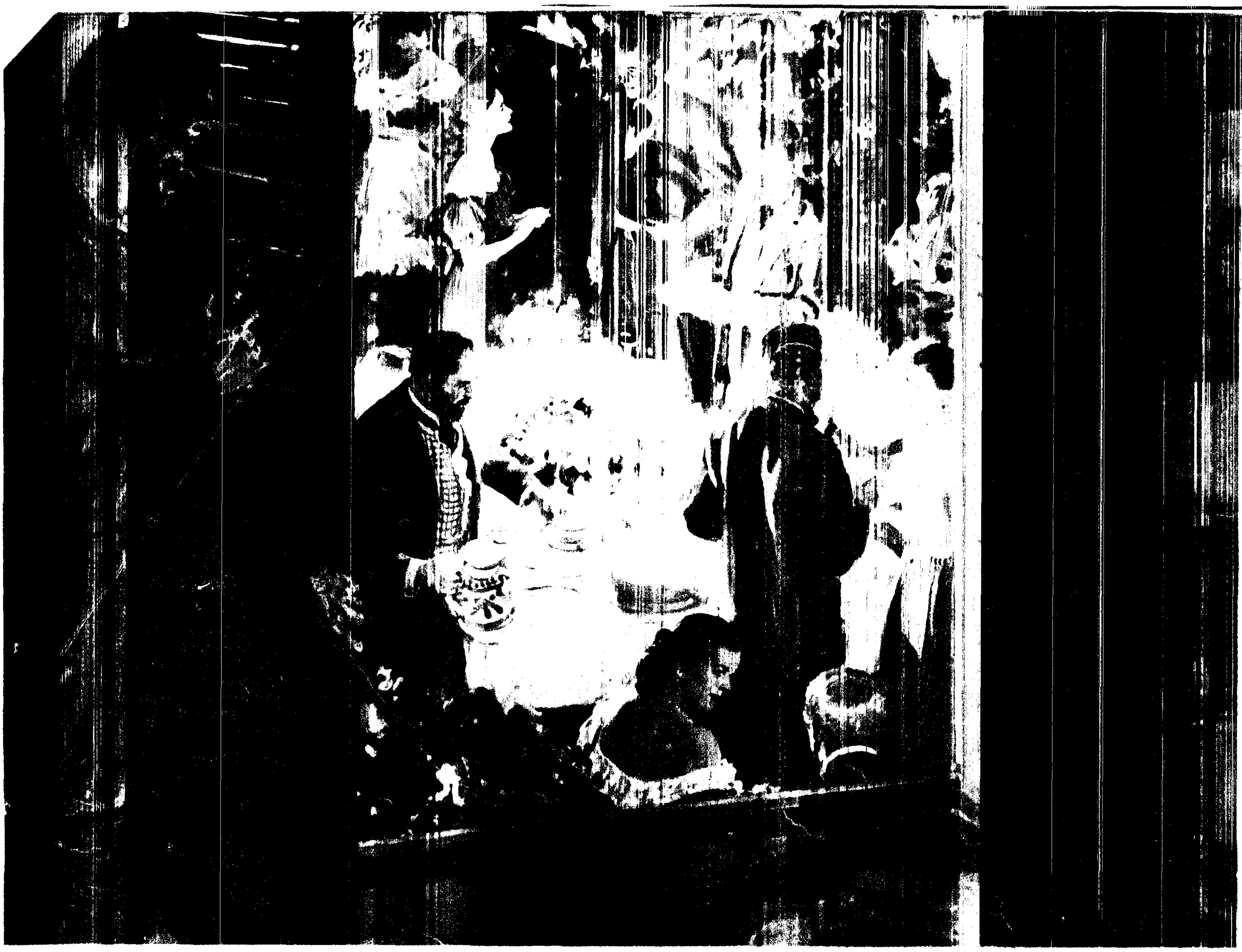
(*Continued on page* 40)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY A. L. ZEGART

Spasoje Jos[illegible], a Yugoslav, whose [illegible] was [illegible] Gestapo, is a lucky boy now, G.I. spon[illegible]ng him [illegible]

Mascots await word from G.I. pals. Mail address: Wartenberg Child Center, G.I. Mascot Camp, International Refugee Organization, Area Team 1066, APO 407, U.S. Army, Germany

Sgt. Raymond E. Farris of Des Moines, [illegible] veteran of 6[illegible] Infantry Division, stands treat for ice cream for some other "veterans" at a lakeside resort in Bavaria



Keck stood by the window and observed Barbara and Lineer enter the garden. He swung his pistol quickly, a wild anger flaring in his eyes

SWEET WATER

CONTINUING A NOVEL OF BITTER CONFLICT IN THE OLD WEST

BY DICK PEARCE

THE STORY takes place in the Southwest at the time of the rapid expansion of the railroads across the continent.

Arriving in his home territory of New Mexico, engineer JIM LINEER is puzzled when he learns that the railroad which he has recommended be built through the dry Tularosa Valley, and which railroad magnate H. H. EDWARDS has tentatively commissioned him to build, is to be bossed instead by Edwards' rashly self-confident adopted son, TRACY THOMASON. He soon learns that Thomason is engaged to Edwards' daughter, BARBARA, who is living in Tularosa with her young companion, MOLLY RIORDAN.

Thomason has arranged an uneasy truce between the two feuding land barons of the valley, old JUBAL NYE and blustering WILSON WARE. Thomason's next problem is water for building and running the railroad. He believes it can be obtained by drilling wells; Lineer opposes him with the view that water must be piped down from the mountains. The bad feeling between the two men grows stronger when Barbara Edwards goes riding with Lineer.

Shortly afterward, Lineer is riding with his side-kick and fellow railroad man, TIM MCCARTHY, who is in love with Molly Riordan. As the two men stop at one of the infrequent desert wells, a rifle cracks; Lineer is slightly wounded. Having been ordered to avoid trouble at all costs for the sake of the railroad, Lineer and McCarthy ride on to Tularosa, where they learn that their assailant was HARRY KECK, old Jubal Nye's foreman; Keck has been hiding out at the well after getting into a scrape with some of Wilson Ware's employees.

III

WILSE WARE sat with his nephew in the ground-floor corner office that commanded the main street of White Oaks. It was typical of the man that he worked here where he could see all and be seen by all. This was his town. These were his people. They worked for him. Or they were cronies from the turbulent days when this was a mining camp. Or they were miners or ranchers or merchants who looked to him as their leader. He belonged to them as much as they to him.

"Thomason knows his business," said young Ed Ware. His soft cheeks were pink and moist from the heat, but his usual good humor was showing. "He drove a hard bargain for that sawmill."

Wilse Ware nodded absently. "I would have let him have it for less. I want to see those rails laid." He was staring down the street, his bearded face preoccupied. Now he stood and paced, putting his immense energy into the strides and frowning heavily.

"What are you doing about Harry Keck?" asked his nephew.

"Doing?" Wilse paused, then resumed his striding as though reluctant to interrupt some thought. "I'm doing nothing. We have a sheriff."

"I know where Jube Nye hid him."

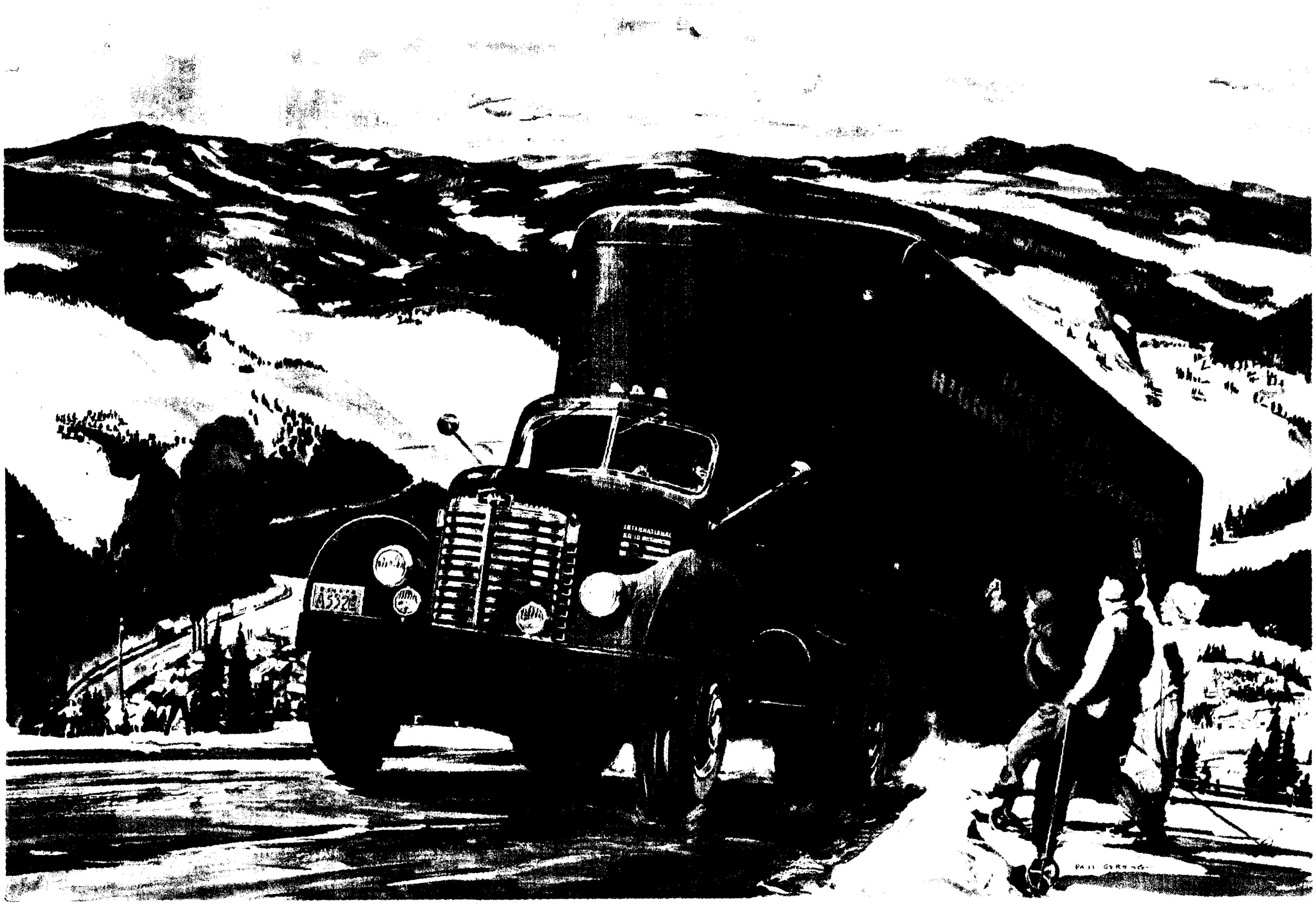
Wilse turned around, giving his nephew his full attention now. "Old Nye hid him?"

Ed Ware nodded, enjoying his moment of small triumph. "Down at Tinker Well."

Wilse said thoughtfully, "If I was

(Continued on page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES



Above: INTERNATIONAL MODEL KBR-11
Truck Tractor with semi-trailer

Winter Transport

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INTERNATIONAL *Trucks*

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JEEPERS, JULIE! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? HAVE I GOT A BAD BREATH RAP PINNED ON ME—OR WHAT?
DANNY, YOU'VE GUESSED IT! AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW, WON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST? PLEASE!
AND NO PUSSY-FOOTING!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
NO BAD BREATH RAP ON DANNY NOW! SHE THINKS HE'S JUST PURR-FEC-TION!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

YOUNG MAN WITH AN IDEA

Continued from page 15

into the august presence of Mr. Geoffrey J. Holmes, and right now. Clarissa dropped her skirt and started for the door.

"No, no!" cried Jeff. "Don't go!" He leaped past her, unfolded a screen, captured Clarissa in it and carried her back to the radiator. "You just stay there and dry off," he ordered. "Nobody can see you behind there."

The connecting door opened, revealing three heads, arranged more or less vertically. A round, cherubic face peeked in at doorknob level; the face was topped by a wet hat; bright, suspicious eyes looked out from under the brim. Above this face showed the gray hair and spectacle-magnified eyes of Mrs. MacDonald, not only not late but ahead of time. Over her loomed a set of solemn, cadaverous features.

"Ha!" said the cherub. "He is, too, in."

"He is not," Mrs. MacDonald said.

"I can see him," said the top level. "Plain as day."

THE door opened wider and the trio dissolved into component identities. The short, chubby man and the tall thin man came on into the office. The tall man carried a camera in his hand.

"These gentlemen are from the press," announced Mrs. MacDonald and closed the door in her own face.

Jeff scowled. The press was out early and the interruption rattled him to the point where he contemplated taking a man in each hand and bashing them against the wall. Then he realized how Fate was really knocking itself out this wonderful morning.

"Ah, yes," he said. "The press. I presume you wish a statement concerning the merger of my company with the Syndicate."

"Right," said Shorty. "My name is Carter. He's Guppy."

"How do you do?" Jeff smiled. "How do you want me to pose, Mr. Guppy? Sitting at my desk, like this?"

"No pictures. We'll run Bowen's picture with your statement."

A delicious little laugh came from behind the screen.

"Something funny?" Carter demanded.

"Yes," said Jeff. "No. Now this merger."

"Right," said Carter. "What we want to know is, with your good reputation, Holmes, why merge with the Syndicate? What cooks?"

"Gentlemen," said Jeff, "I resent that insinuation. I consider the Syndicate above reproach. The ethics—"

Carter started to pinch his nose with finger and thumb. Guppy, his eyes suddenly wild, reached out a long arm and batted Carter aside.

"Hold it, Mr. Holmes!"

A flash bulb made the room brilliant. Another. "Okay, Squat," said Mr. Guppy. "Let's go."

"But, gentlemen," said Jeff. "I had just begun to say—"

"You have said enough. Thank you." Carter slammed the door.

Jeff rubbed his chin, a little irked. Carter had given him no chance at all. He turned to speak to Clarissa.

The rain had stopped. The sun peeked through, throwing a strong light directly into the corner windows. It also cast a gorgeous feminine silhouette against the middle section of the screen. Worse, draped over the screen were a pair of wet but sheer nylons and one slightly damp silk slip.

"Oh, no!" yelled Jeff. He leaped from his chair and tore through the office in hot pursuit of Carter and Guppy. He was too late to catch them in the hall. He practically fell down twelve flights of stairs. That did him no good, either.

Back in his own outer office, Jeff put his hands on Mrs. MacDonald's desk and glared at her with glassy eyes. "Get me the editor of that paper," he panted. "When I'm through with him, I want Mr. B. B. Bowen on the phone. I'll teach you to let newspapermen into my office."

"Well!" said Mrs. MacDonald. "Really now, Mr. Holmes."

Jeff staggered into his own office. A wisp of cloud had obscured the sun. There was no silhouette. The slip and nylons were not on the screen, but there was the suspicious hiss of water drops hitting the hot radiator.

"Is that you?" Clarissa asked.

"It's me!" yelled Jeff. "You—you—"

"Don't you dare move that screen," said Clarissa.

The phone buzzer buzzed. "Mr. Smith, that editor, on the phone," announced Mrs. MacDonald. "Go ahead."

"Smith," barked Jeff, "this is Geoffrey J. Holmes. Two of your thugs came into my office this morning to interview me about my merger with the Syndicate."

"Yessss," said Smith.

"There was a woman in my office," said Jeff. "She was behind a screen, but she was—er, slightly unclothed, when your men barged in without knocking. They snapped an indecent picture and ran out."

"You're kidding," Smith said.

"I'm not kidding!"

"Oh, brother!" said Smith.

"You publish that picture," yelled Jeff, "and I'll sue. The sun was shining through the screen and you could see plainly, her silhouette, I mean. I—"

"Oh, good heavens!" cried Clarissa.

"Sue!" Mr. Smith said. "Please do. 'By, now."

Mrs. MacDonald stuck her head in the door. "Mr. Bowen is at Catalina Island, fishing. He has a house at Catalina."

"Get him on the phone there," Jeff ordered.

"There is no phone there. Mr. Bowen goes there to escape. Where are you going, Mr. Holmes?"

"Catalina," cried Jeff. "He can't escape from me. I need his influence. I'm ruined if I don't find him." He was halfway out the door when Mrs. MacDonald screamed.

"Look!" she screamed, pointing at the screen.

Jeff looked. The sun was peeking through again.

JEFF had three choices. He could fly over, take the ferry or use his own boat. He decided on the latter. He could use his own boat to search the surrounding ocean if B. B. was really out fishing. His own boat would make a better impression, too. The newspapers had said that Mr. Bowen was a lover of the sea.

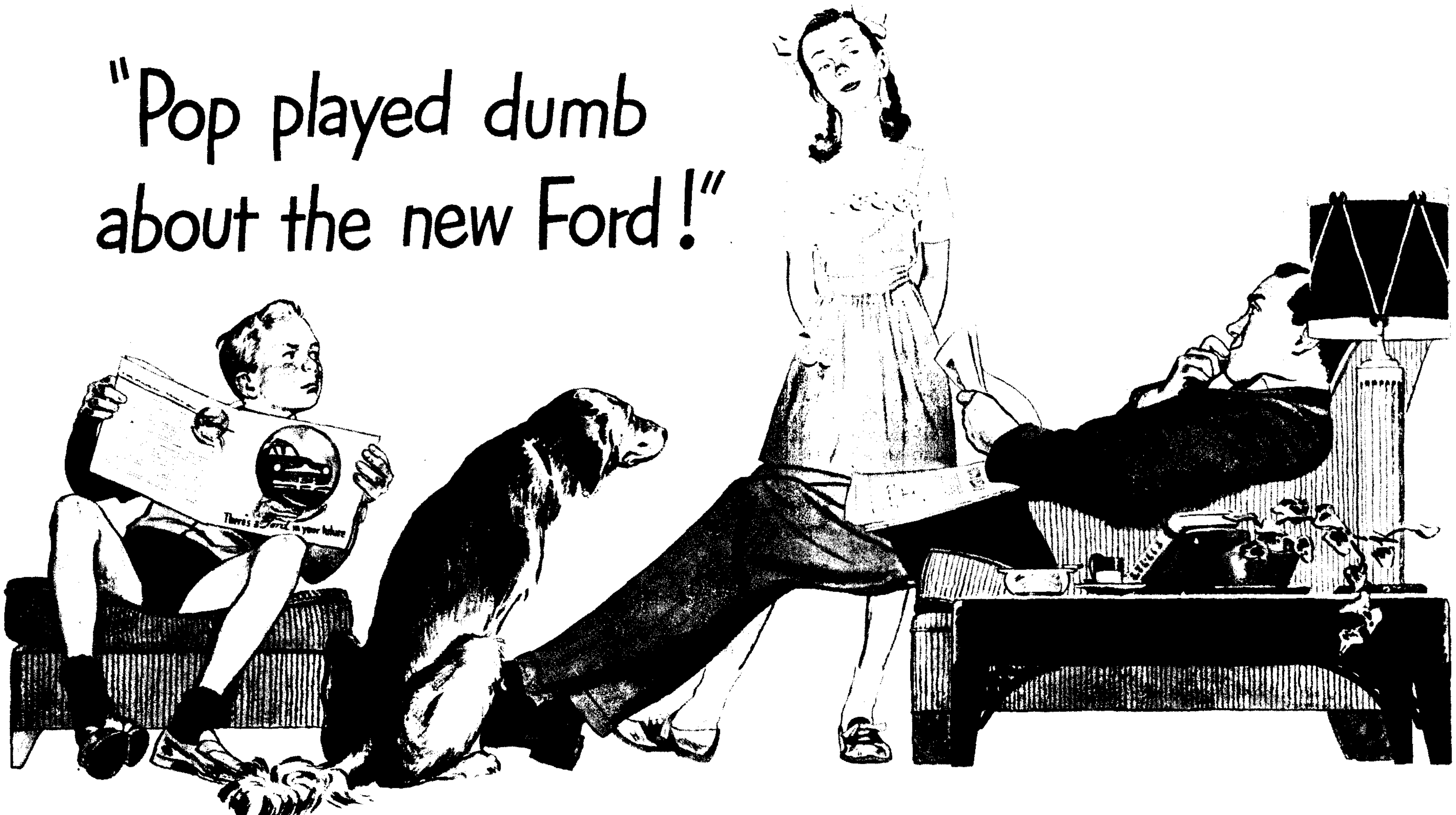
There was not a cloud left in the sky when Jeff rounded the breakwater and pointed the bowsprit of his little ketch, the Flying Cloud, toward the Catalina Island cove that was Avalon Bay, twenty miles across the channel.

The stiff westerly wind sent him bowling along. White water snorted along the lee rail, the wake streamed out long and clean astern.

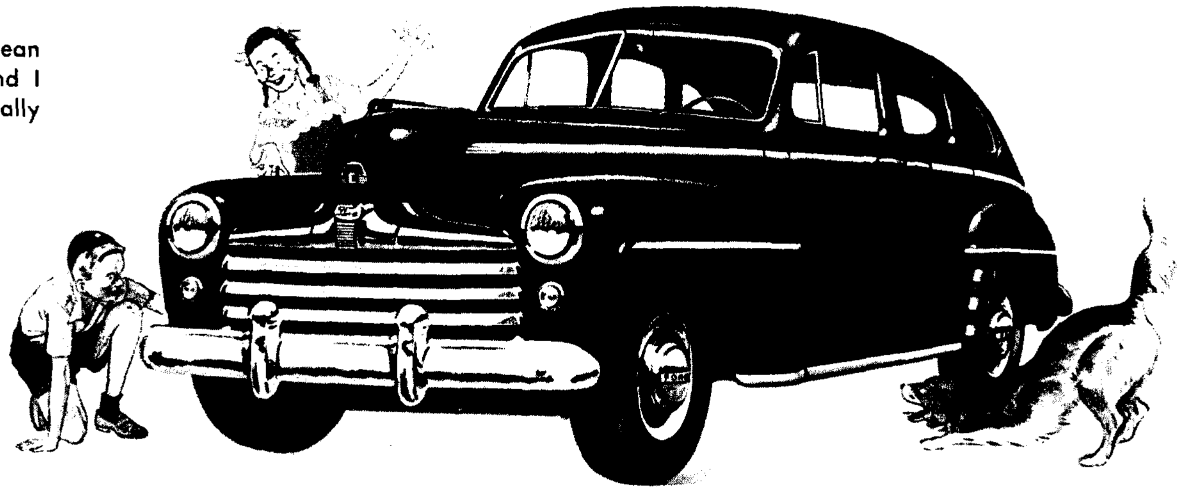
The sails were setting beautifully. The wind, the sparkling sea, the rain-washed air, the clean drive of the little ship over the long, low swells made up a sailorman's dream. Jeff should have been happy. He was not. He kept thinking about how a girl named Clarissa would look dead. It was the saddest thing he had ever imagined.

Habit made Jeff anchor quite a distance from shore, away from the bunched-up pleasure boats and the party noises that usually sprang from one or two of them. He wasted no time. The

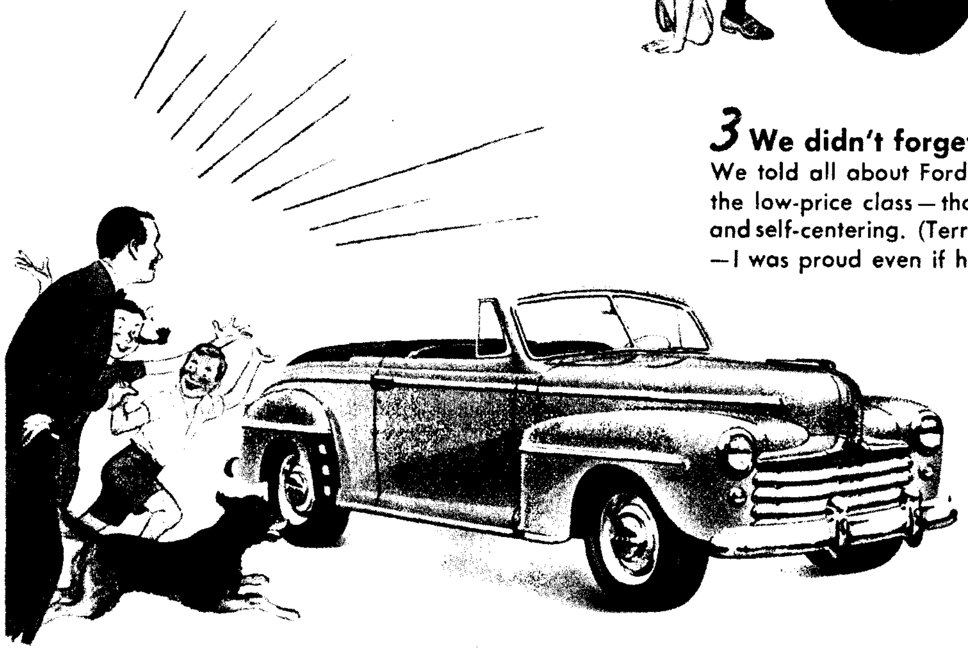
"Pop played dumb about the new Ford!"


There's a Ford in your future

1 **When I think of it** I get simply furious! I mean I *really* do! Terry, he's my "brain" brother, and I went all over town studying the new cars—really studying them! It was practically *research!*



2 **And we told Dad** that Ford was the only car in the low-price field to offer a choice of two great engines—the 100 horsepower V-8 and the brilliant new Six. We told him both had 4-ring aluminum pistons and balanced carburetion to save on gas and oil.



3 **We didn't forget the brakes** either. We told all about Ford having the biggest in the low-price *class*—that they were hydraulic and self-centering. (Terry bore down hard there—I was proud even if he was *my* brother.)

4 **Well, while all this was going on,** Pop just smiled and we didn't think we were making any progress at all so Terry talked about the "Lifeguard" body—how it was made of extra heavy gauge steel and how the paint was baked-on to stay. Then do you *know* what happened? Pop knocked the ashes out of his pipe and said, "Are you kids finished?"

5 **"I guess so," said Terry,** "only gee whizz, gosh—if you'd only drive a Ford yourself you'd see what I mean."

"I have," said Pop. "As a matter of fact my order came through *today*—a convertible coupe—and it's going to be delivered tonight!"

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moment his sails were furled and stopped, he tossed his dinghy overside, stepped into it and rowed ashore.

The Bowen hideaway was known by most of the natives. It was a big place, hanging high on the hill overlooking town and bay. A butler answered Jeff's knock and query.

"Sorry, sir," said the butler. "Mr. Bowen is out fishing. He told me not to expect him before midnight."

"It's important," groaned Jeff. "They are going to publish something in the newspaper that won't do him any good. Is there a radio on his boat?"

"Oh, no, sir. Mr. Bowen does not like to be disturbed while fishing. Do you wish to wait here?"

Jeff thought. "No," he said. "I'll go back to my boat. It's the Flying Cloud. I'll watch for Mr. Bowen. But for gosh sake, man, if I miss him, tell him to come right down. Tell him all is lost."

Jeff returned to his boat. He sat in the cockpit and smoked his pipe and watched the sea for a sign of hope. Darkness finally came. Mr. Bowen's fishing cruiser did not come in. But the fog did. A thick, pea-soup fog.

For a while, the racket of howling foghorns and tolling bells rose as amateur sailors obeyed the rules of the sea. But later, when the operators of the horns and bells grew sleepy, that ceased. The heck with it. No one could find Avalon Bay in such a fog, anyway. If they did, he would be blowing his own foghorn. Time enough then to answer back.

IN THE quiet darkness, Jeff listened for just that, the horn or siren of a fishing boat groping for the land. All he could hear was the lap of little waves against the hull and the splash of water against the bottom of his dinghy riding out on the end of the small boat boom. Then he heard the knocking on the hull, up forward and a feminine voice yelling, "Hey, there!"

Jeff grabbed a flashlight and dashed forward. He shined the light down. A head, with black hair done in a knot and a beautiful face under it, came into focus.

"Oh!" said Clarissa. "Hello, there!"

"Oh, no," groaned Jeff. "What the devil are you doing there?"

"Swimming," said Clarissa. "Which way is shore?"

"That way," said Jeff, shining his light along the bowsprit. "The bow is pointed right at it."

"How do you know?"

"The tide is running out," said Jeff. "That would make the bow point toward shore. I can also check by the compass."

"Well," said Clarissa, "the trouble is, I've lost my swimming suit. I took it off and tied it around my neck when I got out a ways. I like to swim without a suit on, don't you?"

"No!" yelled Jeff, who liked nothing better. "I swim in coveralls and I paint them inside with glue before I put them on." He glared at her, then said, "Well, come on aboard. As long as you have no clothes on—"

"Wolf!"

"I am not a wolf!" screamed Jeff. "I will go down into the cabin and throw some dungarees and a shirt into the cockpit. I will stay below. When you are dressed, just call out and I will come up and row you ashore in the dinghy."

"Oh, thank you," said Clarissa. "You are so kind."

Jeff went below and hurled the things out into the cockpit. He heard her swing aboard and the soft pattering of her bare feet walking down the deck. In a little while she called.

"I'm decent, Mr. Holmes."

Jeff went up on deck. He shone the light on Clarissa. Even in his old boatwork clothes, she looked beautiful.

"Now," he said, "just what are you doing in Avalon?"

"Why lots of people come here," she said. "It's a resort. I flew over. My, your boat is beautiful. I just dote on boats."

"Fine," said Jeff. "I will give you a quick ride in a little one." He reached down and pulled in the line that held the dinghy out at the end of the boat boom. There was no dinghy, only the ring it had been tied to.

Frantic, Jeff stood up and cupped his hands. "Shore boat!" he bellowed. "Shore boat!"

"Aw, shut up!" said a fog-muffled voice. "Go to bed. The shore boat stopped running an hour ago."

"Well," said Clarissa. "You have done it again. You get me into the damnedest predicaments."

"I—" said Jeff, raising both fists in the air. "I—" He collapsed and sat down in the cockpit. "Look, woman," he said. "This morning you waved at me. I tried to be a gentleman. I picked you up and gave you a ride into town. And what happens?"

"First," said Clarissa, "you let a man take my picture. That was a dirty trick. Then you left me behind with that horrible Mrs. MacDonald. What she *said!*"

"I wish she had heaved you out the window," said Jeff. "You have ruined me. You have ruined the Syndicate. The Gazette will have a field day with those pictures. I can just see the captions now. 'Junior Member Of Big Four At Work. Nice Work If You Can Get It.' Why—hey! I've got it. We'll get married. We'll get married right away. That will fix everything. The Gazette will have to retract and apologize."

"This," said Clarissa, "is probably the first time in history a woman ever was asked to marry a man to save the gentleman's honor."

"No, no," said Jeff. "I didn't mean it that way. I was going to ask you anyway. I wanted to marry you before I even saw you this morning. I have been thinking about marrying you for months."

"Ha!" said Clarissa. "A likely story. Nothing doing. I wouldn't marry you if you used Clark Gable for a stand-in."

"But I love you," pleaded Jeff. "Honest. And I'll be ruined if—"

"You said that before," Clarissa pointed out. "And it still sounds like a lot of hot fudge. Have you actually seen the evening papers?"

"No," said Jeff, "but—"

"Then how do you know you're ruined? Where do I sleep?"

"In the forward cabin," bawled Jeff, pointing. "Lock the door so I won't break your neck in my sleep. And when I knock in the morning, you come out, quick, or I come in after you. I'm expecting Bowen in the morning."

"Very well," said Clarissa.

Jeff reached in the companionway and snapped on the lights. Clarissa descended into the main cabin and he followed her. She idled a moment, running her fingers reverently over the polished cabin sides and carlings, then went on into the forward cabin, closing the door behind her.

Jeff turned out the lights and groped to a bunk in the main cabin. He settled down for an orgy of woman hating, but that was not so easy as he anticipated. He kept seeing the Flying Cloud staggering along through mountainous seas, under reefed jib and mizzen sails. Spray lashed him. He was exhausted. Then Clarissa smiled at him from under the companionway slide and her hands came out, offering him a pannikin of hot coffee, laced with rum, and a thick sandwich; the construction of the meal was a miraculous feat, considering the way the little ship was rolling.

LATER they idled in a blue lagoon, with the tropical sun beating down. Clarissa wore a native sarong. Jeff moved an arm to shield his eyes from the sun and suddenly realized what had happened.

He leaped up, stuck his head out the companionway and looked. The morning was here, the sun high. The sea sparkled. The beach was already thronged with early swimmers.

He turned and took four long strides and banged upon the forward cabin door. "Out, you!" he bellowed. "Get up!"

"Go away," said Clarissa. "I'm sleepy."

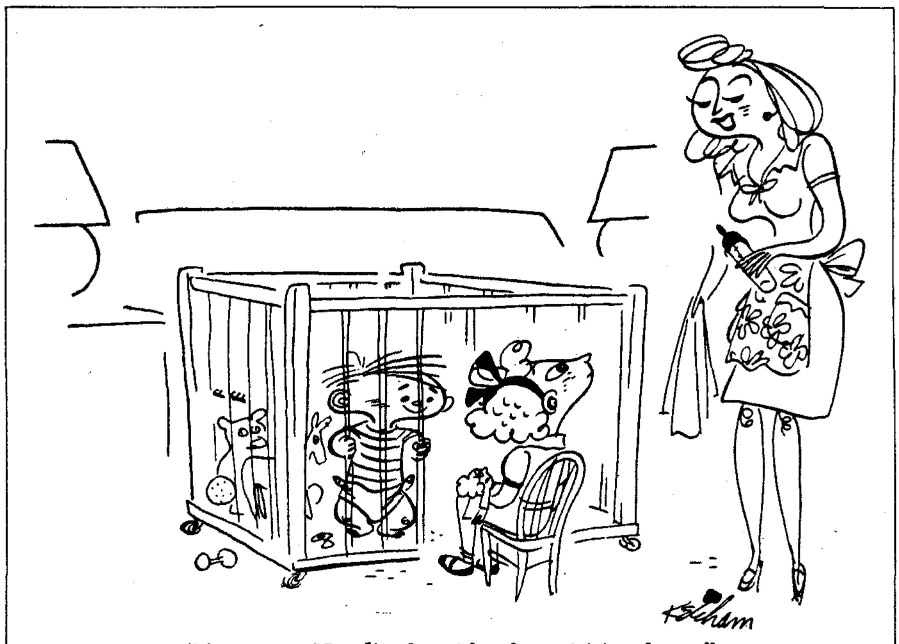
"Come out or I break down the door," threatened Jeff.

"There's a fire-extinguisher gadget in here," replied Clarissa, sweetly. "You bust in and I'll squirt you right in the eye. You won't be able to see a thing. While you are in that state, I shall bust you over the head with it. Then you won't even be able to hear yourself talk. That, in your case, would probably prove fatal."

Jeff gritted his teeth and pulled at his chin. That damned woman would probably do it, too. There was only one alternative. If she would not leave, Geoffrey J. Holmes would. He dashed up on deck. "Shore boat!" he yelled.

The shore boat was loading passengers at the pier. The operator looked toward the Flying Cloud and waved his hand. In a moment he was under way, heading directly toward Jeff. Jeff prepared to jump aboard.

The shore boat drew up in a sweeping curve and came alongside. There were passengers aboard who knew Jeff. They yelled at him. They looked up at the rigging and whistled. Jeff tilted his own head up. Aloft, two pink pieces of a scandalous feminine bathing suit swayed



COLLIER'S "I'm sorry, Natalie, but it's after visiting hours" HANK KETCHAM

VERY OBVIOUSLY...CLEAN–TASTING

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CANADIAN WHISKY
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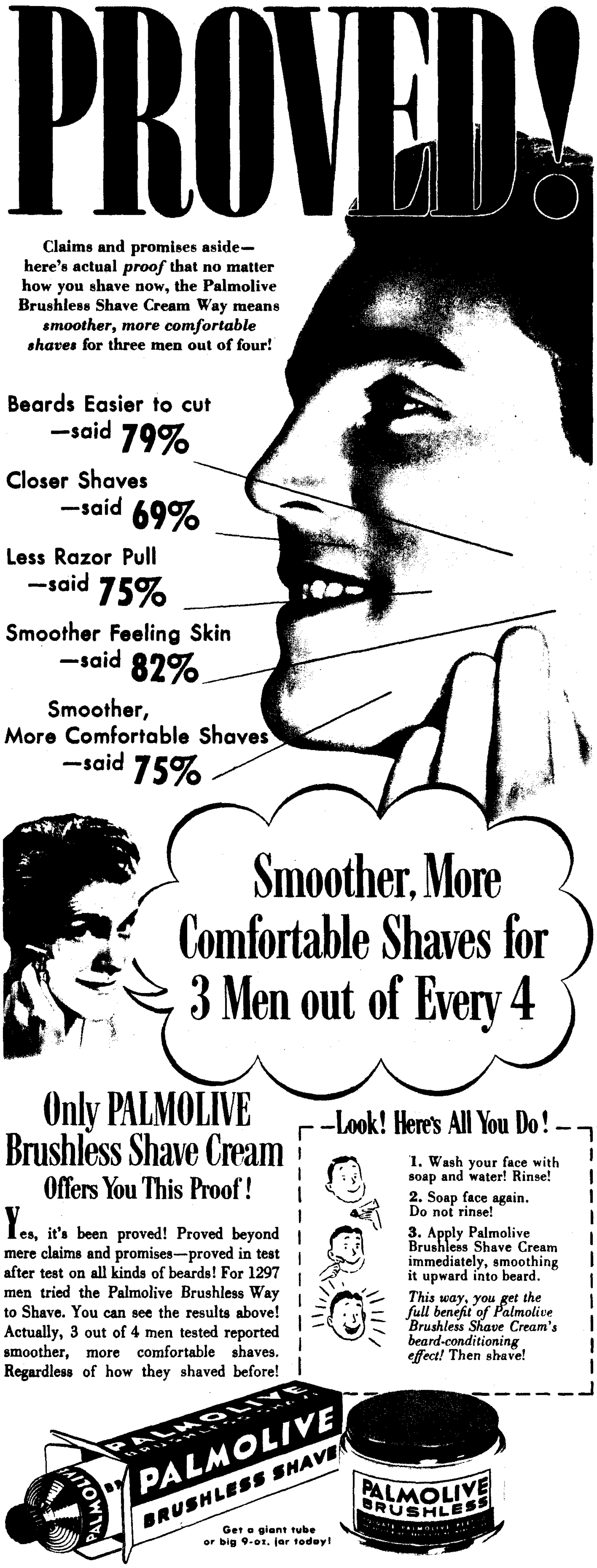

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Smoother Feeling Skin —said 82%

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1. Wash your face with soap and water! Rinse!
2. Soap face again. Do not rinse!
3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard.

This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect! Then shave!

Get a giant tube or big 9-oz. jar today!

in the breeze. And the Bowen butler was standing up in the boat, waving a letter at Jeff.

"Here you are, sir," said the butler. "A message from Mr. Bowen. He is sorry he cannot see you, but he has been under the care of a doctor since he saw the papers."

Jeff took the envelope and waved the boat away. He looked again at the bathing suit, then descended into the cabin and sat down. He placed the envelope on the table and stared at it.

"May I come out now, darling?" called Clarissa.

"I don't care what you do!"

Clarissa stepped into the main cabin. She was wearing Jeff's dungarees and shirt, the dungarees rolled high at the cuffs. And she was barefooted.

"My," she said. "You certainly are cross in the morning. That's why a girl should never accept a quick proposal, like you made last night. I always say a girl should know something about a man. Maybe some coffee would make you look human. I could use some coffee myself."

"There is no coffee," said Jeff. "If you want coffee, go ashore and get it. Please do."

"Very well," she said. She climbed the ladder and yelled and yoo-hooed for the shore boat. Jeff heard it come alongside and then she was gone. It was then he experienced the sense of loss he had been waiting to feel. He opened the letter and read:

> Dear Holmes:
>
> Under the circumstances, you may consider any agreement between us dissolved.
>
> B. B. Bowen.

IN a short time the shore boat banged alongside again and Clarissa came down, her arms laden with groceries.

"Coffee, bacon and eggs, buttered toast and jam," she said. "You look like a four-egg man to me. That about right?"

"Read this," said Jeff, waving the note at her. "If you have an appetite after you do, I'll wash dishes with my ears."

Clarissa put down her packages and read the note. "Poooo!" she said, handing it back. "You ought to be thankful you didn't get tangled up with that gang."

Jeff clenched his fists, counted slowly to ten and managed to make his words plain enough to hear. "Look," he said. "Don't you realize what you have done? You've ruined me. My whole career, my whole business has been knocked into a cocked hat by a pair of nylons, a slip and your silhouette. They'll print that picture in every paper in the country. Even that batty O'Conner wouldn't have me for a partner, now."

"Maybe not," said Clarissa, "after the way you've acted. How much could you build that job for, you and your bright idea?"

"Three and a half million," said Jeff. "Nobody could touch that bid."

Clarissa whistled. "You sure?" she asked. "You're not talking as crazy as you act?"

"Positive," said Jeff. "But you wouldn't understand. It has nothing to do with bacon and eggs and taking off your clothes."

Clarissa put her hands on her hips and squinted at him. When she turned away she went directly to the ship-to-shore radio and tuned it in. In a moment she was talking to the operator.

"Get me Crandall 6495— Okay. . . . Hello, that you, Helen? What? Oh, I'm all right. Don't worry. Now look. Get some new stationery printed. Holmes and O'Conner Construction Company. That's right. Geoffrey J. Holmes, President and Chief Engineer. . . . Yep. Don't put my name on it. C. M. O'Conner is going out of business as such. Oh, for heaven's sake! Here he comes!"

"Ha!" roared Jeff. "So that's it. I warned you what I'd do if I ever got my hands on O'Conner."

Clarissa Margaret O'Conner snatched a newspaper from inside her shirt and waved it in Jeff's face. He paused and stared. There was a headline:

BIG FOUR CONSTRUCTION SYNDICATE INDICTED ON NINE COUNTS OF FRAUD

There was quite a story, but no pictures. "When my attorneys got through with that nasty Mr. Smith," said Clarissa, "he gave up the negative. You just can't take pictures of an undressed woman without her permission, you know. Are you lucky that I'm so smart!"

Jeff looked at her. When he spoke, his voice cracked a little. "I warned you," he said, "what I'd do if I ever got my hands on O'Conner."

Clarissa put up no argument. She even met him halfway. After a while, Jeff backed up and collapsed on the cabin transom. Clarissa shook her head, dazedly.

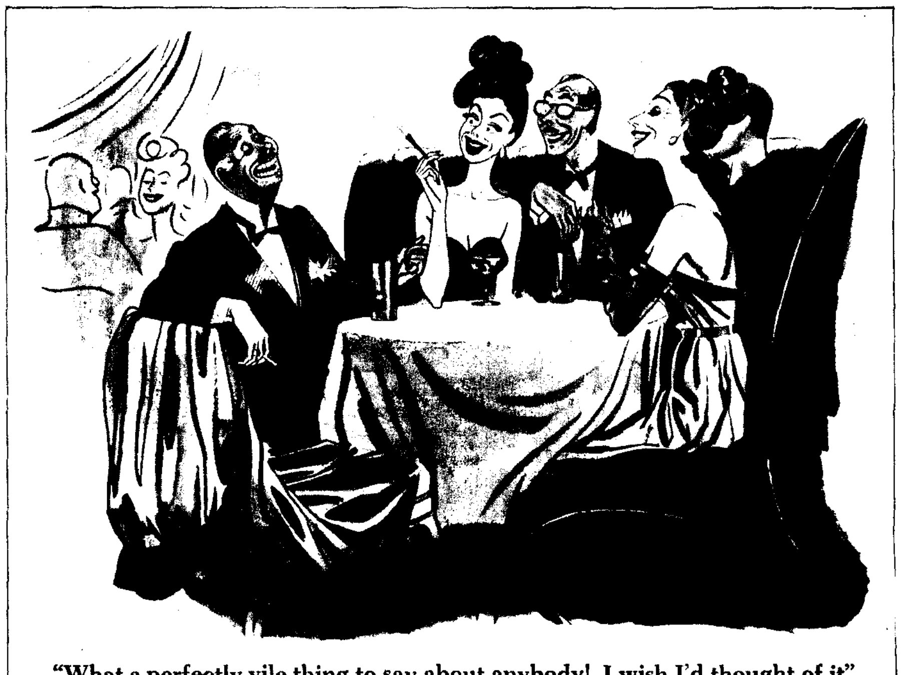
"How many eggs?" she asked.

"I'll leave it to you," said Jeff. "You've been doing all right."

Clarissa cracked eight eggs and dropped them into the frying pan on the galley stove. Jeff just leaned back on a cloud and watched her work.

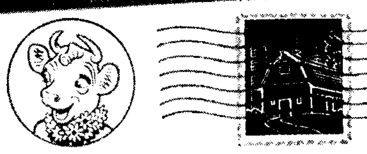
"Sure is wonderful," he said, "what Fate will do for a man if he just doesn't interfere and mess things up."

THE END

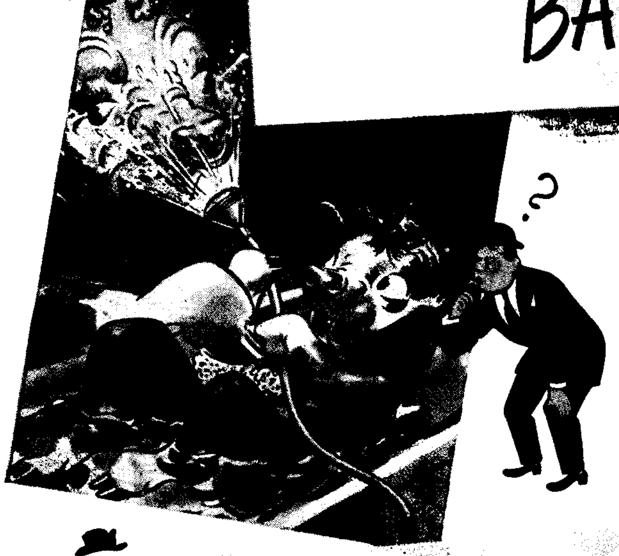


"What a perfectly vile thing to say about anybody! I wish I'd thought of it"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE



Have you sent in your name for Elsie's new BABY?



$25,000.00

in cash prizes!

(including dealer prizes)

Contest closes midnight, October 31

HURRY! For Elsie's sake, hurry!

For your own sake, hurry!

Here's your big opportunity to win a big cash prize!

Send Elsie a name for her new baby boy—one you think would fit the personality of that cute, pint-size edition of Elmer! And write just 25 words saying why you think the name would fit!

If you send in the winning entry, you get $7,500!... Second and third prizes $1,000 each. And more than 800 *additional prizes* in *cash!*

If you have several good name possibilities, send 'em all in! Just remember to accompany each entry with a label, box top, bottle top—any mark of identification from any one of the great family of Borden Foods.

Contest closes midnight, October 31!

Sit right down NOW. Use the coupon on the end of this ad, or secure an official entry blank from your store where you buy Borden products, or write on your own stationery.

Don't wait—you may miss out on thousands of dollars!

Read these rules!

1. Send in a first name for Elsie and Elmer's new baby boy calf. Then in 25 additional words or less complete the statement: "I suggest this name for Elsie's baby because..."

2. Use the coupon in this ad or secure an official entry blank from your store where you buy Borden products, or write on your own stationery. Print clearly your own name and address (also your age and name of your school principal if you are under 14), and the name and address of merchant from whom you buy Borden products. Let your storekeeper help you ... then, if you win a prize, he wins one too. Write on one side of paper only.

3. This contest is open to any person in the continental United States ... except employees of The Borden Company and its subsidiaries and affiliates, its advertising agencies and members of their immediate families. Contest is subject to all Government regulations.

4. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a label, bottle cap, box top, or any other mark of identification from any Borden product.

5. All entries must be the original work of the contestants, submitted in their own names. No more than one prize will be awarded in one family.

Mail your entries to:—

Elsie's Contest
P.O. Box 18
New York 8, N. Y.

Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.

6. Entries will be judged by the judging staff of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. The name will be selected on appropriateness and originality. The statement will be judged on sincerity, logic and aptness of thought. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Age will be considered in judging entries of children under 14 years. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned. All entries and ideas therein become the property of The Borden Company, which shall have the right to use, with contestants' names, in Borden Advertising.

7. The contest closes midnight October 31, 1947 and all entries must be postmarked before that date and received before November 15, 1947.

8. The Borden Company will have notices mailed to winners. A complete list of winners will be sent to all contestants requesting one and sending a stamped, addressed envelope. The Borden Company will decide whether or when to announce winning names for the calf.

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First Prize	$7,500
Two Prizes	1,000 each
Three Prizes	500 each
Twenty Prizes	100 each
Eighty Prizes	25 each
Three Hundred Prizes	10 each
Four Hundred & Five Prizes	5 each
	$20,025
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Grand Total	$25,000

Grand prize $7,500.00

Borden's

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My name for the new calf is______________

Name________________________

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City_________________________

My 25-word statement is attached. Also whom I buy my Borden Products.

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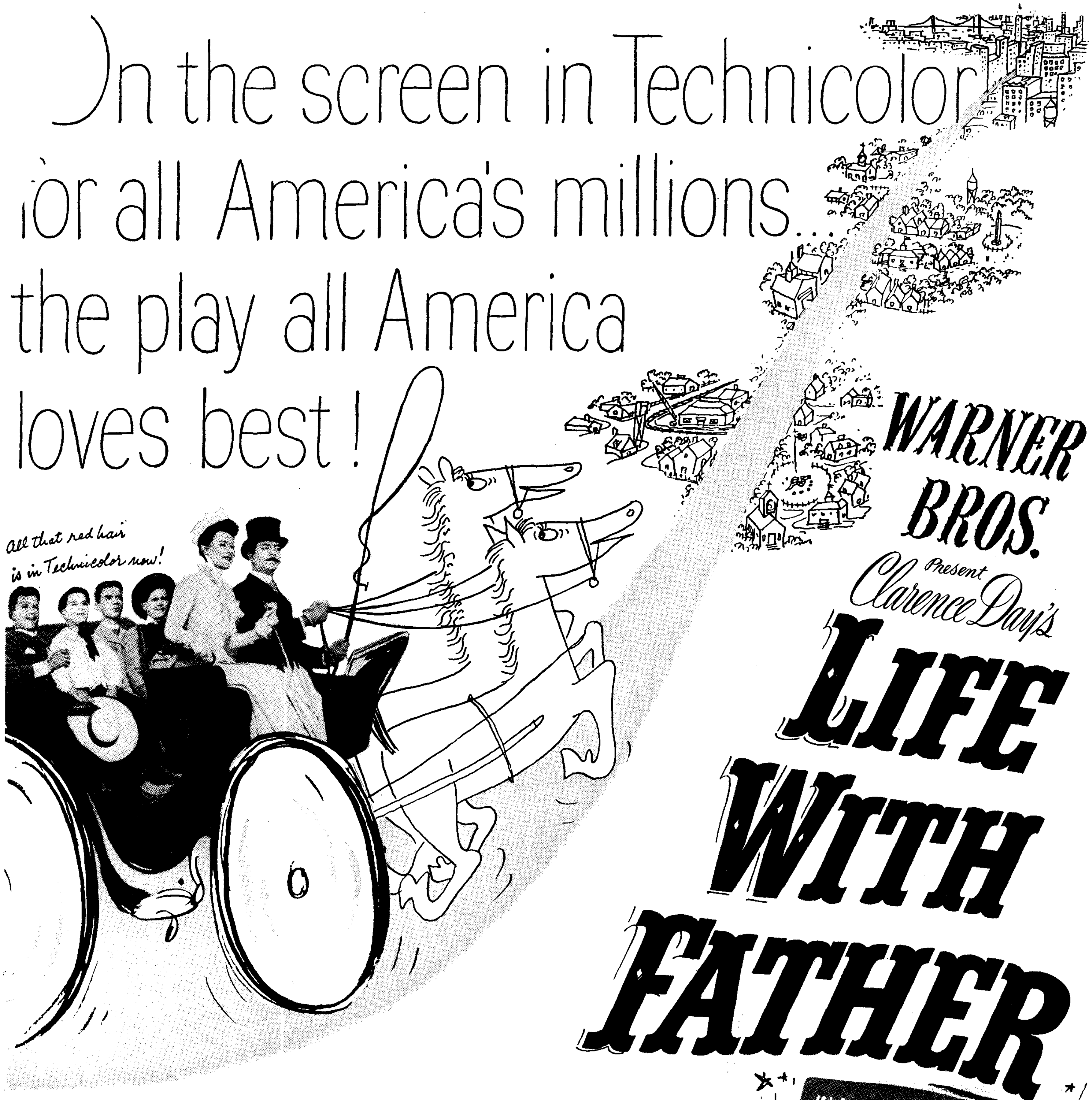
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Welcome! The longest-run stage hit in history (*8 straight years!*) is a Warner Picture now! Heed the happy word of all who've already seen it and head for Warners' finest the first moment you can!

with **ELIZABETH TAYLOR**
From the original play by
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EDMUND GWENN · ZASU PITTS
Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart
From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production
Music by Max Steiner

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ
Produced by
ROBERT BUCKNER

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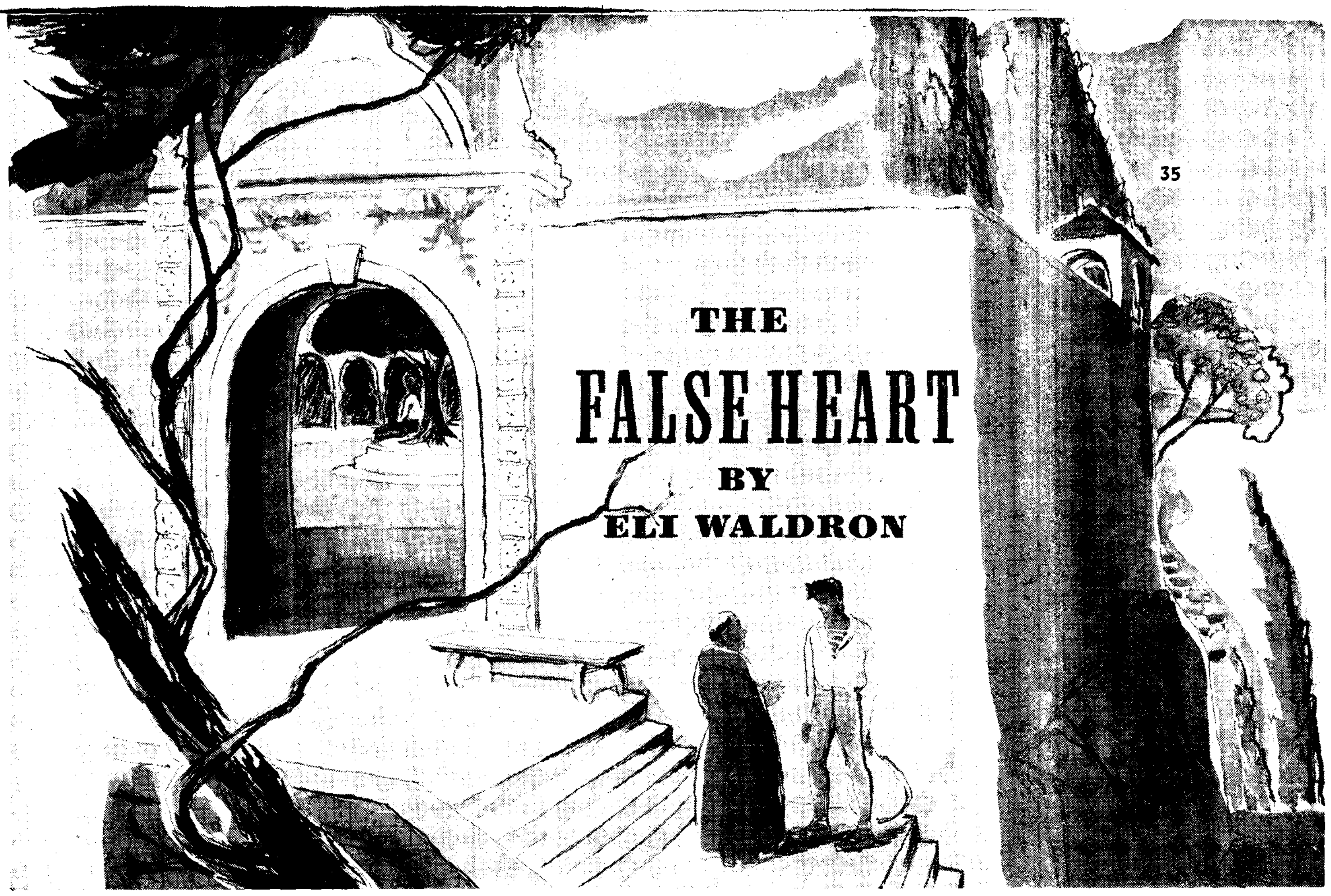
THE FALSE HEART

BY ELI WALDRON



"I am ready," Vicente said. "I—I don't know what to say," Brother Andrus began, "there have been—difficulties"

BROTHER ANDRUS was taking his morning stroll along the cliff edge when he saw the young Portuguese, Vicente, coming up the rocky path. He had been expecting him but he frowned nevertheless and thrust out his lower lip in a troubled manner. He was a short, heavy man, and his robe and cowl made him appear wider than he was. This, together with the thrust-out lip, might have suggested a stubbornness of character until one observed his eyes: they were wonderfully soft and sympathetic. But they looked away from Vicente now.

Back some distance from the long drop of the cliff stood the garden wall and, beyond the garden, the monastery. It had no name and no great history, but its thick, baked walls seemed as enduring as man's need for peace, and there was a comforting air of repose about it. It was a refuge, welcoming all who sought the contemplative life, and while there was work to do—there were vineyards and looms—there was also sufficient time for prayer, and on days of rest the glittering sea to watch and the multicolored fishing village at the foot of the cliff to look upon. Brother Andrus' position was that of secretary to the abbot and one of his duties was to receive newcomers.

He was preparing for this duty now as he stopped and waited for the young man to climb the last few feet to the summit of the cliff.

"Well!" the slender young Portuguese said with a smile that shone brilliantly white across his dark face. "I am here as I said I would be."

"And not even out of breath," sighed Brother Andrus, thinking of the days when he, too, had climbed and exulted.

"Is it— You meant today, didn't you?" Vicente asked a little anxiously.

Brother Andrus shrugged. "I meant any time that you felt you were ready to join us."

Vicente took a breath and his face was grave. "I am ready. I am happy now."

The older man averted his eyes and rubbed his chin. "I—I don't know what to say," he began. "There have been, well—difficulties."

Vicente stared at him and shook his head in a puzzled way. "I don't understand." And when he did not receive an answer, he continued awkwardly, "But it was all settled. My parents' approval— Your recommendation— Why, I even brought all my belongings." He held out the brown paper parcel he was carrying, in a gesture of appeal.

"I know, I know," Brother Andrus said gruffly, waving his hand.

There was irritation in his manner, but with himself rather than with his visitor.

He could have wished for no happier solution to the entire matter than to take the young man by the arm and lead him into the coolness of the sanctuary, but he had begun a falsehood in his heart and was forced to go on with it. Vicente, glowing with natural piety and goodness, was the kind of man the abbot delighted in receiving. In fact, the abbot had been inquiring about him only yesterday. But the falsehood had been established in the heart of Brother Andrus.

"Look," he said impulsively, putting his arm about the young man's shoulders and pointing at the sea and the white-and-green boats bobbing in the harbor. "Can you leave all that behind and not regret it?"

"Yes," replied Vicente in a low, clear voice. "I have thought about regret; it will not trouble me."

"And the life in the village?" insisted Brother Andrus. "The songs, the dancing—?"

"They are not to be regretted either," Vicente said, a certain stiffness developing in his manner. "I wish to seek happiness here; I do not wish to be deceived by what is merely pleasant to the senses."

The friar took his arm from the young man's shoulders and clasped his hands behind his back. Together they looked out over the immense blue space of the sea to the point where water and sky misted and became indistinguishable.

And though it possibly was unfair of him, Brother Andrus asked, "Is there no one in the village? No girl, for instance—?" And having asked the question, he turned away slightly in the manner of one who needs no answer.

"I—" Vicente hesitated. And then emotionally, "But what does it matter? I am anxious to leave all that behind."

"Ah, yes," said Brother Andrus sadly. "You are anxious. But doesn't that mean that there is some uncertainty in your mind? That is the difficulty I spoke of. Is it perhaps too early for you to give up looking for happiness below? If there *is* a girl, as there appears to be, you may find it with her. There is still such a thing as love, Vicente, and with love the home sometimes becomes a kind of monastery."

"But you do not understand!" Vicente burst out, grasping the brother by the sleeve.

"But I do," said Brother Andrus firmly. "And it is important that you understand, too. Return, Vicente. And if there is a girl—as there appears to be—smile at her and hold out your arms."

Vicente looked down at the ground and brushed his hand across his face in a perplexed way. Then he raised his head to the cowled figure and nodded slowly. "You are right, of course," he said. "I was not ready. But I—I did not think you would know—" He tried to say more, but words had left him. With a pale but brightening smile, he took a measured step and then started running swiftly down the path.

Brother Andrus rubbed his chin again and groaned inwardly beneath the weight of his falsehoods. Falsehood was strange to him. Without authority, he had taken this thing into his own hands and he didn't know quite what to think of himself. He could console his spirit by believing he had acted wisely, but at this very moment the abbot was waiting to receive the young man, reflecting upon his suitability for the monastic life, and preparing to congratulate the friar upon his success in winning him over. It was a situation that held no ray of joy for Brother Andrus.

WHEN he entered the garden gate the girl jumped up from the stone bench by the fountain and came toward him. Her eyes were filled with apprehension.

"Did—did he leave?" she asked.

"Yes, child," he whispered, glancing nervously at the door of the chapel. "I reasoned with him. He has returned to the village."

"How can I thank you?" she cried in relief. Her face began to shine with gratitude and the few tears that had become caught in her long lashes twinkled with the reflected light. Brother Andrus saw that it would be easy for a young man to love her.

"It was jealousy, nothing else," she said. "I wanted to make him jealous, and when I went sailing with a fisherman from another village, he threatened to come up here. He loves me. I am sure of it."

"I—I am sure of it, too," observed Brother Andrus uncomfortably. "But you must leave now. Go down to him, smile, tell him you are sorry."

"I will," she said in a tense voice. She bent suddenly, seized Brother Andrus' hand and kissed it. Then she was gone. . . .

Brother Andrus was staring at his hand in a perturbed way when the chapel door opened. The abbot, a white-haired man of seventy-odd with a serious face and tapering fingers, came to the center of the garden and sat down on the bench by the fountain. Brother Andrus joined him there, taking the opposite end of the bench uneasily.

"I thought I heard voices out here," said the abbot in an absent-minded way. He bent over to pick a flower.

Brother Andrus swallowed lumpily. "I—I was reciting a poem," he said. He shifted on the bench and felt the weight of falsehood grow in him.

Silence floated about among the flowers and along the ivied wall.

"That young man, that fisherman," the abbot finally said, "wasn't he to have arrived today?"

"Why—why, yes," said Brother Andrus. "And as a matter of fact, he did arrive. He wished to express his regret for not joining us. He . . . he felt that he was not quite suited to our—our philosophy." He closed his eyes and shuddered. Falsehood upon falsehood without end.

"Oh—" said the abbot in dismay. "What a pity, really. He was such a pious young man. He would have made an excellent brother to us."

Brother Andrus stood up, not daring to look at his superior's face. "But perhaps he will make an excellent husband for some good girl. There—there appears to be a girl in the picture." He stared fixedly at the garden wall.

"H'mmm, yes—" said the abbot nodding vaguely.

Brother Andrus straightened his shoulders and faced him. "If you will excuse me now—" he said.

"Prayers?" said the abbot, sniffing the flower he had picked. And, since it was a customary question, "For whom?"

"For two young people," said Brother Andrus, closing his eyes again. "And after that a long prayer for myself."

He took a deep breath and when he opened his eyes, he found the abbot peering up at him slyly over the flower.

"H'mmm, yes—" said the abbot in a strange way. "That might be an excellent idea. A long prayer for yourself. Yes." But he smiled as he spoke and Brother Andrus was also startled into smiling. Then he made a sober face and turned briskly toward the chapel.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANN SCHABBEHAR

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WALK·OVER
MUDHOUNDS

THESE ARE THE YANKEES

Continued from page 13

well as in performance, the boys soon tagged him "the Professor." Bucky liked the way Vic operated. So did Coach Johnny Schulte, a master in dealing with inexperienced pitchers. But no one else paid much attention to the Professor.

After all, Chandler seemed to have retained his great 1946 form: Floyd Bevens was looking great: experienced Allie Reynolds, acquired from Cleveland in the deal that sent Joe Gordon to the Indians, had all his stuff, and two rookies, Don Johnson and Charley Wensloff, were setting the grapefruit league on fire. Pitching, it appeared, would be one of Bucky's least troublesome worries.

But years of experience had taught Bucky not to take anything for granted. Sometime during the season ahead he might need Raschi. Bucky made a deal with Portland to the effect that they could have Raschi if they'd agree to send him back on twenty-four hours' notice. Then in July came the pitching drought. Bucky recalled the Professor from Portland, and the solemn-looking rookie went out and won six in a row before losing a 3 to 0 decision to the Red Sox.

Wanted: One Reliable Pitcher

But Raschi alone couldn't take the place of the ailing Chandler, Shea, Bevens and Wensloff. The team was winning on its hitting, but Bucky knew that this couldn't keep up. He needed one pitcher who could be depended on to work steadily.

Bucky heard that Bobo Newsom had become involved in some kind of rhubarb with owner Clark Griffith and the Washington players, and that Griffith wanted to get rid of him. Bucky also heard that Horace Stoneham was hot to get Bobo for his National League Giants, but of course Newsom would first have to be waived out of the American League.

Bucky told MacPhail to grab the veteran as soon as waivers were offered. Griffith went through the motions of putting Bobo on the block. No one wanted him (Detroit or Cleveland could well have used him), so the Yanks claimed him. Griff pleaded with Bucky to let Newsom go so he could sell him to the Giants for $20,000, just double the established waiver price. But Bucky laughed at his old boss and friend. Two days later old Bobo was wearing a Yankee uniform.

"Newsom is a clubhouse lawyer, a troublemaker and a clown," old baseball men warned. "The players won't like him. They'll resent his coming along just to ride the gravy train and grab himself a cut of the World Series dough."

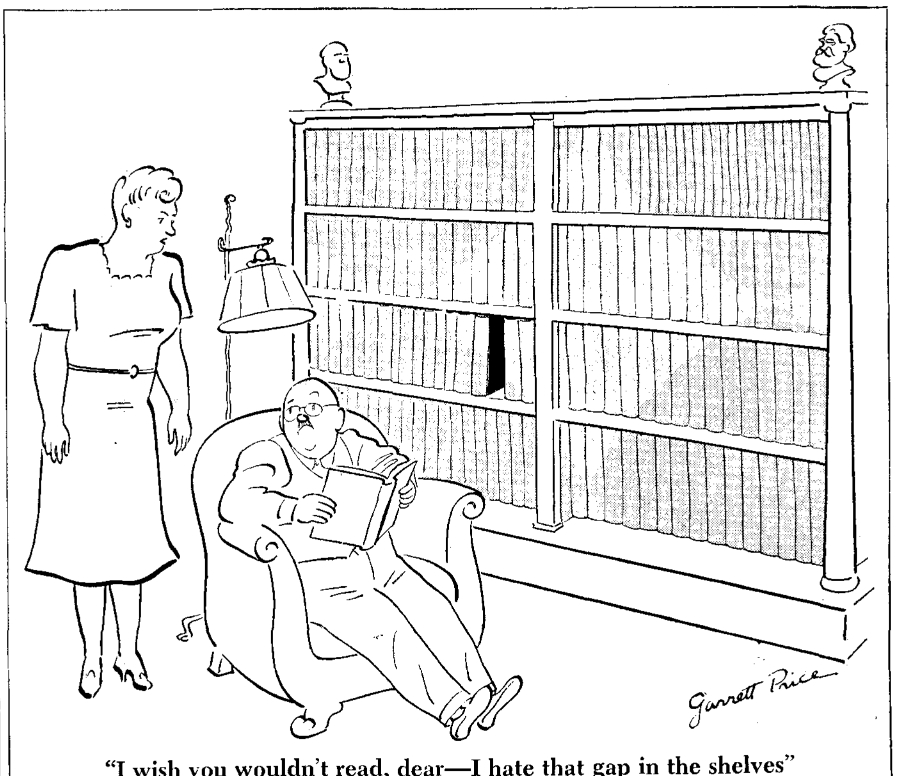
Bobo confounded them by going out and winning four in a row. The players were tickled to death to have the exuberant extrovert around the clubhouse. Bobo a clown? He wasn't a clown when he shut the Red Sox out 1 to 0 in the early August series that broke the hearts of Joe Cronin's men and clinched the pennant. The players, having batted against Bobo when he was in enemy uniform, had a lot of respect for the big guy. And he, in turn, loved being with a winning ball club.

Bucky Harris gave Bobo a new lease on life and Bobo has shown his appreciation. The players were very happy to vote Bobo a full World Series share. And once again they chuckled over how Buck had outwitted the other American League managers in grabbing Newsom. For Bobo actually did insure the pennant for them. They might have won it without him; they did win it with him.

"What's the secret of being a winning manager?" Bucky snorted when I put that inane question to him.

"That's easy. First you have to have good ballplayers. Well, I've got good ballplayers. Second, your players have to like you and have confidence in you. I get along pretty well with our gang. Another secret is to be lucky in the injury department. I wasn't so good there. Beyond that you just play percentage. Now and then, when you're behind and up against some pitcher who is red-hot, you gamble."

And Bucky does. If the team is behind, Bucky will throw the book away and take a chance. Let's take a look at a typical bit of Harris strategy. The Yanks were playing the Athletics early in August. Going into the ninth, Connie Mack's surprisingly alert, hustling club held a 3-2 advantage over the Yanks. It was one out and Johnny Lindell managed to scratch a single. Phil Rizzuto went to the plate. The percentage would insist that Bucky play for a tie; have Rizzuto sacrifice Lindell to second so



"I wish you wouldn't read, dear—I hate that gap in the shelves"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

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CHAMPION

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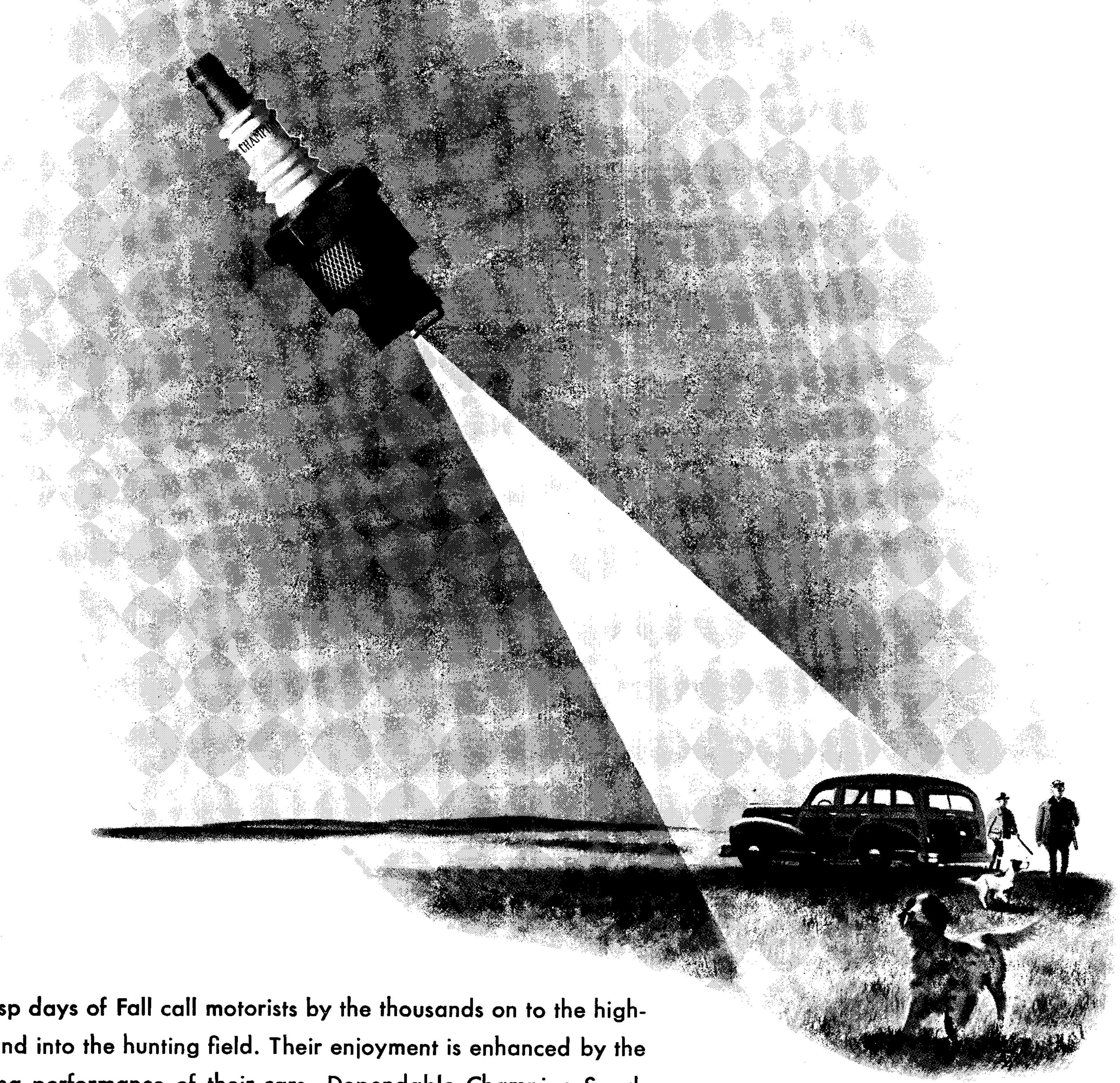

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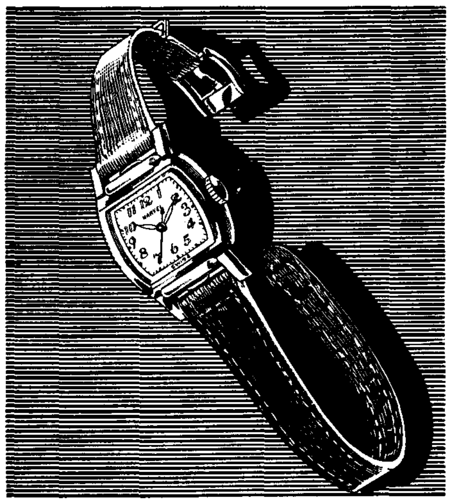

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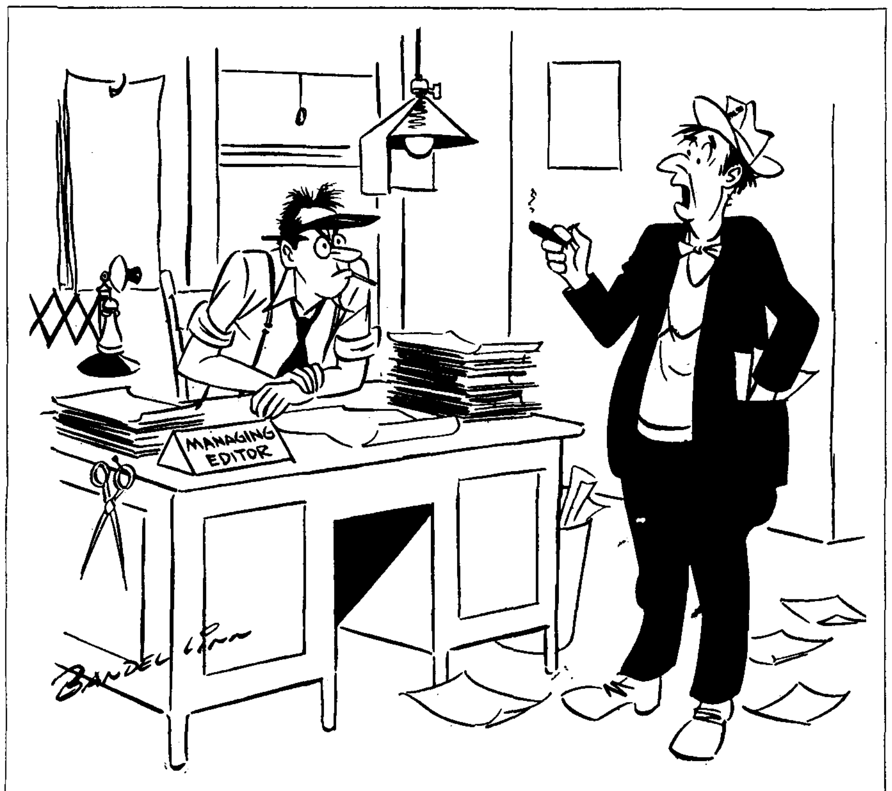

COLLIER'S "I'd rather be a war correspondent than a sportswriter . . . it seems more permanent!" BANDEL LINN

that he would be in position to score. But Bucky closed his ears to percentage and gave Rizzuto the sign for a hit-and-run.

"Yes, it was a gamble," Bucky says, recalling the play, "but good players hate to play for a tie. My men like to play to win. And Rizzuto is an intelligent hitter."

The Athletics' infield played the obvious defense for an attempted sacrifice, hoping to end the game with a double play. On the first pitch, Lindell, getting the sign, lit out from first with the pitcher's windup. He was at second before the ball reached the plate. Rizzuto slammed it through the hole between third and shortstop, and before the ball was retrieved Lindell had slid home and Rizzuto was on second. The gamble had worked. Before the inning was over four runs had trickled across and the game was won six to three.

"Brilliant Strategy" Analyzed

"Now if Rizzuto had popped up," Harris says, smiling, "Lindell who was running before the crack of the bat, would have been an easy out and the ball game would have been over. I would have been a bum manager for taking such a gamble. But it worked, so it was called brilliant strategy. I've tried it a few times when it didn't work, but," Bucky laughed, "I conveniently forget those times."

On the field the Yankees display a merciless, precise devotion to their craft. But in the dressing room before a game there is nothing dead-pan or cold about these American League champions. Come in with me if you want to see what happens back of the dugout and under the stands. The game is set for two o'clock. By eleven several of the players have arrived and are dressing. Each player has a roomy cubicle to himself. Freshly laundered uniforms are hung on hooks. Players drift in and greet each other casually. Handsome Johnny Lindell walks to his cubicle and lets out a roar.

"Who did this?" he yells.

"Who did what?" Bobo Newsom asks innocently.

Johnny waves a hand at the pictures of a dozen scantily clad pretties someone had pinned on the wall that forms the back of his cubicle. Johnny, a confirmed family man, starts to rip the pictures down and then says reluctantly, "Kind of pretty at that." Phil Rizzuto, looking like a jockey, walks in beaming. Phil has nothing especially to beam about; he's just naturally a happy guy.

"There's a good ballplayer," DiMaggio, taking off his shirt, motions toward Phil. "They rob him of hits all the time. With any luck he'd be hitting fifty points higher."

Chunky George Stirnweiss is undressing across the room.

"Hi, Joe," he calls across the room. "How's the neck?"

"Great," Joe says sarcastically. "At that, it's better than the heel."

"Baseball is too tough a game for you brittle guys," little Rizzuto says complacently. "Nothing ever happens to George or me."

Yogi Berra walks in. Were Ring Lardner alive today, Berra is the only man on the Yankee team he would feel was related to any of his fabulous fictional baseball characters.

"Nice-looking tie you got on," DiMaggio says casually.

Berra's hand goes to his neck. "I got no tie on," he says seriously. "Ties choke your t'roat."

Just off the big locker room is Trainer Ed Froelich's domain. Froelich is a busy man today. His strong, sure fingers dig deep into Henrich's injured leg; Shea lies down and Froelich soothes his shoulder with the magic a good trainer carries in his fingers. DiMaggio climbs into an aluminum tub in which hot water swirls about. This is supposed to help the circulation in his injured heel. Look at the heel and you'll wince. The surgeon's cut extends right around it; a five-and-a-half-inch incision. The ugly scar tissue turns red under the stimulus of the swirling bath.

"At least it doesn't bleed any more," DiMaggio says happily.

Most of the players are dressed now. The locker room is just behind the dugout. They amble out on the field. Batting practice begins. Bucky sits on the bench, his eyes missing very little. Berra lines one into the right-field stands.

Bucky smiles. "He takes a nice cut. Goes after a lot of bad balls, but wait until he gets over that. He's going to be quite a hitter."

McQuinn gets up. McQuinn doesn't look more than twenty-eight. Actually he's thirty-six. McQuinn is one of the most graceful performers in baseball. At

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the plate he is loose and his swing is easy.

"He weighs only 170," Bucky says, "but he hits a real long ball. Fine man, George McQuinn. He's got another good year in him, too."

The batting cage is taken away. Coach Frankie Crosetti slaps high flies to the outfielders. DiMaggio is out in center. He grabs a few flies and starts trotting in to the bench. He stops trotting and walks. Even from the bench Harris knows that something is wrong.

"Joe is hurting," Bucky says quietly. "His heel hurts and his shoulder is pretty bad. Nobody knows how bad. They're afraid to run on Joe. They're afraid of his arm. They don't know how bad that right shoulder is."

DiMaggio ducks into the dugout. He wipes the sweat from his forehead and he's biting his lower lip.

"Is it the heel?" Bucky asks.

Joe nods. Bucky motions with his head toward the opening that leads to the dressing room. Joe disappears.

"He'd play on one leg if I'd let him," Bucky says with real admiration in his voice. "Guts. That's what Joe has."

Harris called mildly to Coach Dressen. "Get Berra and Clark over here."

Everybody's for Bucky

Berra trots over and climbs into the dugout. Al Clark is a new man just over from Newark. Clark looks like a senior at college. He's just twenty-four. Bucky says, nodding to right field, "Can you play the sun?"

Clark blinks and you'd never know that this was the moment that his whole life has been directed toward. In a few moments he'll be out there playing right field for the Yankees before fifty thousand people. He can't keep the eagerness out of his voice. "I've played a lot of right field."

"I know," Bucky says gently. "But mostly you've played it at night. Can you play the sun?"

"I can play the sun," Clark says.

"Start at right field, then," Bucky says casually. "Larry, you play left. Joe won't be playing today. Frank," he turns to Crosetti, "tell Johnny to go in at center."

Bucky sits back. "I've got the best outfield in baseball. Keller, DiMaggio and Henrich. And none of them can play. So we'll go along with Berra, Lindell and young Clark. If they all hit I'm a great manager. If they fall down I'm a bum."

Crosetti rings a bell in the dugout to signalize that practice is over. The players trot in chatting happily.

Rizzuto sits next to me on the bench. "What's with Joe?" he asks quietly.

"His heel went bad," I tell him.

The word goes down the bench. The kidding stops. Joe's heel is bad. You know that every man there is thinking of Joe. Newsom and Shea slide off the bench and disappear through the opening leading to the dressing room.

"Nothing serious," Bucky says quietly. "It's just sore. He'll be all right in a few days."

The stands are filled now. An announcer bellows the line-up. Once the umpire calls "Play ball," everyone except the players has to leave the dugout. I drop into the dressing room.

There is a small radio in the dressing room and Joe slumps in an easy chair listening to Mel Allen's broadcast of the game, taking place sixty feet from us. Tommy Henrich, his leg heavy with adhesive tape, limps in. The radio says that Stirnweiss has walked. So has Rizzuto. Berra slams a triple to right field, scoring them both. Then young Clark drives a hard ball to right scoring Berra.

"Don't look like Bucky needs us out there," DiMaggio grins.

"How do you like Bucky as a manager?" I ask Henrich.

"Are you kidding?" Tommy laughs. "How could anyone not like Bucky as a manager?"

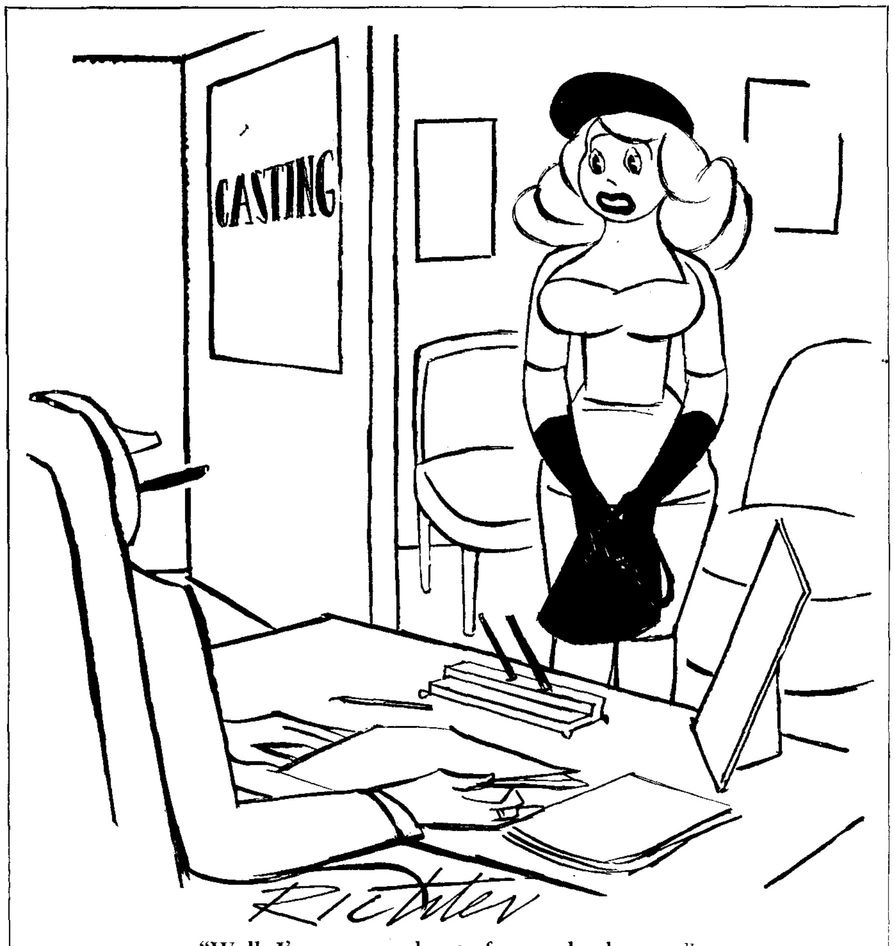
"Look, we finished third last year," Joe says. "So this year we got practically the same team. And we're winning the pennant easy. You know the difference between us last year and us this year?"

"You tell me," I say.

"Bucky," Joe snaps. "Right, Tommy?"

"Right," Henrich says, looking up at me aggressively, hoping perhaps that I'll disagree with him. But I wouldn't disagree with him. Not me.

THE END



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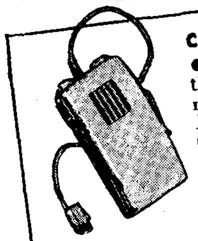

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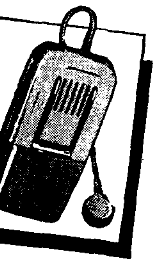

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THE BOYS THEY LEFT BEHIND

Continued from page 24

cut-down "spittin' image" of the rough, tough, fighting G.I., who has long since departed. His echo, in his manifold regional dialects, burns your ears with nostalgia in remote and unexpected places. Joisey City fluting the consonants of Jedrzejów; Memphis and Texas disemvoweling Mikolów and Tiawierce. His strange new words are salting torpid Old World languages; jalopy, stinker, hotfoot, pushover, geezer, jerk—all these and a bookful more.

His startling image struts along, pockets stuffed with matches, dice, jackknives, pin-ups of unpeeled American womanhood, comic sections from old American Sunday papers, cartoon books from the PX. It faithfully mirrors his loud-mouthed self-assurance, exuberance, gum chewing, whistling at dolls, grousing, wisecracking, talent for gold-bricking—and chants, in lusty treble, his "Roll Me Over, In the Clover!"

It would be a simpler problem if it stopped there. Precisely because it does not stop there it is most dangerous to Europe morally, and to Europe's grateful remembrance of the Yank armies. For the G.I.s helped boot out Hitler's gangsters, only to bequeath Europe a wide-flung gang of potential Dead End Kids. There is deep anxiety that many of them, unless attracted by the roll call at Wartenberg, may augment the myriad "wild children" known to be living rat lives amid the rubble of destroyed cities —and become their officers.

"Liberated" Groups a Menace

A distinction must be noted in the chief sources of G.I. Mascots. First, those from Allied countries—France, Belgium and the many smuggled from the United Kingdom to the Continent by the Yanks. Second, those collected later from "liberated" groups. Third, German kids who blarneyed their way into G.I. graces. With rare exceptions, Western Allied boys are no part of the present situation; most are safely home. Nor are the Germans; tracing experts will cull them. The trouble reposes in the second class; and to appreciate why these pose a menace their "education" must be considered.

They are graduates of history's wildest academy. Some as toddlers, some in early teens, were schooled by Nazi violence; learned cheating and robbing as the only means to life, saw brutality and killing as commonplace as grass and rain.

From that grim "night" course they straightaway entered G.I. "day" school. But young soldiers on campaign are hardly ideal mentors. At no time are men at war normal in minds, manners or morals. Nor is the gift of little monkeys to imitate big monkeys even confined to the good habits of the latter.

The Mascots, therefore, copied the adult resourcefulness, wiles, profanity, recklessness, fatalism of G.I.s at war and after the war, the restlessness, dissatisfaction, cynicism, wangling and irresponsibility of G.I.s wanting to "git the hell home." Of that mad and confused background the G.I. Mascot problem is formed and it offers contradictory faces.

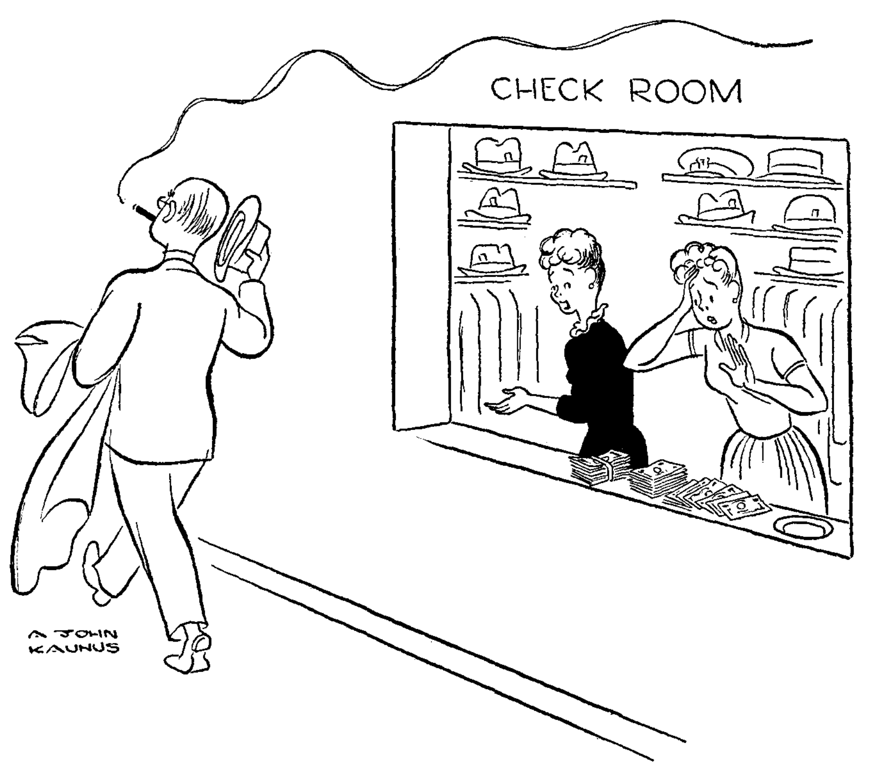
Consider Jack, a Dutch youngster, an old-timer of thirteen, who served two years with Canadian and Yank troops. The day I met him he was in disgrace in the child center where he was living until the Mascot camp opened. He had been picked up dead drunk in the village the previous night.

Conversely, there is proof that all G.I. influence was not unwholesome. Workers are constantly finding seeds of best young male American traits, even in the hardest-boiled kids. Many have absorbed benefits of the famous "G.I. ingenuity" —or skill and inventiveness with tools so notable during the war in Air Force ground crews and mechanized land units. Some nine- to twelve-year-old Mascots are as handy with the insides of a jeep as with the outside wrappings of a chocolate bar.

Occasionally there is a Mascot who is a 100 per cent credit to the G.I.s—like Albert Lagrand. That isn't his name, but it is the only one he or anybody else probably will ever know for him. It was given to him by French-Canadian soldiers who found him unconscious in a ditch near Calais in 1944, without papers, documents, or identity marks. Although judged to be almost fourteen, rememberable life for Albert is three years—since he woke up, from his shell shock, in a field hospital.

Albert's first eleven years are a closed book. Not a solitary clue has been found to his relatives, nationality or home. He learned Canuck from the French-Canadians, English from the G.I.s and knows a few words of German and Dutch.

Albert began his Mascot service as soon as he left the hospital, first with Canadians, then with Yanks. He was in several major actions, including the Battle of the Bulge. Wounded, he was (unofficially!) given a Purple Heart by his G.I.s—also three battle stars. Presently he joined the Engineer Training Center at Kassel, Germany, where he was cared for by Staff Sergeant Harold Copey of 72 Main Street, Manchester, New York. In addition to Copey, to whom he owes much of his good manners and speech, he frequently mentions T/3 John P. Wiegel of Akron, Ohio; Anne L. Martin, a Special Services hostess of the 3d Replacement Depot; and T/5 Preston M. Dunagan.



"He's master of ceremonies on one of those quiz programs"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

Albert spends a lot of time waiting in the camp mail room. He asks you if there is such a place as "Manchester" in New York, for someone has told him about Rochester and he wonders if he made a mistake in the name of Sergeant Copey's home town. Albert writes many letters to his G.I.s. He hopes—a little forlornly nowadays, it has been so long —that eventually he will receive answers.

There is no means of estimating the total number of Mascots who glued themselves to America's globe-spread armies. It is certain they were of every race and color, and that in Europe alone there were tens of thousands, all told.

They "enlisted"—each according to his artfulness. I watched one join a Thunderbolt Squadron in Normandy when the 9th Tactical Air Force was running interference for tanks. He appeared in the flap door of a tent occupied by two pilots. He was thin, wan, dark. Nobody paid him any mind and he didn't say a word; just stood and stared. Finally one pilot got nervous and said, "Beat it, kid!" The boy smiled. The other pilot grunted, tossed him candy, and said, "Okay, now beat it—mooch—*allons!*" The boy smiled.

When the pilots returned from mess their bedding rolls, duds and tent were tidied. When they came back from missions the kid was ahead of groundmen to help them with their chutes. He defied the combined measures of pilots, mechanics and sentries to run him off. The following winter, up beyond Verdun, I saw him again—now the acknowledged housekeeper, tyrant, *vin* scrounger and bosom friend of those pilots.

With the postwar melting of our forces, "unemployment" reared its nasty head for Mascots. At first some—or so the soldiers themselves firmly believe—were spirited into the United States. The usual method was to smuggle them on and off ship in barrack bags or in packing cases of Unit equipment. Once aboard it was a cinch; G.I.s can hide anything except their feelings. As redeployment became more orderly, vigilance tightened.

An untallied number still remain. Although hundreds of "liberated" boys were repatriated to their native lands, responsible (and worried!) officials calculate that several thousand are milling about on the Continent. They are too smart for cops.

Comparatively few have been rounded up and identified—and those, willingly. For they won't stay caught unless it suits them to do so. One camp near Heidelberg mustered only six the day I was there, although in the preceding month 40 had come—and flown.

The Mascot problem fell principally upon UNRRA—now superseded by the International Refugee Organization. Army brass, traditionally chary of hot

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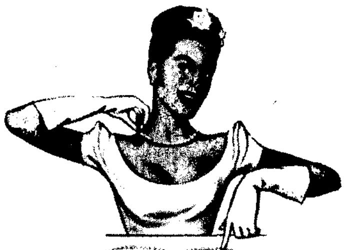

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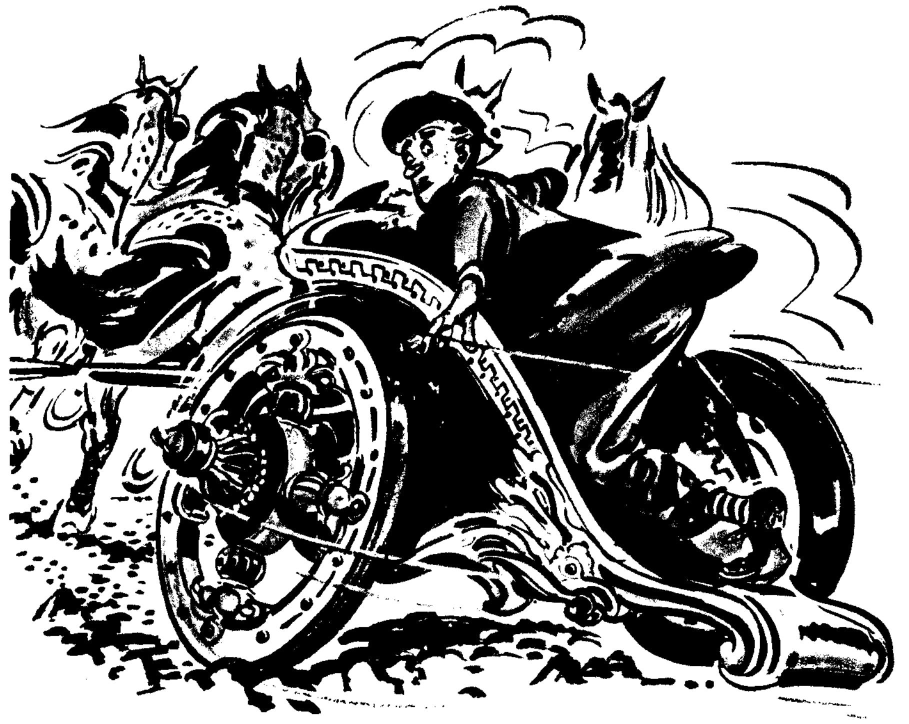

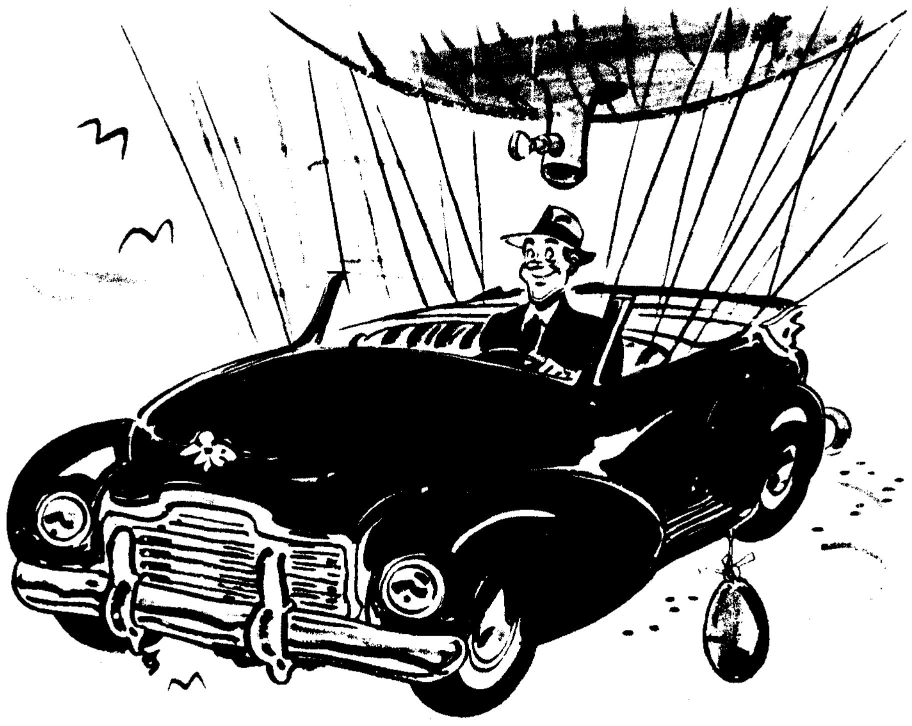

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potatoes, ignored the matter for a while; said it was exaggerated. At Bremerhaven, where it plucks Mascots from homebound outfits, the Army tosses the kids regardless of age into jail—whence IRO redeems them. The Army sent, or claims to have sent, a directive through channels that Mascots are henceforth taboo. No IRO official whom I interviewed has seen the order, in spite of requests for copies. In Wiesbaden a Child Tracing official stated that twoscore Mascots were known to be with G.I.s still in that city alone. In 3,000 years generals haven't learned that by orders you cannot quell devotion.

That Mascots were going to be a *special* problem, however, was not foreseen. They were accepted by UNRRA as "unaccompanied children," and distributed into ordinary child camps. Whereupon these shrimp packages of dynamite fiercely resented being treated as "kids." Moreover, to put them among non-Mascot refugee children was like putting alley tomcats with Angora house kittens.

Not Exactly Wholesome Kids

They introduced liquor, cigarettes, poker, crap shooting, profanity and too-ready fists to the children. They promptly contacted, and dealt in, the nearest black market. They brought advanced sex theories; some, indeed, were found suffering from untreated venereal disease.

They hid their beloved uniforms; preserving them for going "over the hill." No system of locks, checks and guards kept them in when they "wanted out." Alone or in squads they would disappear.

The idea for a separate G.I. Mascot camp was proposed by Joseph Noia, United States Zone Director for the World Young Men's Christian Association. The Army, wakened at last to the situation, made Wartenberg available. The Y administers Wartenberg, though it remains under the over-all charge of IRO: just as the fate of its Mascots shadows G.I. conscience. A Pole, Joseph Kobalnik—ex-prisoner of war and former Y executive in his native land—is camp leader with a staff of 20, of whom but two, a nurse and a music teacher, are the scorned "dames."

Wartenberg provides a semblance of their G.I. days, since that seems to be the only feasible method of touching their muddled little egos. The most popular feature with the kids is the interest shown by real G.I.s stationed near by, who have volunteered as part-time assistants. They visit regularly, hold bull sessions, share and instruct in strenuous American games.

Gossip speeds along the "G.I. Mascot grapevine" in Austria and Germany as fast as black-market currency quotations around Rome or Paris. Even before Wartenberg was ready, hitherto untabbed Mascots dribbled into the village to "look things over." It is hoped that if and when the kids put an okay upon the camp all the A.W.O.L.s, known and unknown, will rally to it—and a full census and roundup will be possible. Also, that if they can be persuaded to stay put until keys to their identities are found, the majority may yet be turned into useful citizens—of whatever land.

So far as the Mascots themselves talk, connive and dream there is, of course, but one country—the one Private First Class Artie Greengroin used to call "the United States of A." And so far as officials handling them can judge, most of the Mascots are timber from which excellent American citizens might be wrought.

None of the Mascots has the slightest apprehension, however, of the immense difficulties standing between him and his ambition. Each is convinced it is solely up to "his" G.I.

Obviously, all G.I.s who were nice to kids in Europe can't be expected to adopt those kids, or sponsor them, even in the many cases in which it will be legally possible. They can't be expected to maintain perpetual interest in their ex-Mascots. The melancholy difference is that Mascots were just a bit of wartime scenery to G.I.s—but that G.I.s were all the world to Mascots.

Furthermore, the Mascots are enmeshed by international legal red tape. In a sense they are wards of the United Nations. Race, age, absence or existence of relatives, these and other matters complicate a picture which there is not space here to simplify. It may be said in general, however, that Mascots of unknown nationality are "easiest" to adopt. But the adoption laws of the particular American state in which the would-be foster parent lives, German law, military government policy and the United States immigration quota law are involved. The "United States Committee for Care of European Children," 215 Fourth Avenue, New York City, is the official agency affiliated with IRO that knows all the answers.

Among the boys are some whose nationalities may never be determined; more, whose relatives will never be located. And there are countries—Belgium and Holland, for example, whose orphanages are sorely overtaxed—which are not interested in having their completely kinless little wayfarers back.

Lastly, neither Wartenberg nor the IRO can supply certain essentials which the average Mascot never had, does not have now, perhaps never will have—things as necessary to adolescent souls and minds as bread and milk to adolescent flesh and bones: stability, affection, something to look forward to.

Wants No Part of His Homeland

Our pal, "Colonel" Jake, summed it up. Meager evidence—not yet proved—indicates he may be a Rumanian. No one has come forward to sponsor his going to the United States. His views about going to Rumania are what you might expect of Jake:

"Don't boin me up! Wotta laugh, chum—I wudden take th' whole dump if they give it to me free fer nuttin'! I wanna go to N'Yawk!"

This started him talking about his G.I. A bighearted and openhanded man, by all accounts. "He bought these fer me," explained Jake, indicating his uniform and decorations, and prattling off a list of other kindnesses. In fact, recollection of his G.I. got under Jake's reversible-leather skin. And thereby bared something universal in the Mascots that, sooner or later, is bound to pop out.

It was time for him to go meet his pigeon and for me to drive back to Frankfort, but he asked, "Lookit, mister, have ya got another minnit? If ya ever git to N'Yawk, do me a favor an' look up this feller for me, will ya?—an' see how it goes wit' him, an' tell him how goes it wit' me. He's one swell guy."

From an inside pocket he had taken out a sheet of paper. Both hands were trembling now, as he carefully unfolded and smoothed the paper. It was grimy, worn; and the name and address written on it in ink were smudged.

"Look, Colonel," I said, trying to read it, "why don't you take better care of this? Pretty soon nobody will be able to make it out. How did you get it so messed up?"

But Jake wasn't listening. He had turned aside and put one arm across his face and slumped against the wall. His shoulders with the lieutenant colonel's leaves were quivering in a most unmilitary fashion.

"Aw, th' louse!" he sobbed, "th' big louse. He never oncet wrote to me!"

No need to ask Jake how the old blots came on his G.I.s name and address. There was a big new blot there now. Nothing that a five-cent postage stamp could not dry.

THE END

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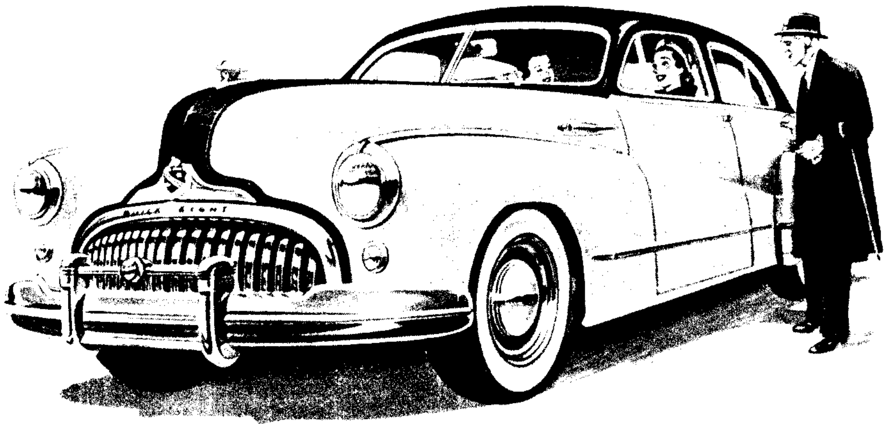

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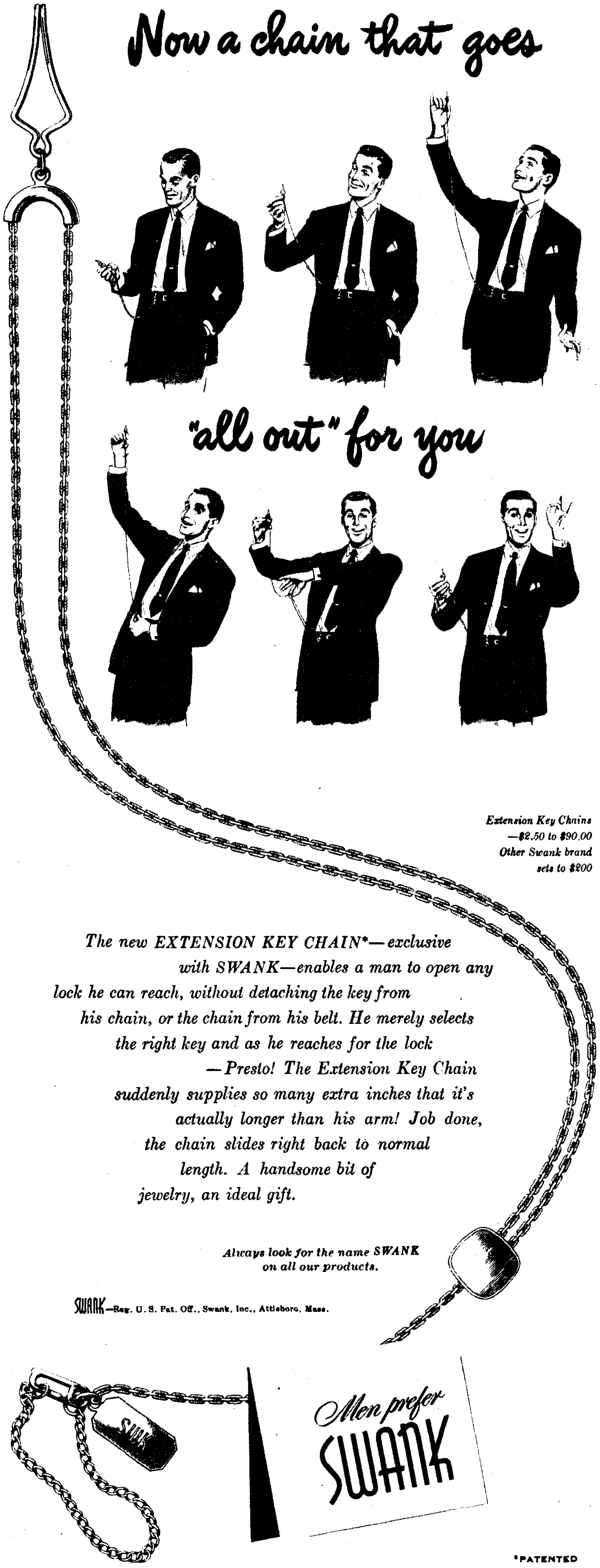

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

stupid females will take their cue from your very bad front illustration.

H. E. H., Jr., Oakland, Cal.

That's the trouble—all the beautiful women are trying to look intelligent, and the intelligent women are trying to look beautiful—and succeeding. (See editorial—Looking for a Wife?)

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION

Lester Velie: Your recent articles (They Kicked Us Off Our Land, July 26th—Aug. 9th) left impression you had made exhaustive study of public lands question, and that you are an authority on the matter. You and I know that neither is true. Subcommittee on Public Lands is holding series of hearings on grazing and forest service problems in the Western states this fall. First hearing will be held at Rawlins, Wyoming. If you still feel you are authority on these problems or if you contend you have even slightest knowledge of subject, we would be glad to have you testify before the committee at Rawlins and subject yourself to cross examination. This will enable general public and your readers to judge for themselves extent of your knowledge of public domain problems. Please wire collect if you can or will attend.

Frank A. Barrett,
Member of Congress, Lusk, Wyoming

Modest Lester Velie claims only that he is a reporter—not an authority on public lands.

. . . Walter Davenport: Izaak Walton League, National Conservation Organization, heartily applauds Lester Velie's articles on attempted Western public-land grab, assails with equal strength attempts by Congressman Barrett of Wyoming, presumably representing all the people, to have Velie at one of his hearings for crucifying purposes. Hope Velie won't come but if he does we promise all help to arm him with further facts and figures to confound his questioners.

William Voigt, Jr., Denver, Colo.

SIGNALS OFF!

Dear Collier's: Your cover for Aug. 23d—Girl Dancing with a Portable Strapped over Shoulder—is cute but meaningless. A portable battery set is strictly directional and receives in one direction only—and is dead when turned opposite the signal strength. Heck of a thing to quibble about—isn't it?

Frank Klare Miller, Altoona, Pa.

Yop.

BIG WIND

Gentlemen: I worked as a Customs Patrolman all through the 1935 hurricane, up and down the coast from Tampa and at no time did the wind reach a velocity of over 100 miles per hour as Frank Harvey states in Demon From the Doldrums (Aug. 23d).

During the last 29 years, I have been through at least ten hurricanes and have yet to see a wind reading of over 100 miles per hour. Harvey's statements about the damage done in Miami in 1926 and that done in 1935 are both a pack of lies.

R. H. Lain, Tampa, Fla.

DO YOU HAVE ANCESTORS?

Dear Sirs: I do believe James Dugan has entirely the wrong slant on ancestors (How to Have Ancestors, Aug. 23d). I believe it is one of the most natural things in the world, to wonder what our forebears did, where they lived and where they came from.

Grandmother herself started this when we were children, crowding about her knee and begging for stories. Now that I am a grandmother myself, I have time and inclination to look into this matter, and find many other women doing the same thing.

Personally, I have a scrapbook with records of 58 families, complete—from 1620-45, mostly from Norwich and other surrounding towns, in Connecticut—and many English records before that.

And that reminds me, isn't Mr. Dugan one of the Dugans of Dugan?

Georgina G. White, Cazenovia, N. Y.

. . . The pitiful egomania of those whose six million ancestors came over in the "Mayflower" gives me a pain. Pikers and "Johnny-come-lately's" to a man—or woman!

My ancestors—eliminating the addled and lesser distinguished, have been traced back through Sir Walter Rawley—inventor of the cigarette; William the Corncurer—(Family name Scholl) 1066; Attila the Bum, 406-453 A.D.; Nero, and his magic fiddle—37-68 A.D.; Tutankhamen, the undertaker's delight—1365; B.C., Adam, the Troublemaker; Piltdown, the half and half; Professor Simiidae, famous banana juggler; Vertebrata, inventor of the backbone; Amoeba, getting weaker; Protozoa, and smaller!! Atom—Aha, my friends, here we are at last! The atom, or two of them, were *my* ancestors!!

A. McMaster, New York, N. Y.

PURCHASE PRICE

Dear Editor: Referring to F. Northrup's suggestion (The Week's Mail, Aug. 23d) that the Jews buy back Palestine from the Arabs: Jews were doing just that through the Jewish National Fund, till 1939 when the British issued their infamous White Paper, which forbade Arabs to sell back land to Jews in about 90 per cent of Palestine.

Max Wolf, Brooklyn 24, N. Y.

FIGHTING THE BULL FIGHT

Dear Sirs: I agree with Doris Eastman (The Week's Mail, July 26th) that Beauty in the Bull Ring (June 14th) was a disgrace to your magazine.

With magazines, motion pictures and Hollywood women reporters playing it up, I fear this "sport" will eventually be accepted in this country.

Gladys Oldaker, Seattle, Wash.

. . . I wish to become a bullfighter. Your English-speaking bullfightress Miss Conchita Cintrón should be able to furnish me the address of an institution which teaches this art. Therefore, will you please forward me her address?

Philip L. Ruppenthal, Russell, Kans.

Are you nuts, Phil?

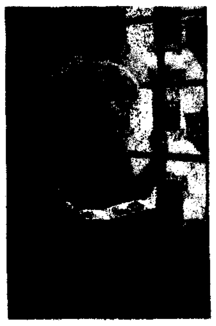
LONELY LAD

Dear Editor: Artist's painting of Boy at Window (Aug. 9th) cast a shadow over the life of my five-year-old neighbor. After worrying for hours over what might have caused the sad little boy to sit staring out of the window, he said, "I guess he must not have any mother."

Mrs. Mildred Swanson,
Independence, Mo.

. . . I noticed a strong resemblance between my own boy Robert and the lad on the cover. . . .

Mrs. Robert R. Wood, Oberlin, Ohio



KAYWOODIE
REMEMBERS WHEN

First phone, 1876

The Kaywoodie organization was making pipes 25 years before the first telephone, and was among the first to install an office telephone. Established 1851.

HOW TO TELL THE
GENUINE KAYWOODIE
LOOK FOR THE CLOVERLEAF
and brand name on the stem

Super Grain No. 21C
Vest Pocket Poker Shape
Oval Bowl, $5

KAYWOODIE
backed by the record of 96 years

This new 1947 Vest-Pocket Poker Shape slips easily into your pocket, takes little room, because of its oval-shaped bowl. As pleasing to smoke as to look at. Kaywoodies are the world's best smoking pipes made by the No. 1 pipe-making organization, which does the pioneering, the research, testing methods and seasoning, so that Kaywoodie is a good companion for years. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. Booklet on request, 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20.

KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE $3.50
SUPER-GRAIN $5, RELIEF-GRAIN $7.50, FLAME-GRAIN $10,
SILHOUETTE $10, MEERSCHAUM-LINED $12.50
CONNOISSEUR $15, NINETY-FIVER $20, CENTENNIAL $25.

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 21

he had been teasing certain Congressional leaders about what might happen if insufficient relief funds were voted. He said that Representative Clarence Cannon, ranking Democrat on the House Appropriations Committee, had asked him, some days before, if he would take less than the 875 millions he had asked Congress for WPA. The President told him he meant what he said in his budget message. Then he jokingly added that when the WPA hunger marchers descended upon Washington, he would put up a big sign in front of the White House saying: "WPA Need Not Apply Here" and with a big arrow pointing to Capitol Hill.

The President grinned and said Cannon went up on the Hill and repeated the story as a result of which Congress got mad and voted to cut the appropriation.

That morning Mr. Roosevelt went on, Vice-President Garner and Senator Alben W. Barkley, the majority leader, had been to see him about the WPA appropriation, and he had told Barkley he took it for granted the senator would fight for the 875 millions. The President said Garner was worried about what might happen if Congress cut the appropriation, as seemed certain, and touched off unemployment demonstrations.

"Will you give us protection when these people march on Washington?" the President said Garner asked him.

"Jack," the President replied, "there may be 30,000 people (hunger marchers). The Metropolitan Police are available. I can call out the soldiers and draw a cordon around the Capitol, but what am I going to do about housing these people, or feeding them? I will have to ask Congress for the money."

"But will you protect us?" the Vice-President persisted.

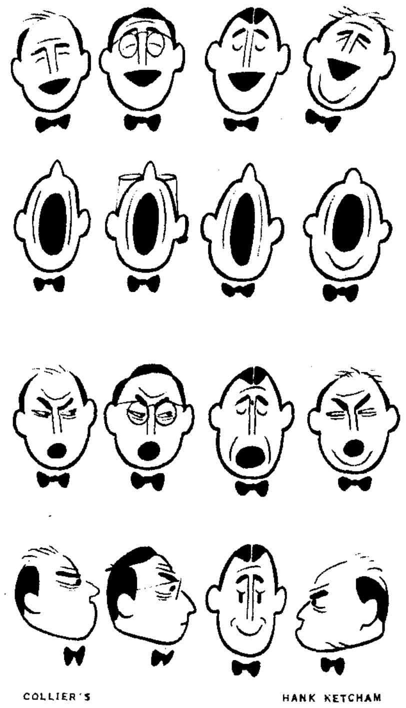
"Yes," the President said.

"Well, that's something I have been very much worried about," Garner remarked.

Later I accused Roosevelt of teasing Garner and he laughed.

F.D.R. left for a short vacation at Warm Springs on March 23d. Two days after he had gone, the stock market took another sickening dip. This was a signal for new activity on the part of the spenders. Harry Hopkins, armed with memoranda from Henderson and Au-

SLIGHTLY SOUR



sweater girl
...iceberg variety!

What a chill Jill I was! Believe me, those wintery winds weren't whistling "Dixie" as they howled through our walls. The furnace gobbled coal at a rate that ate right through our budget. Not only that . . . you can't look pleasin' when you're freezin'!

My morale was dipping toward zero when an ad (something like this!) gave me a hot idea. Pronto I 'phoned the **CAREY** Approved Home Insulator . . . learned he has a neat system which actually *blows* Rock Wool into your walls without muss or fuss.

I learned this, too: First cost is surprisingly low . . . and you save enough (up to a third) on fuel bills to pay for the job in a few seasons. What's more, **CAREY** Rock Wool also pays dividends in summer; keeps your home as much as 15° cooler on hottest days. It's fireproof too . . . gives homes additional protection.

Anyway, my **CAREY** man completed the job one day last week, and already our coal pile has a new lease on life. Comfort? Confidentially, I'm doin' better without that sweater!

You say your place is hard to heat . . . hard to keep cozy . . . hard on your pocketbook? Well, I certainly learned a lot from an ad like this; you could do the same thing. Remember, the name is **CAREY.**

this free book TELLS THE WHOLE STORY

Here's a book jam-packed with information to give you the inside story of Rock Wool Insulation. Full of facts and figures, it's a handy guide to help you decide how, when, and where to insulate your home. For a FREE copy of "Year-'Round Comfort Plus" just drop us a line on a penny postcard. Address Dept. C-10.

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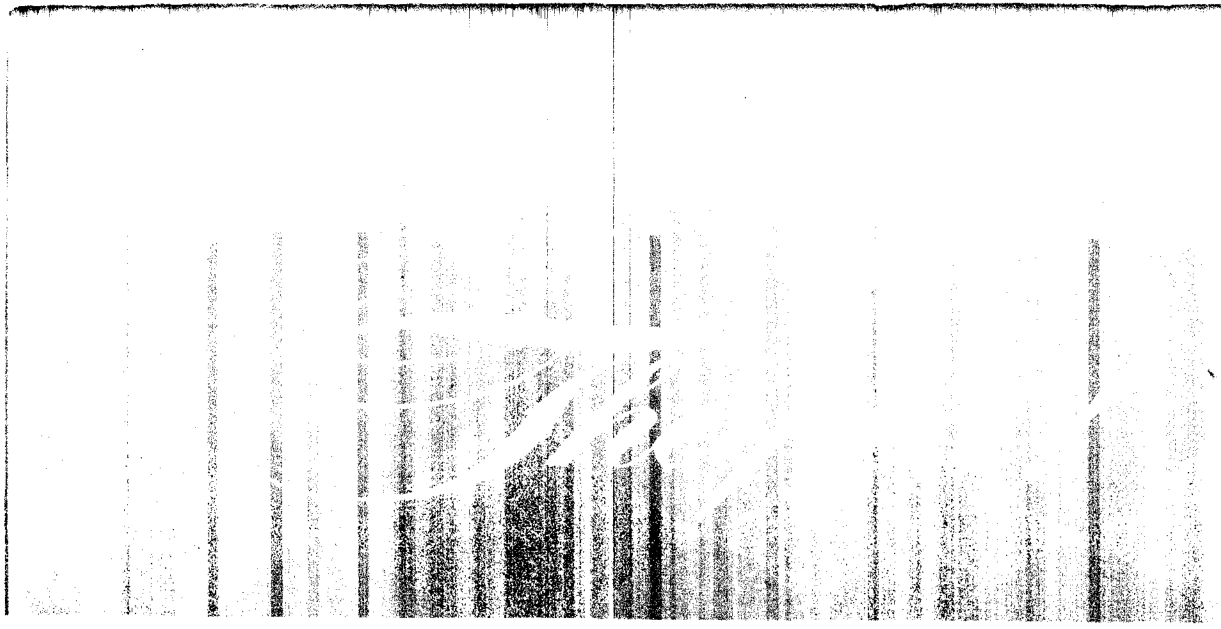
Carey *rock wool insulation*

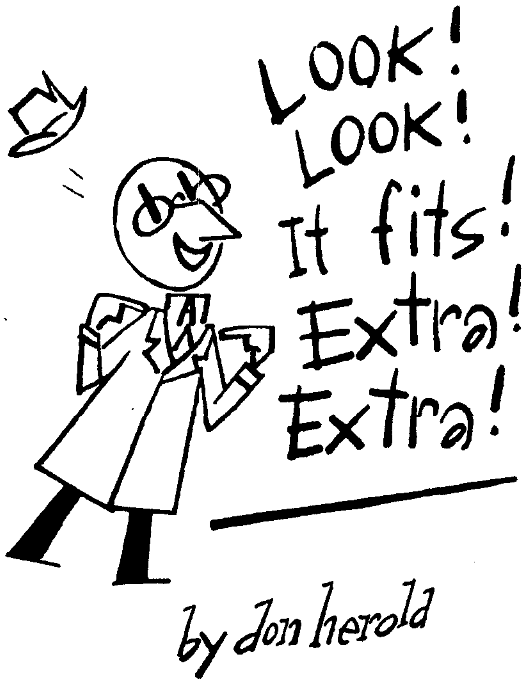
In Canada:
1557 Mac Kay St.,
Montreal 1, P. Q.

Asphalt Shingles—Asbestos Shingles and Sidings
Asbestos Wallboard—Rock Wool Insulation
Miami-Carey Bathroom Cabinets and Accessories

THE PHILIP CAREY MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI 15, O.



MT. ROCK
COAT


LOOK!
LOOK!
It fits!
Extra!
Extra!
by don herold

Terrific NEWS! COATS That FIT!

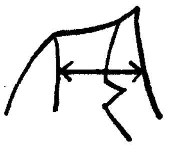
Maybe you're prettier than I am. Or luckier.

But I — honestly — have never had a coat that sat completely right on my shoulders and around my neck, and that hung right on my skeleton.

So when a coat company comes out with the simple slogan, *"They fit,"* it's either a lie or it's such sensational news that we men ought to stampede the stores to look into it.

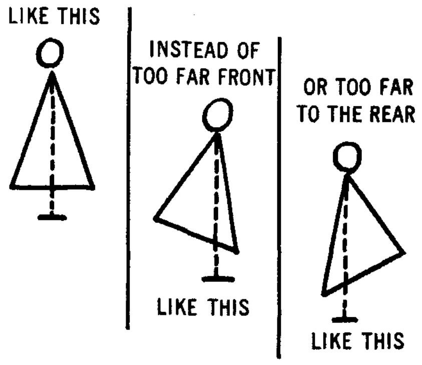
Skeptically and cynically I looked into the claim of the people who publish this slogan "They Fit" and who make the coats that go with it. (The coats incidentally, are called MT. ROCK.) And I learned that these folks have really done it!

At about a dozen points they've rocked tradition. (Mt. Rock — get it?) For example, they've given extra width here:



— which allows your lapel to stay flat instead of popping open.

And they've put *you* in the middle of your coat where you should be:



(This balanced hang actually makes the coat feel lighter on you.)

If you are sick of coats that fit silly, go cautiously to a store that sells Mt. Rocks and defy them to show you this post-war development in coat architecture.

MT. ROCK COATS ARE AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Akron, Ohio—THE YEAGER CO.
Albany, N. Y.—C. L. SUMMER
Albion, N. Y.—SAMMET'S STORE, INC.
Allentown, Pa.—KOCH BROS.
Altoona, Pa.—WESTFALL'S
Amherst, Mass.—E. M. SWITZER JR., INC.
Amherst, Mass.—THOMAS F. WALSH
Amsterdam, N. Y.—SOCHIN'S
Ann Arbor, Mich.—FIEGEL'S
Asbury Park, N. J.—SHUTT'S CLOTHIERS
Asheville, N. C.—M. V. MOORE & CO.
Ashland, Ky.—YOUNGDALE'S MEN'S SHOP
Ashtabula, Ohio—HEATH & WOOD
Atchison, Kansas—GEORGE H. FALTER
Atlanta, Ga.—PARKS-CHAMBERS
Atlantic City, N. J.—ALGAR & COMPANY
Auburn, N. Y.—
  MARSHALL'S CLOTHING STORE
Baltimore, Md.—
  ISAAC HAMBURGER & SONS
Baltimore, Md.—WARNER & CO.
Bangor, Maine—LYFORD-WOODWARD CO.
Barre, Vt.—F. H. ROGERS & CO.
Batavia, N. Y.—E. J. BEARDSLEY CO.
Bath, N. Y.—M. COHN & SONS
Battle Creek, Mich.—PAUL R. BUTTON
Bay City, Mich.—FORD'S
Bayshore, N. Y.—NEW MEN'S SHOP
Beaver Falls, Pa.—TAYLOR'S
Bellevue, Wash.—STEIL & NORQUIST, INC.
Bellows Falls, Vt.—J. J. FENTON CO., INC.
Bennington, Vt.—ADAMS CLOTHES SHOP
Berkeley, Calif.—MALIK
Berwick, Pa.—MEN'S QUALITY SHOP
Biddeford, Maine—
  LEWIS POLAKEWICH, INC.
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Binghamton, N. Y.—
  SISSON BROS. WELDEN CO.
Birmingham, Ala.—
  BURGER PHILLIPS
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Boise, Idaho—RALPH DAVIS
Boise, Idaho—MEFFERT & JOHNSON
Boston, Mass.—JORDAN MARSH CO.
Boston, Mass.—KENNEDY'S, INC.
Bradford, Pa.—THE JAS. R. EVANS CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.—DAVIS & SAVARD
Bristol, Conn.—SAVARD & McCARTHY
Brockton, Mass.—LINEHAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.—ABRAHAM & STRAUS
Brooklyn, N. Y.—SAM & MACK
Buffalo, N. Y.—THE KLEINHANS CO.
Burlington, Vt.—HAYES & CARNEY, INC.
Cambridge, Mass.—
  HARVARD COOPERATIVE SOCIETY
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Canandaigua, N. Y.—SHENKMAN'S
Carbondale, Pa.—McCANN BROS.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—THE SYNDICATE
Champaign, Ill.—JOS. KUHN & CO.
Charleroi, Pa.—WOLF'S
Charlotte, N. C.—JACK WOOD, LTD.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—THE NEW DAVIDSON'S
Chicago, Ill.—IRVING BOGIN, INC.
Chicago, Ill.—CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.
Cleveland, Ohio—THE WM TAYLOR SON & CO.
Clinton, Mass.—THE CLINTON SYSTEM CO.
Colorado Springs, Colo.—PERKINS-SHEARER
Columbus, Ohio—THE UNION
Connellsville, Pa.—GIGLIOTTI'S
Corning, N. Y.—FARRELL'S MEN'S WEAR
Cortland, N. Y.—A. LOUIS
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Cumberland, Md.—THE MANHATTAN
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Greenfield, Mass.—
  H. G. CARSON CO., INC.
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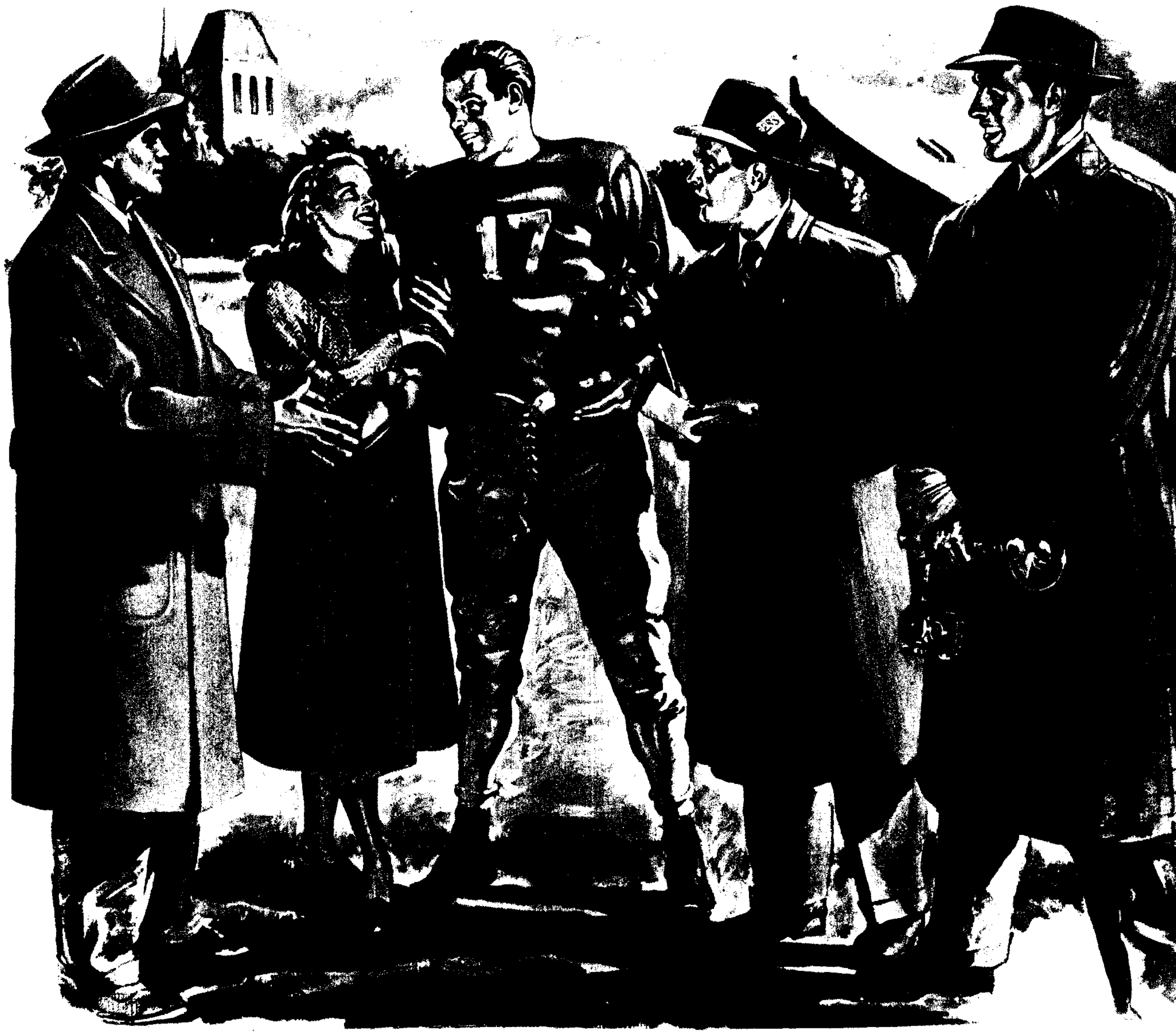
Long Beach, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
Los Angeles, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
Louisville, Ky.—LOEVENHART & CO.
Lowell, Mass.—PHIL McGOWAN
Lubbock, Texas—
  WALTON'S STORE FOR MEN
Lynn, Mass.—KENNEDY'S, INC.
Lyons, N. Y.—DANIEL P. MORAN & CO.



MT. ROCK COATS . . . *fit like the Champion and his Trophy* . . . The Medium Man. The Short Man. The Tall Man.

After the big game, its hero is awarded the ball that brought victory . . . a trophy that fits him like a Mt. Rock coat. The man on the left is fitted perfectly in his *Parley* double-breasted polo coat with half belt, patch pockets and three piece sleeve—in camel shade fleece. The Irving in the center, is a full-sweep, set-in-sleeve, single-breasted model with slash pockets—in "shower-proofed" gabardine. On the right is the Boylston, a full raglan with military collar and slash pockets—in imported tweed. The girl is wearing her D. Boone, a raglan in imported Manx tweed. Write for don herold's story, "This Man Just Had a Fit."

MT. ROCK COATS • 15 HAND STREET • ROCHESTER, N. Y.
TOPCOATS AND OVERCOATS • *$50 to $80*

FEATURING EXCLUSIVE FABRICS BY ARDSLEY, Cerey, CONTINENTAL, AND Worumbo

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Pontiac, Mich.—BIRD & ST. LOUIS
Port Huron, Mich.—GEORGE INNES MEN'S WEAR
Portland, Maine—HOGAN BROS.
Portland, Oregon—COLLINS & NASLUND
Portland, Oregon—MATHIS, INC.
Port Richmond, N. Y.—GARBER BROS.
Portsmouth, N. H.—CLARKE'S
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—M. SHWARTZ & CO.
Providence, R. I.—KENNEDY'S, INC.
Providence, R. I.—THE OUTLET CO.
Punxsutawney, Pa.—SWARTZ'S
Racine, Wisc.—JOSEPH LAWRENCE, INC.
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Red Bank, N. J.—J. KRIDEL
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Santa Barbara, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
Santa Monica, Calif.—HARRIS & FRANK
Savannah, Ga.—MEN'S QUALITY SHOP
Schenectady, N. Y.—NUSBAUM'S
Scranton, Pa.—SAMTER BROS. CO.
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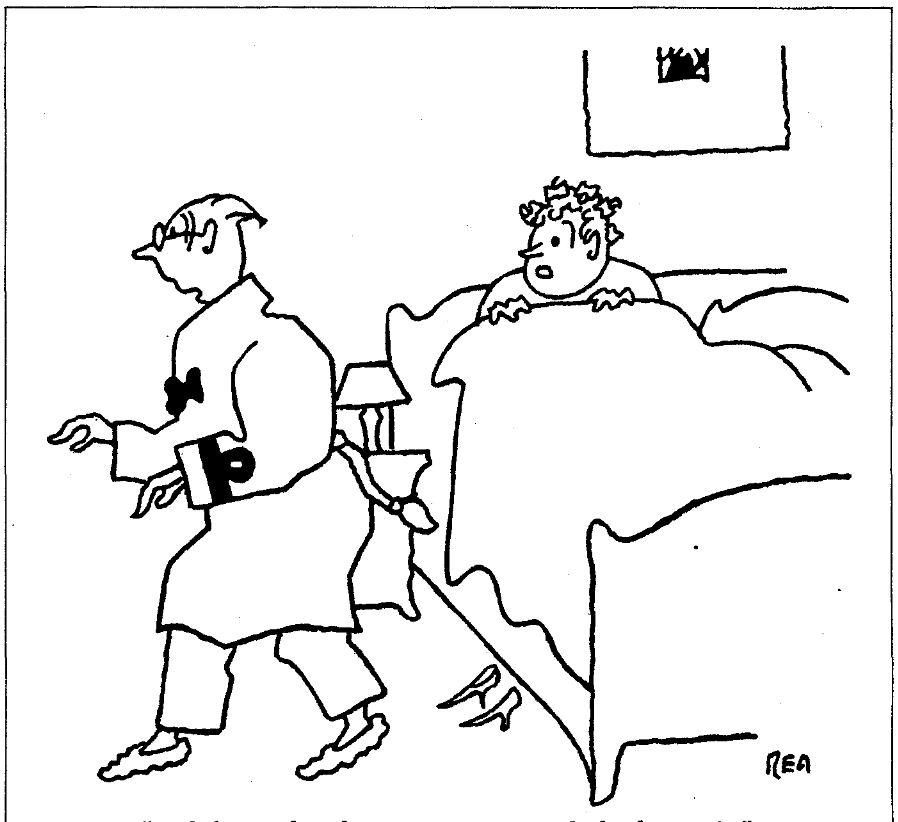


COLLIER'S "And if it *is* a burglar, Henry, scurry right back upstairs" GARDNER REA

brey Williams, camped on the President's doorstep at Warm Springs.

In the meantime, I had gone off to Sea Island, Georgia, where I worked out an economic program on a balanced-budget basis. On the train back I dictated a long memorandum to the President. Then, on Sunday night, April 10th, I had a long and unhappy talk at the White House with the President, Hopkins and Jimmy Roosevelt.

"We have been traveling fast this last week and have covered a lot of ground," the President said, "and you will have to hurry to catch up."

I said, "Mr. President, maybe I never can catch up."

F.D.R. smiled. "Oh, yes, you can," he said, "—in a couple of hours."

Proposed Spending Plans

With that he outlined his ideas. My heart sank. It was clear that Hopkins had sold him on the spending program. More than that, he had made up his mind to go ahead on it without consulting the Director of the Budget or a single person at the Treasury. Harold Ickes was to be put back into the business of lending money to states and municipalities. Nathan Straus' United States Housing Authority was to have its loan authorization doubled. Steward MacDonald, Federal Housing Administrator, was to build 500 million dollars' worth of houses. The transcontinental highway was to be started. And so on.

I listened and then I read my memorandum, with its emphasis on stimulating private re-employment.

When I finished, the President asked: "You are in agreement with us?"

"What you have outlined not only frightens me but will frighten the country," I replied. "How much is it going to cost?"

"Oh," he said, "we have all of that . . . we have all that."

I said I would like to see a list of what was proposed but I was shown nothing that night.

Before I left, I urged: "Please, Mr. President, don't decide on this until you sleep on it."

The next day at eleven in the morning the President met with the party leaders in Congress and outlined his ideas. Just before they adjourned, I broke in.

They might be interested, I said, to know just what the budget was going to look like for the next fiscal year. I told them I thought the revenue would fall below our January estimates by 900 million dollars; that additional expenditures, including those mentioned that morning but excluding any money for lending and pump-priming, would increase the deficit for 1939 to three and a half billion dollars. This gave everybody quite a shock.

After the meeting Roosevelt and I had our regular Monday lunch. Usually this was a gay and friendly meal, but not that day. He said coldly that I had no right to bring up the question of the deficit at the morning conference, that I should have spoken to him first. He was going to take care of the unemployed, he added, no matter how much it cost.

"You can call Steve Early," he said vehemently, "and he will tell you that nothing is settled. You are just jumping at conclusions."

"No use getting angry," I said. "No use in yelling at me. It does not do any good."

I left the White House in a black humor, but the next day he brought up the question of financing again.

Harry Hopkins came for lunch in my office along with Marriner Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Wallace, Jimmy Roosevelt and other leading spenders. Harry now set forth in detail the program of which I had heard so much in vague outline.

After lunch I said to Jimmy, "Now, at last I have heard the program."

Much to my surprise, he said, "There always has been a program."

I said, "Now at last I have heard the program and I wish you would take the following message to your father. 'After giving the matter further consideration, I will let you know whether or not I can finance it.' "

Jimmy said, "Well, of course you can finance it."

I said, "I don't know, Jimmy."

I was profoundly shaken. My hopes for a balanced budget were dead. I felt that we were committed as a nation to an unsound policy.

With a heavy heart I went home that night and tossed about in bed. Somewhere in the early morning I reached my decision.

At ten thirty the next morning I walked sadly over to the White House.

"Mr. President," I said, "I am going to say something which is one of the most difficult things that I have ever had to do, but if you insist on going through with this spending program I am seriously thinking of resigning."

The President responded with a long dissertation on the solidarity of the British Cabinet—how each member is bound by the decision of the majority and how they all stand or fall together. "You just can't do this," he said. "You have done a magnificent job, and you have kept your own counsel."

"After all," I said, "nobody in the Treasury has had time to study this program, and we have not been consulted as to whether it can or cannot be financed; furthermore, whether it will achieve the results you desire."

A Secretary Under Pressure

The President then became excited and said if I resigned now it would mean the destruction of the Democratic party, the creation of a third party and the loss of the Administration program in Congress and that I would go down in history as having quit under fire.

"The trouble with you," Roosevelt said, "is that you are piqued and sore because you have not been consulted."

"No, Mr. President," I said, "neither of those statements is correct. You are asking your general, in charge of finances, to carry out a program when he had nothing to do with the planning."

F.D.R. was obviously uncomfortable. At one point he indicated he would like to close the discussion. "I've got Baruch waiting," he said.

"Let him wait," I said. "This is more important."

We parted without resolving our difficulties. The President simply would not listen to the resignation talk. I was miserable and unhappy.

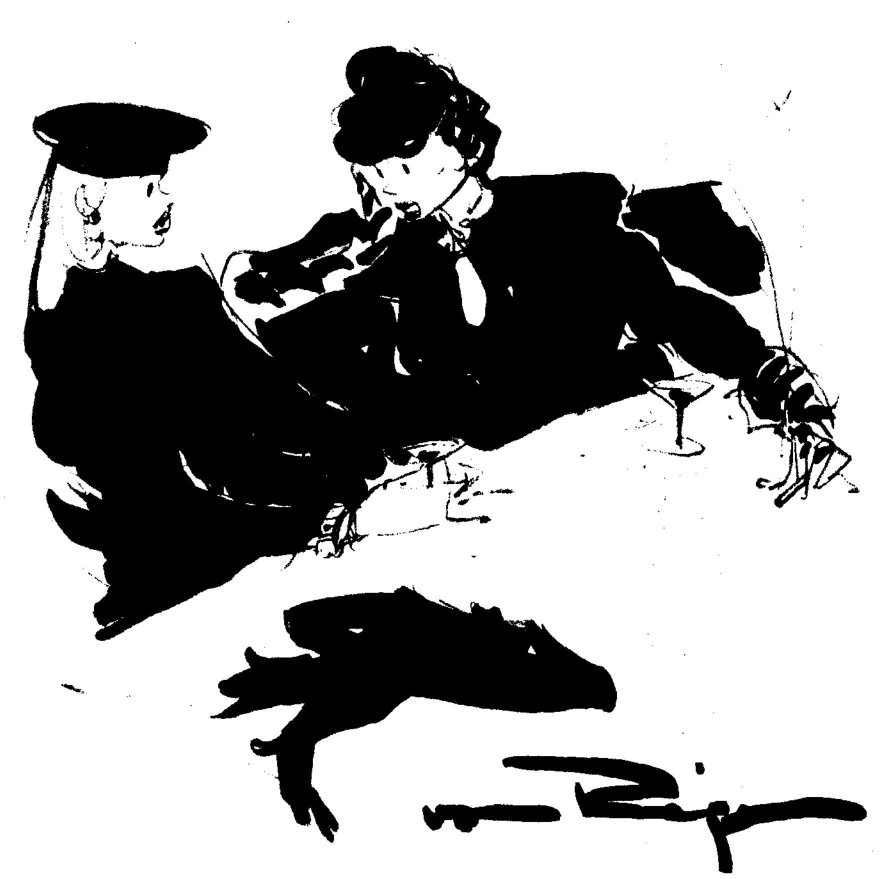
(Why did I not push the resignation through?) I spent the next few hours in a gloomy daze of indecision. But gradually the relative values of the situation began to sort themselves out, and my position began to clarify itself. The President and I had differed over an issue concerning which, it is fair to say, there were, at the very least, two sides. It was, moreover, a technical issue rather than a moral issue: a question of means, not of ends. And it was but one of the many issues involved in the Roosevelt Administration.

I might disagree with Franklin Roosevelt about this, but we were in total agreement on all other broad questions. We shared the same deep conviction that the first concern of government should be the masses of the people. We shared the same deep conviction that the democracies of the world must prepare for an impending war with the forces of aggression. Should I jeopardize these common objectives, should I withdraw from the common struggle, because of my opposition to one phase of the President's program? More important, should I desert the man I admired and loved second only to my father because of a single disagreement? At the bottom of my heart, I knew that my greatest usefulness was in the service of Franklin Roosevelt and that I could not abandon him.

So I stayed on. Like a general in war, I obeyed the orders of the commander in chief, remembering that I agreed with his strategy and generally with his tactics, even though in this one case I had a different appraisal of the situation. I did my best to carry out my part of the spending program as loyally as possible.

Looking back today, I am not sure who was correct. Many economists, I know, would say that the President was right and I was wrong. The huge outlays for defense and war have caused economists and businessmen to revise "orthodox" conceptions. Certainly an unbalanced budget need not be an automatic disaster, as some used to think, and certainly government spending can assure undreamed of levels of production and employment. Still, my position in 1937 was based on the hope that we could get along without calling upon sustained government spending to make up for the deficiencies of private spending—that someday the system might run on its own power. I still have that hope.

Next week Mr. Morgenthau reveals how President Roosevelt began organizing against the Axis long before Munich despite the isolationists and the powerful obstructionists in the State Department.



"When Phyllis was married her husband said he'd never look at another woman. He also meant her mother!"

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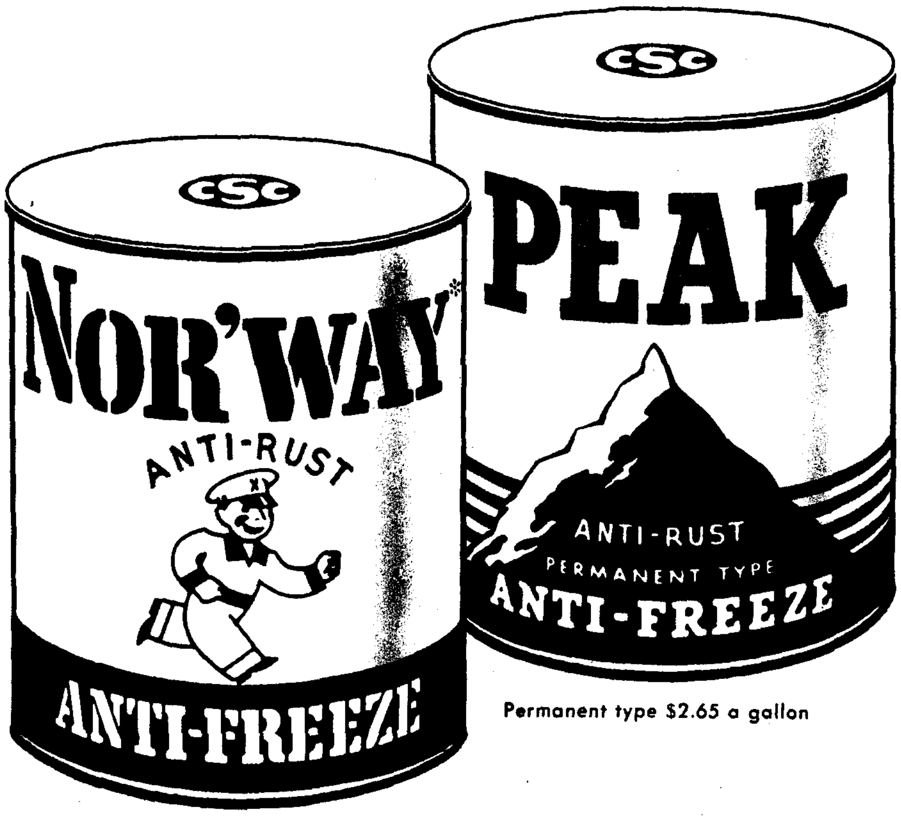

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THE HUCKSTER'S LADY

BY KYLE CRICHTON

All about Deborah Kerr, a Scottish girl with a soft British accent and an ironbound contract which is worth over a million bucks — in American money

WE DON'T want to get Clark Gable angry and we certainly aren't casting a lance at that three-pronged entity, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but we must say that without Miss Deborah Kerr we should have been unhappy at The Hucksters.

Not that Miss Kerr does any more acting than you could stick in your eye. She appears first as a very reserved and chilly character who is a widow with two children (a nice switch from the book, where she was merely a wife who was cheating a little on her warrior husband), but when she meets Mr. Gable and the steam begins to rise—well, there hasn't been anything like it since John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in Flesh and The Devil.

We hasten to add that Miss Kerr has long since established herself as an actress in British films but in this country she will be known through the ages as a lady who could accompany an almost total stranger on a midnight taxi ride to a deserted beach, follow him to a ramshackle resort hotel and finally chase him by plane to California, all with such gentility that the Johnston office beamed and romance took a sharp upward trend in the market. This *could* be acting and, by the Lord Harry, it *may* be acting, but then again it may merely be that Miss Kerr is a Scottish girl who has a soft British accent.

Before Miss Kerr had a chance to reflect upon her experiences, she was making If Winter Comes with Walter Pidgeon and preparing to return to London in the fall to make Young Bess, a story of the famous beak-nosed queen. It was agreed that Miss Kerr would be required to strain herself in prettifying Bess, but all controversy on the subject was stilled by an act of God: the studio announced that Miss Kerr was about to become a mother.

At first blush this itself seemed a bit regal but all studios now interest themselves in the welfare of their minions and are never so happy as when acting the role of court chamberlain and announcing the plans and hopes of the mighty. As in all royal retinues, however, there were cynics to insist that Miss Kerr (and of course, her consort, Tony Bartley) had been forehanded in the matter.

"Oh, to be in London now that spring is there," they said, "and, oh, to be in California during the winter."

It was true that the tiny one would arrive in December and convalescence would occur during the winter; it was equally true that the family would be in London for the making of Young Bess in the spring instead of the fall, as originally planned; but it was really rather unthinkable that nature could be so pat as the critics hinted.

However, there was little doubt that The Hucksters would establish Miss Kerr and there was general rejoicing that M-G-M had done so well on its investment. For it must be understood that Miss Kerr did not come as an almoner seeking charity; she arrived with a seven-year contract, calling for $3,000 every Friday and no nonsense about options. There was the further provision that she be used in one picture to be made every year in England.

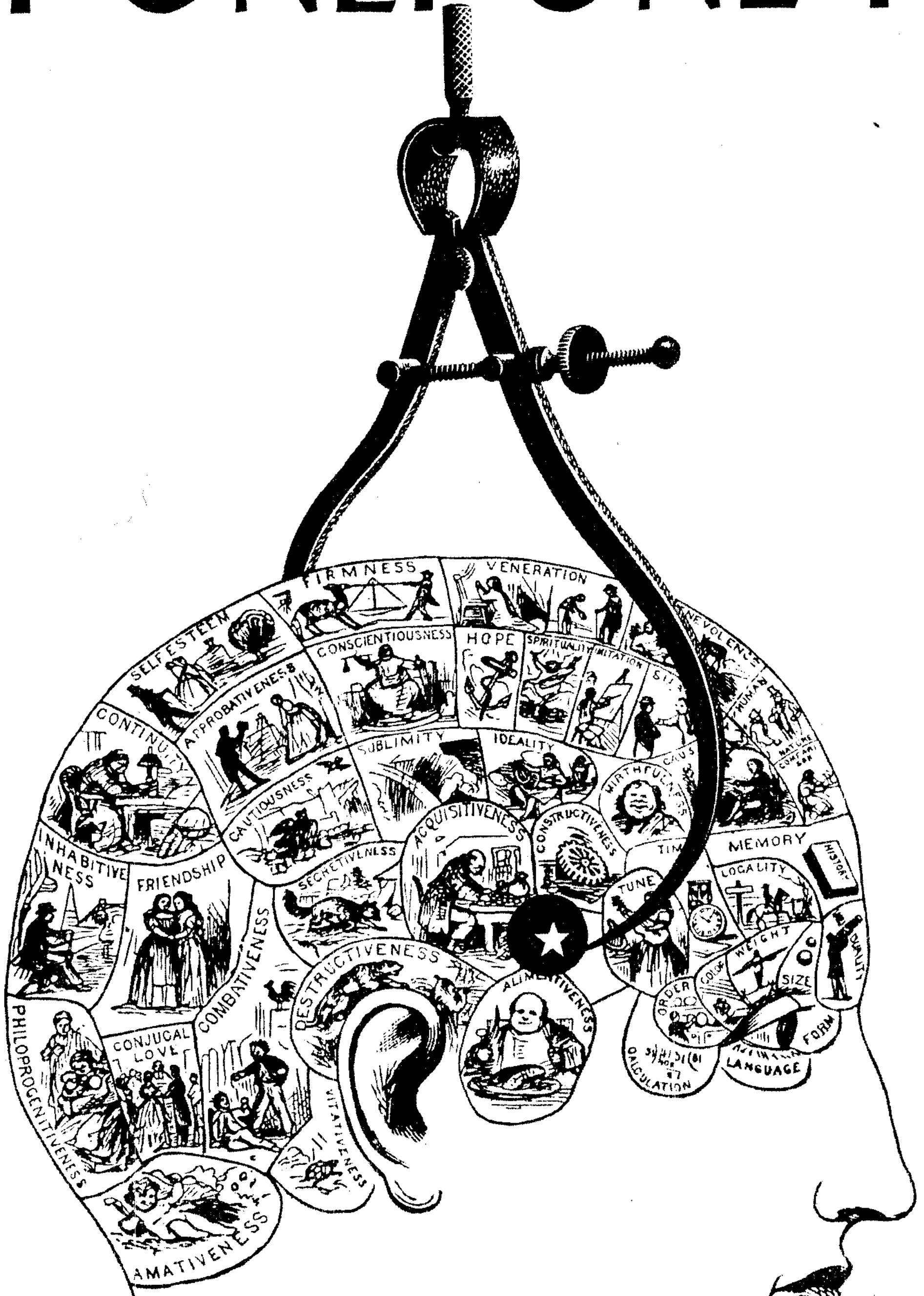
Since M-G-M is already committed to making a quota of pictures in the motherland this agreement was quite acceptable. Everything was acceptable if only Miss Kerr made good; otherwise an outbreak of suicides in the studio would have been nothing but justified. Her contract called for $1,092,000 and was as ironclad as the battleship Hood, having been attended to by sundry barristers with perukes and tight, hard minds.

Since these details establish the lady as a personage of some eminence, it is only right to reveal the background that has made it possible. To be brief about the early boring years, it may be said merely that she was born in Helensburgh on the banks of Loch Lomond and very soon thereafter took the low road to Surrey in England, where her father was an architect. In due

(Continued on page 54)

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC CARPENTER

9 OUT OF 10 MEN HAVE IT*
BUT ONLY ONE HAT HAS!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HISTORY
EVENTUALITY
WEIGHT
COLOR
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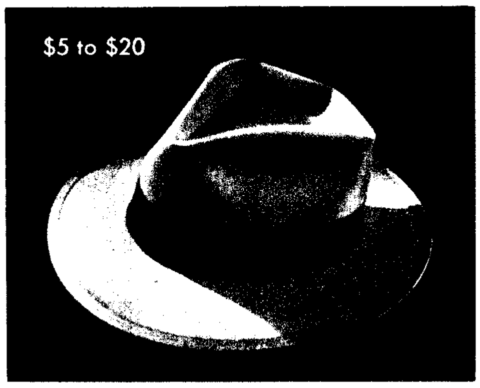
LANGUAGE
CALCULATION
COMBATIVENESS
DESTRUCTIVENESS
ALIMENTIVENESS
PHILOPROGENITIVENESS
CONJUGAL LOVE
VITATIVENESS
AMATIVENESS

* Not phrenology—but straight fact! According to actual head shape measurements of thousands of men throughout the country, 90 out of 100 men's heads slope in at the temples.



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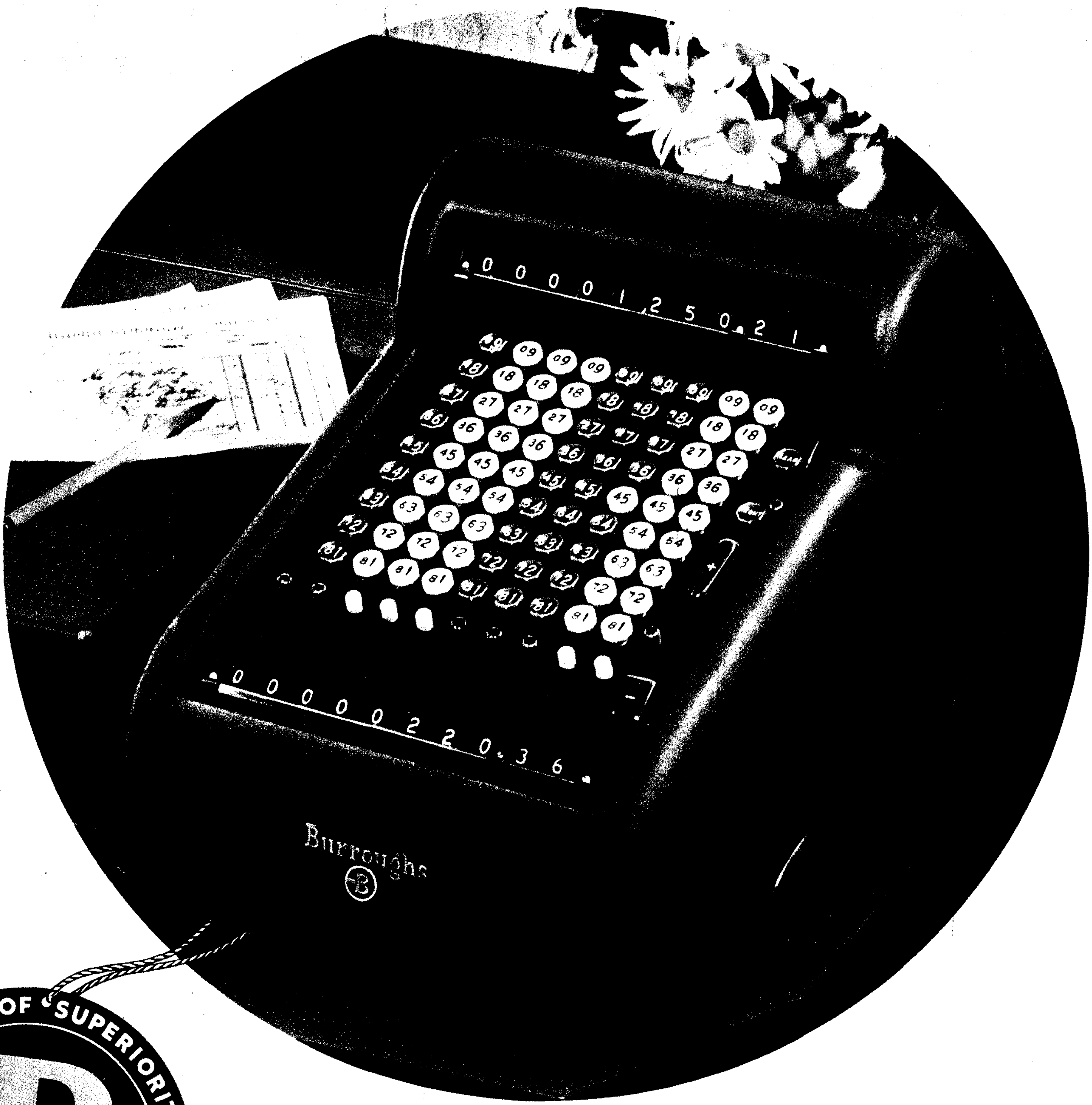

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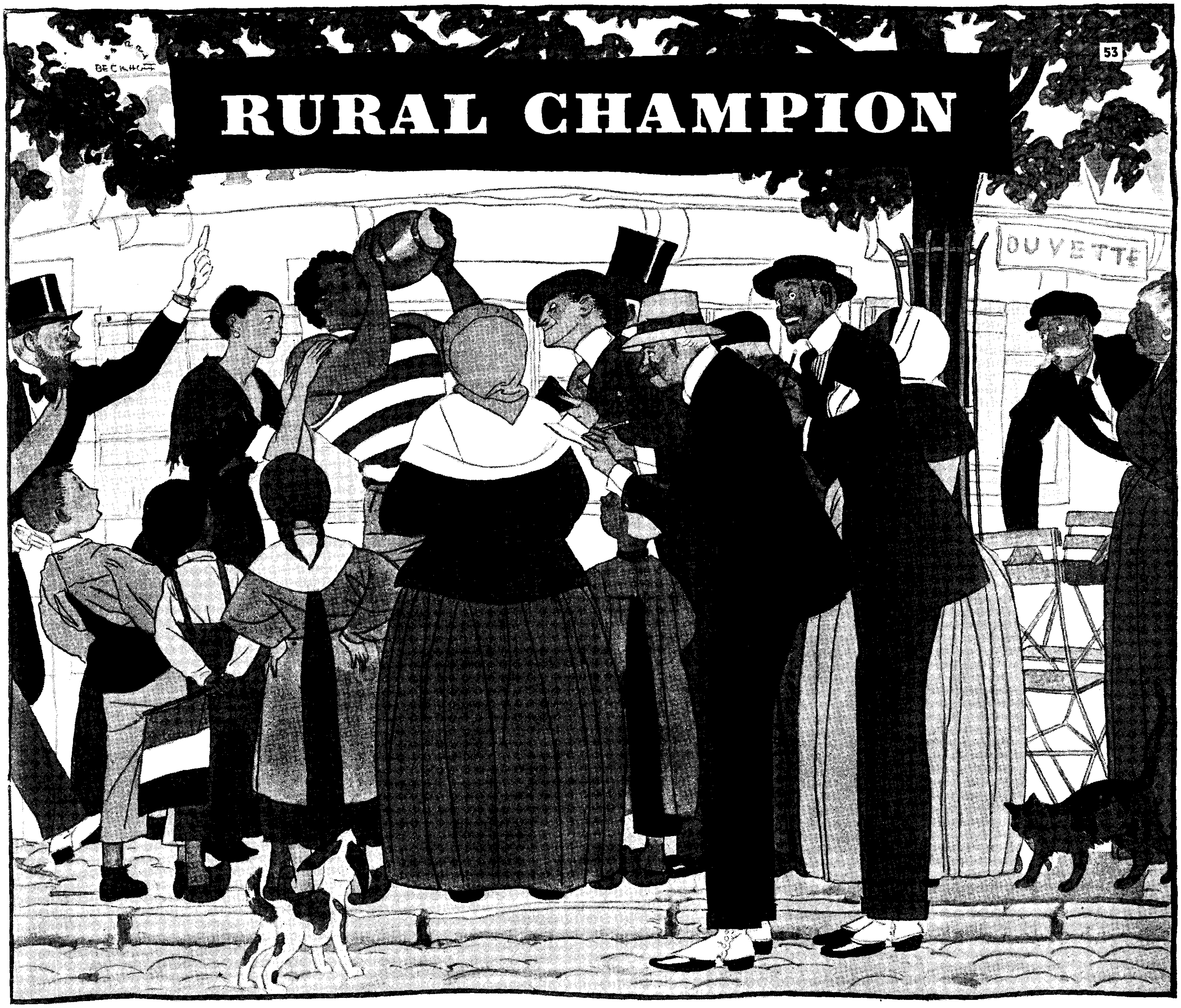
RURAL CHAMPION



Just before starting the race, Claude uncorked the jug and swung it high. For an interminable time his throat worked as he gulped and the people watched in awe

BY GEORGES SURDEZ

Local boys make good—each in his own way

JULES FAUBRAS came home to visit his family toward the end of August. His father owned a sizable farm about three kilometers from our village of Harquemont, three thousand feet up in the Jura Mountains, on the French side of the Doubs River. That name, Jules Faubras, does not mean much today, but at that time it was known to every boy in France and to every attentive follower of sports all over the globe.

"Our Julot," the newspapers called him. He happened to have run five thousand meters in several seconds under fifteen minutes, which was remarkable forty years ago and remains very fair time even now. His figure for ten thousand meters was almost as startling and as he had just started against real opposition, it was generally believed that he would clip more seconds during the next season. Just at that time, the whole nation was in a fever about athletics, for the recent Olympic Games had seen no Frenchman in a glorious place and the national ego was smarting.

To be truthful, the people in our village seldom took much interest in outside matters and but for Jules, "Our Julot," few of us would have known or cared. But we were all proud that a local boy had his name printed in the Paris newspapers and his father produced clippings about his famous son, clippings in foreign languages, some from as far away as America, with his name underlined.

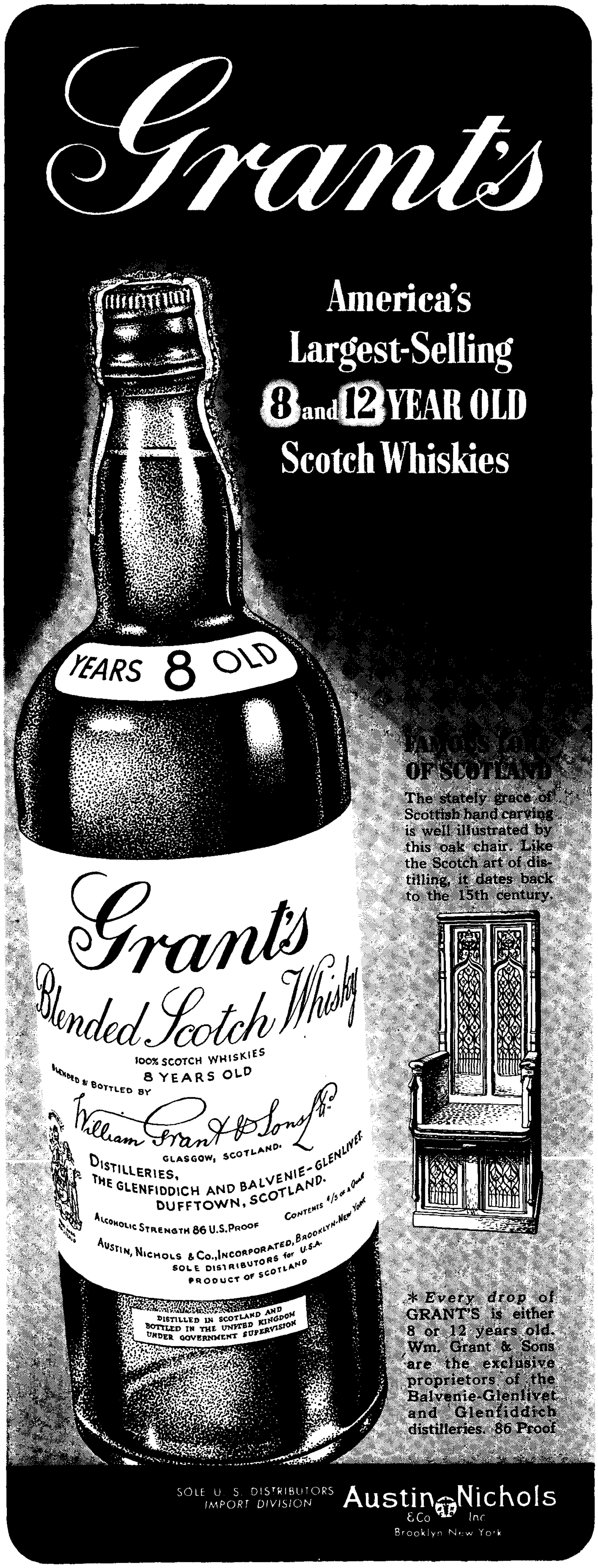
The headmaster of our little school told us many anecdotes about his famous ex-pupil—his intelligence, his application and determination. We looked forward to his arrival. Boys of my age could not remember him, as he had been away for several years.

Then, as always since when beholding a celebrity in the flesh, I experienced disappointment when he arrived. I had imagined someone of heroic stature, of striking appearance, and Jules turned out to be no taller than my father, five feet seven inches, just a stocky little guy with a thin, colorless mustache.

He came to the school and told us a good deal of rather dry stuff about physical condition in general, distance running in particular and the need for athletes to represent France before the world. It was boring, but we admired him nevertheless. Had he not beaten the best runners in France and a number of presumptuous foreigners?

He was to leave again before long, to engage in other races. He would travel to England, Germany, Sweden. People said that he would participate in the next Olympics and after winning his events, probably turn professional and make a tour of the United States. Even as an amateur, he was presumed to be deriving some income from sports. There were ways and means, people whispered. He did appear well supplied *(Continued on page 56)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF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THE HUCKSTER'S LADY

Continued from page 50

course she was attending the famous Northumberland school in Bristol. But the arrival of a new headmistress brought rebellion in the heart of Miss Deborah.

"Pater," said she, in one of her holidays at home, "if you will do me one favor, I will be your dutiful child thereinafter endlessly. Let me leave that place."

Father had no serious objection, because Deborah's intent was to enter the dramatic school of her aunt, which was also in Bristol. Aunt Phyllis Smale was a personage in her own right, having had at least one season in London under Sir Maurice Browne, in which she gave her repertory of sketches much in the manner of our Ruth Draper. She knew acting and could teach it and Deborah was happy there until Auntie told her she might well now try London.

A Sure Road to Obscurity

Deborah stayed in London with a girl friend at the Y.W.C.A. and made the usual timid approaches to agents and managers with the usual success. She had red hair and a very dainty face but the best she could get were minor bits and walk-ons at the Regent's Park Outdoor Theatre, which is much like opening a concert career at the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

"It was noisy, yes," she admits. "It required a subtlety of acting much like a parade. I was admirably fitted for it."

The details are confused but somewhere along in here she took up ballet dancing at Sadler's Wells. Since this is practically an obligatory legal duty for young Englishwomen (England having suffered from balletomania from the days of Adeline Genee, Pavlova and the early Russians) there was nothing particularly daring about the venture. For the better part of two years she went twirling about on her big toe but it was finally borne in upon her by the teaching staff that her career lay elsewhere. She still has moments of regret over it.

"If you're at the theater in London and there is a commotion over the arrival of somebody," she says sadly, "it will either be royalty or Margot Fonteyn of the ballet. . . . Never an actor."

This rebuff cast her back among the agents and the best she could get was an engagement in a theater at Oxford, where the young toffs of the university came and ogled her in a series of infinitesimal roles which may have added something to her education but nothing to her fame. Still later she was acting at the Cambridge Theater but this is a fooler because it happens to be located in London. The war had started by this time and her memories of the Cambridge are centered primarily on the fact that she had to walk home at night through the blacked-out city. "Eyes like a cat," she says, "that I must surely have."

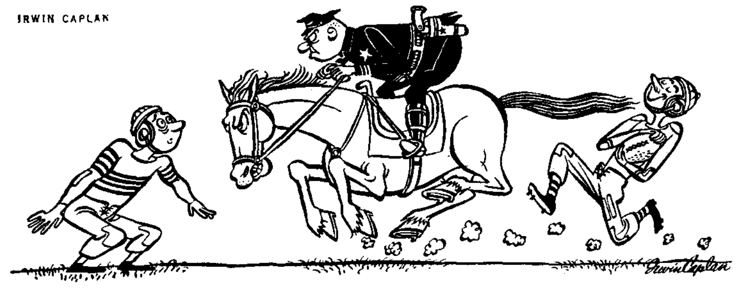
Her progress at this point was measured in millimeters but naturally the big chance was in the offing and according to the ritual it had to come accidentally. She was having lunch at the Savoy Grill one day when who should sit at an adjoining table but Gabriel Pascal, the cinema producer! And what should M. Pascal do but look her way, allow his eyes to bug out dangerously and then come over to her table and speak to her friend, who was, of course, an old acquaintance of M. Pascal's.

"And who is this beautiful young lady?" asked M. Pascal, bumbling happily in his quaint Hungarian way.

M. Pascal was told.

"Recite somesingg for me," pursued M. Pascal, "somesingg like zee Lord's Prayer." M. Pascal speaks with an accent.

Miss Kerr recited the Lord's Prayer entirely from memory and M. Pascal seemed very pleased because he was searching for a girl to play the Salvation



SPORTING ODDS

In the days before high-school football became big business, most fields provided no seats for spectators. At the Allentown, Pennsylvania, High School field, spectators were kept in place by horse-mounted city policemen, who rode up and down the side lines about a yard inside the playing field.

In a 1912 game between Allentown and the Vernon Training School from neighboring Bethlehem, Allentown was backed against her own goal line late in the second half. Allentown had the ball, but was trailing by one touchdown. On the play, an Allentown player managed to work himself between the side line and the mounted cop. A pass was thrown to him and he ran the length of the field for a touchdown, with the mounted cop providing interference.

Vernon Training School protested, the cop explained that he thought he was protecting the ball carrier from a fight, and the officials allowed the score. The game ended in a tie.

—Roland R. Lynn, Hellertown, Pa.

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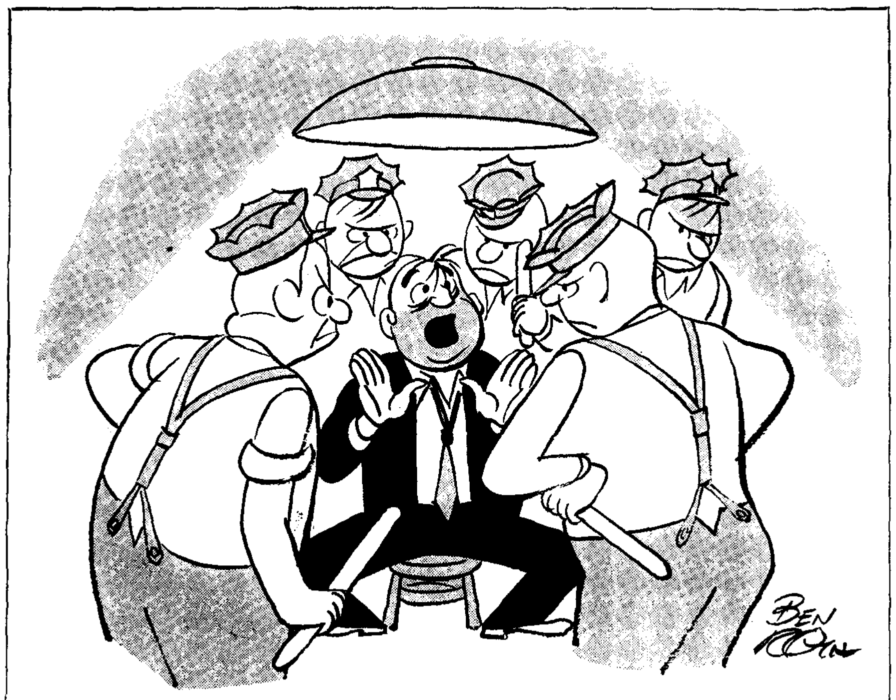


COLLIER'S "All right, all right. I'll tell the truth. I didn't do it!" BEN ROTH

Army lass in Major Barbara. He asked her to see him at his office, and eventually signed her to a personal contract and gave her the Major Barbara part.

This is the story as told by the publicity department but there is slightly more to it.

"He *also* said," Miss Kerr remembers, "and he put up his hand with a horrified air, 'Where did you get that hair-do? You look like a tart.' Do you have that word over here . . . streetwalker, you know? Well, I thought it was a very nice hair-do and didn't like his opinion too much but what do you do when a great cinema producer says things like that?"

This was almost her last contact with M. Pascal, who used her in Major Barbara and never thereafter. She was loaned out, however, and eventually M-G-M bought half of her contract and later all of it. She made Love on the Dole and Colonel Blimp, in which she had an excellent part. The reaction of the American audiences was less than hysterical, however, because the local exhibitors ran a truncated version of Blimp that was such a travesty on the original that the Federal Trade Commission has lately brought charges against the distributors on the grounds of false advertising. She also did Vacation from Marriage and Hatter's Castle, the latter finally receiving American distribution this fall after years in limbo.

Things She'd Rather Forget

She says very little about the experience of making films in wartime London, preferring to forget it, but it was rather a surprise to her when she learned that The Hucksters was all done after nine weeks of shooting.

"Why, we've just begun," she protested, thinking of England where seven months on a film was normal. There the actors work simultaneously in the theater and in the films and are forever scampering back and forth between them.

Like most visitors who arrive from abroad, she ate so heartily for months it was first held that her pregnancy was a mere prolonged indigestion. She and Mr. Bartley live in a home in Pacific Palisades, near Santa Monica. Her wants are looked after by Eva Dancer, their Northumberland housekeeper.

The one thing that will either ruin or help Miss Kerr is that she is a chameleon: She never looks alike twice. She has a very fair skin (now assisted by southern California freckles) and her acting seems to come from somewhere inside of herself. The consequence is that those who admired her in Colonel Blimp failed to recognize her in Vacation from Marriage. She may save herself great trouble from autograph hounds but find that for the public in general she is a myth. Her own ambition is to get so important in films that she can desert them if the whim ever strikes her to take off for Tibet.

Part of this restlessness may come from Mr. Bartley, who was a famous British ace in the war, sticking five years of it from the invasion of France to the end. Their marriage in London was a great social and military event, with fliers popping in nonchalantly from Adelaide and Burma to be on hand for the occasion, but Bartley was to discover later that his flying fame was a personal rather than national matter. With half a dozen other well-publicized aces he popped up to a town in the Midlands to help one of their fellow fliers in his campaign during the general election. Naturally he was a Conservative and they had a short interlude of relaxation during which they heaved a group of hecklers through a window, but the result was saddening.

"The women literally mobbed us for autographs," reports Bartley. "Then every bloody one of them voted Labor."

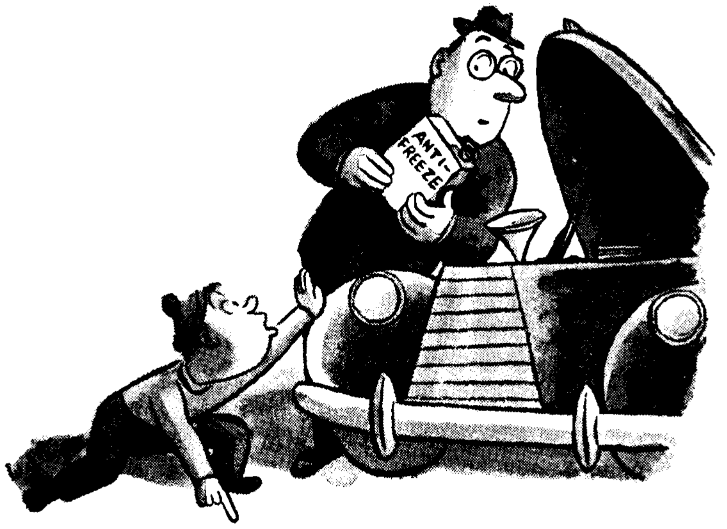
He is still an extremely young and handsome man and might have an acting career of his own but he prefers dallying with motion-picture production. Since he is a visitor without a work card he can do nothing now but look on while Miss Kerr works, but this keeps him close to the flame.

There are the usual stories about Miss Kerr in which she announces her intention of learning to drive on the right side of the road. It seems that she also likes outdoor barbecue pits, hot dogs and the way she has been treated here. It has been hinted that there is some resentment in England over the departure of their more important film names (Miss Kerr, Rex Harrison, Michael Redgrave) but since Hollywood is filled with others who have preceded them by many years there would seem to be no point in singling them out for scorn.

There remains nothing to say except that Deborah Kerr's name is pronounced with the accent on the *Deb* and the last name coming out as Carr. Since the only freedom left in the world is the way a man pronounces his name, we may as well pamper Miss Kerr in this regard and practice until we have it right. The Scotch are a sensitive people who have had little joy in life and the least their friends can do is call them by their right names. We have discussed this with Miss Kerr and wish to report this as the sense of the meeting.

THE END

Before you put in anti-freeze



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The "powerhouse" of a watch is the mainspring. Repair men look there first for the source of trouble because the finest steel mainsprings ever made frequently "set" . . . lose part of their watch-running power. Or, weakened by rust they break.

Rust is the commonest cause of mainspring breakage. High humidity with a sudden drop in temperature causes condensation of a droplet of moisture. A tiny pin point of rust begins—and *there* is where the mainspring breaks.

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How long since you bounced out of bed and smiled back at the sun—glad to be alive? If it's been some time, why not try this? Just drink a cup of warm Ovaltine at bedtime each night.

Reason is, Ovaltine at bedtime promotes sound sleep entirely without drugs. It also supplies *specially processed* food elements to restore vigor and freshness while you sleep. Besides, it furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals most of us should have for buoyant good health.

All in all, it's a 3-way aid to better sleep and morning freshness—so try it tonight!

OVALTINE

RURAL CHAMPION

Continued from page 53

with funds, but as he would not drink even the local wine, which never harmed anyone, what good did it do him, really?

What was tremendously impressive to our mountain community was that a group of newspaper reporters came in automobiles from large cities, just to talk with him and take his picture. The mayor and the members of the village council were not blind to the fact that such interest might be made profitable. The village fete was coming up, and they asked Jules to perform.

WITH visible amusement, he pointed out to the mayor and his aides that there was nobody for him to run against. Any capable runner, he informed them, would expect "expenses"; more, he was certain, than they would care to pay.

"We have some pretty good runners right here," the mayor said.

"There are runners and runners," Jules grinned.

"You could give them a start, you know."

"You mean a handicap race? Yes," Jules admitted, thoughtfully. "But remember that the race cannot be official, just an amusement for the people around here." He broke into a laugh. "But don't make it a long race, not more than two thousand meters. Otherwise, it would be a comedy, as I would finish all by myself. Running five thousand meters sounds easy, but there are very few chaps who can do it in decent time."

"If I remember right," one of the councilmen spoke up, "Heribert used to beat you."

"Kid stuff, Monsieur, kid stuff."

"But you never managed to beat him, did you?"

"You don't understand. The last time we ran, we were still kids, and it was over one kilometer. Since then, I have trained, competed against the best. While Heribert's grown fat and slow. He could not run a kilometer now, let alone five." Jules shook his head.

"If he consents to compete, will it be all right with you?"

"Of course." Jules nodded. "But make it a short distance and arrange a reasonable handicap." The famous runner shrugged, half smiled. "Remember, too, that I didn't suggest it. I don't want to humiliate him. It might look like—well, it might look like revenge."

Jules Faubras deceived nobody. All in the village understood that this race was what he had come home for, what he had hoped would be suggested. He had behaved very modestly, kept quiet, had permitted others to arrange the contest. But he had intended right along to show up his old rival publicly.

Jules Faubras and Claude Heribert were almost exactly the same age. From the time they had been small boys, they had been rivals in everything. Their rivalry had been amusing to the whole region, and interest had become intense when Antonia Collard had become involved.

Antonia was from pure Jurassic stock, her forebears all coming from the mountains between France and Switzerland. Her name was due to her mother's romantic fancy. She was a beautiful girl, tall, strong yet slim, with glistening dark hair, dark hazel eyes and the face of a mischievous angel. Over and above her good looks, she was one of the best prospects in the whole region; her father owned a farm, land, fields, pastures, woods. Her dowry would be considerable and she would one day inherit her share of the property. Jules Faubras was an acceptable candidate, because his people also had land, and his father sold his milk to the cheese syndicate.

Claude Heribert had nothing. His mother had died when he was a baby and his father, now dead also, had been a day laborer with a reputation for heavy drinking. Ever since anyone could remember, Claude had earned his living, even while going to school, doing chores, cutting wood, guarding cows, running errands. It was true that like his father before him he had grown tall and strong; handsome, with steel-blue eyes and thick, curly brown hair, white, glistening teeth—but it was suspected that he had inherited as well a restless, wild disposition.

Jules and Claude had been called into military service at the same time. But while Jules had gone into the foot chasseurs, big Claude had been incorporated into the dragoons. They had returned at the same time, and, being grown men, their rivalry had become more serious. Claude applied for work at the Collard farm. Nobody misunderstood his motive, but because he would work for a low salary he was hired. After that, nothing could discourage him, neither the gruff, rather kindly advice of Antonia's father to look for a more suitable match, nor the mother's open, bitter campaign against him. People said that there must have been an understanding between the girl and him since they were kids.

Rumor had it that Jules and Claude had "had it out" on a dark night, with Jules using a stout stick to even matters. Jules must have lost, for on the Sunday when the first banns had been read in church, he had been on his way to Paris.

Three years had passed. As nothing can remain secret in a small village, everyone knew that Claude had agreed to marry Antonia "in her shirt," that is, without dowry and with a contract for separate property rights. And all knew that after two years, his father-in-law, impressed by his humility, his devotion, his readiness to work, had felt ashamed and had voluntarily granted him all that was due a worthy son-in-law.

There were two children, a big boy and a small girl; Antonia seemed happy and proud. And on holidays, Claude would engage in various sports, demonstrate his strength and skill as one of the best natural athletes in the district. Jules, who received letters from his family, undoubtedly knew that his old rival was still admired by many, that he was considered a champion. It was quite natural that he had returned to show Antonia that, at least in the matter of athletic achievement, she had chosen second best. That may appear childish, but mountain villagers are vain and childish, almost as vain and as childish as cityfolk.

HOW would Claude Heribert react to Jules' challenge?—for it was a challenge, no matter how well he had screened it. The smart course, all agreed, would have been for him to say that he could not compete with a famous runner. But to everyone's relief, Claude did not prove smart on this occasion.

On the contrary he was laughing and swaggering.

"Sure, I'll race him," he replied. "But on my own conditions: We run ten kilometers, ten, do you hear? I don't take a handicap, either. I always could beat him at anything and this isn't Paris, you know, but Harquemont. Because we don't play the fool in monkey suits doesn't mean we can't run."

Those would be bitter words to eat, everyone realized. But they had been spoken and a surge of civic pride gripped us all. By an odd phenomenon, Jules became the outsider and we all hoped secretly for Big Claude to pin his ears back in good style. The young chaps who followed sports in the papers scorned that possibility. Claude was only a strong peasant, after all, while Jules was a

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trained runner. There was skill involved in running, and mysterious things like pacing, timing, stride, second wind. What chance could a guy who just knew how to lift them and slap them down have against a champion?

Claude behaved as if the prospect preyed on his mind. Some nights, at the inn, he would spend a couple of hours smoking and drinking, swearing that he would beat Jules without all that training nonsense, showing off. He lifted heavy chairs with his teeth, paraded his muscles. One evening when Jules was present, virtuously sipping mineral water, Claude went to him and told him he was ready to bet a cow on winning. Jules, patient, somewhat scornful, refused.

News of the race had leaked out—probably in the letters which the mayor wrote to provincial papers—and reporters arrived the day before the race. They considered the whole business as a rural comedy of manners. They pointed out that Claude was too heavy for a good distance runner, and that plodding in the fields must have hardened his muscles beyond the proper elasticity. Two other men were entered in the race, with handicaps. They had done some running in the army, and both made bets that they would finish before Claude, although they conceded Jules' victory.

The course was triangular: four kilometers to the village of Naiche, three and a half to a spot called Croix de la Font, a sort of shrine up in the hills, then two and a half down to Harquemont again. The race was scheduled to start at ten thirty on the Sunday morning of the village fete. By nine o'clock, a lot of outside people had come, on foot and in carts; the cafés overflowed.

The people from the Collard farm formed a large and rather gloomy party. Claude, who had been supplied with the proper outfit by one of the newspapermen, appeared extremely nervous, flushed and uncertain. Word started to spread that he had been drinking. Shortly before ten thirty, the handicap men having trotted away, Jules, very calm, was at the starting line, jogging up and down. But Claude had vanished and it was only after much shouting of his name that he emerged, from the back door of a café, carrying a little stoneware jug.

He grinned sheepishly when the mayor scolded him for being late, and posed for the photographs, still with the jug under his right arm.

Just before starting, Claude uncorked the jug and swung it high. For an interminable time his throat worked as he gulped. Finally, he lowered the muzzle, spilling a few drops of liquid.

"For luck!" he said, grinning widely.

"What's that stuff?" a newspaperman asked him.

"Best white wine in the region, mister."

"How much did you just drink?"

"This holds just over two liters."

"Think it'll be good for you, under the sun?"

"Look, to me white wine is just like gas for your car."

Many people laughed, many looked worried. Then the mayor lifted his arm and fired the starting shot. It was precisely ten forty-five.

I SAW the start and the finish of that celebrated race. But I did not get the inside story until much later. I was very young when we left Harquemont, and my parents had been transients there, without close ties, so that for somewhat over twenty years I heard nothing about anyone in the place. Then while on a trip in France, a combination of curiosity and nostalgia took me back.

Things had changed so little that I had the queer sensation of feeling closer to the small boys than to the adults. Because their current interests and activities had been mine, while the persons who remembered what I remembered appeared very old and settled.

For instance, Claude Heribert had become a mature man, with what was left of his beautiful hair turned quite gray. He was on the village council and wore colored ribbons on his Sunday coat—there had been a war in between, a sizable war, 1914 to 1918. His oldest son, whom I remembered as a baby, was now in the aviation! Claude did not remember me, but his wife, Antonia, did. My mother had loaned her books and magazines. She had not grown taller but had become somewhat wider. She invited me to a Sunday dinner. Claude walked me back to the inn. He was close to fifty, big and burly, but his stride was still hard to match.

"Take it easy, Monsieur Claude," I protested. "I'm no mountaineer!"

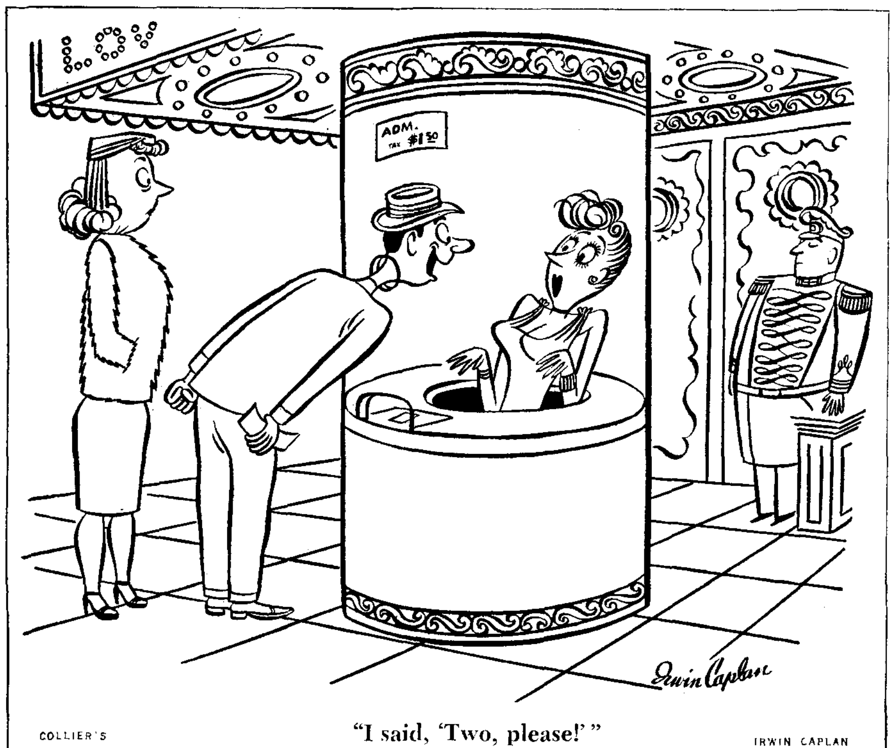
"Bah, you were born around here, and you're twenty years younger—"

"But I never ran ten kilometers!"

He stopped short, hung his walking stick on his forearm, took off his hat to wipe away perspiration: "That's right, you must have been here then." He resumed walking, slower, half laughing: "I was young and full of go in those days, eh? Ah, twenty-eight months in the trenches cured me of all that!" He started filling his pipe.

"Whatever happened to Jules?"

"Oh, he's all right. Keeps a garage and



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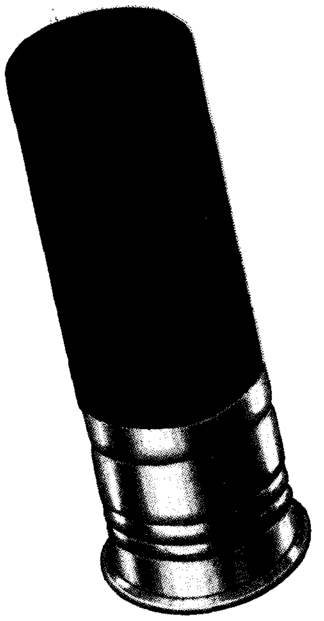
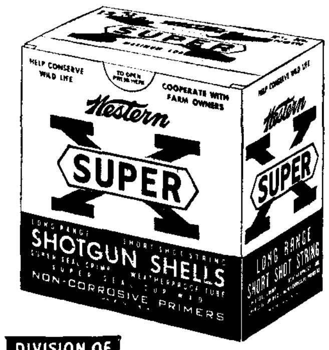




café somewhere in Burgundy. Married."

"That was a nasty trick he tried on you, Monsieur Claude—all we kids were pulling for you that day—"

He shook his head again and laughed. "I was the one who pulled a trick, young man. I had been laying for Jules about a year, ever since he had written his father that he was running in competition. You see, I knew him and I knew that sooner or later, when he felt he was really sure of winning, he would come back to show me up. It may be hard for you to understand, because you say you never lived very long in any one place as a boy. You never got it in for anyone special." He chuckled. "There are kids growing up here who will be fighting one another all their lives. Look here. I wouldn't tell anybody around here, but maybe it will amuse you, and I know you won't tell anyone else—his brothers and nephews are still around, and I am contented with my lot. I do not want it upset.

"FACT is, I had done some running myself, in the dragoons. We had a young captain who was crazy about sports and tried to make athletes out of us. He took a shine to me because I was big and strong. He'd had me take a shot at distance running, then decided I was too heavy for it—he said something about my weight, and ankles and constant pounding. So he put me to running shorter distances. My best was the four hundred meters—I did that in fifty-two flat twice, and while it was no record, it was under the time made at the last Olympics.

"He wanted me to get a job in Paris and join a club after I was discharged, and he got very sore when I didn't. But I wanted to get back here because of Antonia. You can't understand how I felt. I knew she loved me, but she was—and don't laugh—like a princess to me. At that time, I only loved her for—for what a young man who hasn't lived much loves a good girl for—the way she walked, she laughed, you understand? I didn't know what she could be when there was trouble, sickness, grief. That brought on something like a new love when I found out. . . . Ahh!

"You were around at the time, so you know. I had to take a lot from her folks. I was nobody and I was poor. I didn't like it inside, and I only forgive them now that I have kids of my own and know how it feels to see them make what looks like a bad mistake.

"They kept reminding me I was a pauper. Her mother, especially, who made me sign all sorts of papers giving up this or that. Antonia used to cry nights, but it had to be like that if we wanted to be together. Ah. Well, that's all settled and over with now."

"Was there really a fight between you and Jules?"

"Not exactly a fight. He went crazy and waited for me one night. I suppose he did love Antonia and also his pride was hurt, being cut out by a poor guy. I'd been expecting it and I was ready. I took away his stick and pushed him around a little. He was game, but I was too big for him." Claude walked in silence for a space: "Ah. Must have been tough for him. I once wrestled with a man stronger than I was and got licked. I felt kind of bad for days, and we had fought just for amusement, not for anything else. I'd lost nothing except maybe vanity. Jules had lost a lot and I've come not to blame him too much for trying to shame me at something where my size was no help.

"Ah. You know how mothers-in-law can be? Mine was sore because she hadn't picked me herself. So, from the time Jules got into the papers, mine would make cracks about how some girls were too dumb to know who was a good man. And I knew what it would be when Jules got around to attending to licking me. So I started preparing for it. I'd run a lot as a kid, had to, because I worked on farms outside while I was going to school. I knew all the roads. After I knew he was coming back, I'd run whenever I could, when there was nobody on the roads.

"The hard work I did burned up the stuff I ate. I didn't have to worry about getting too fat! Time over a measured distance didn't mean much, because I ran in work shoes and clothing and I didn't have a stop watch. But I knew I could run a long way without losing breath and that I could run very fast for four hundred meters, even when I was tired. But at that, I knew he must be very good and that I didn't have a chance unless I tricked him—"

"How, Monsieur Claude?"

"By boasting like a fool, playing drunk—"

"You mean that jug of white wine?"

"Sure. I'd rinsed my mouth with the stuff so he'd smell it on my breath. When I tipped it up and made believe I was drinking, it was empty, save for what I spilled on the ground for luck. Now, red wine doesn't hurt you much, even if it wouldn't do you much good to drink a lot of it before running a long way. But white wine's a killer to a runner, makes your legs weak and wobbly. The captain once explained something about it affecting nerve centers. Anyway, in the army, although they'll let you drink some red wine on a march, white wine's forbidden. I knew that Jules, who'd served in the chasseurs, knew that.

"With a couple of quarts of water in my belly, I would have been out of the race. So he thought I'd collapse with white wine. That's why, you'll remember, we started out easily, that was why the time was so bad—forty minutes and more. He could have cut it six minutes. But he didn't want me to drop out too soon, because of just that—the white wine would have been blamed. He wanted to show me up.

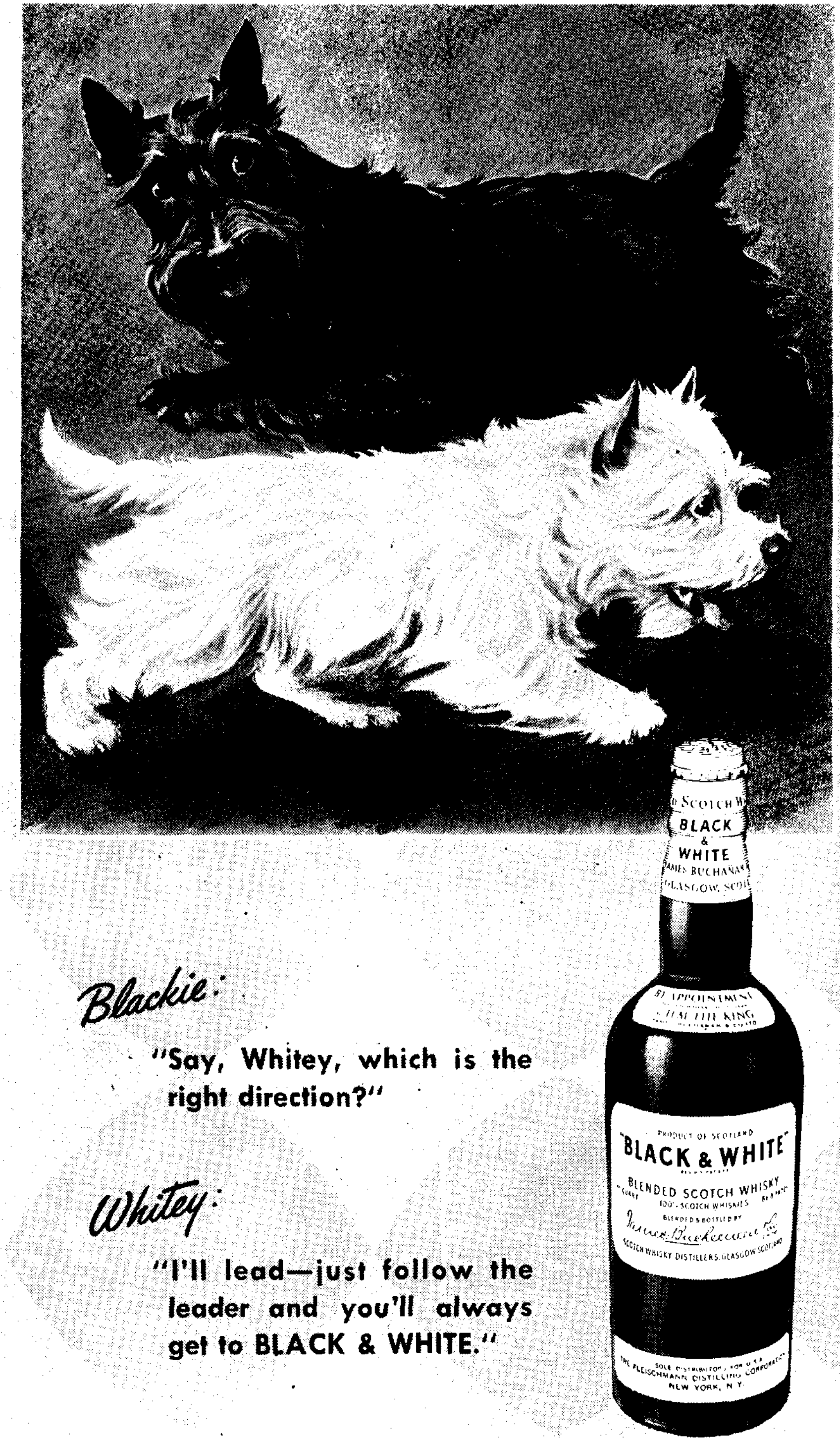
"So that the funny thing was that he was thinking more of keeping me going than of beating me—at the start. I kept on his right side, for a reason. He was running slowly on purpose when we passed through Naiche. He was nursing me along until the back stretch, into Harquemont, when he intended to leave me and beat me by a kilometer or so.

"IF YOU remember the cantonal road going from Naiche to the Croix de la Font, you know it's fairly steep. A rise of almost four hundred meters. I'd cut wood up there several seasons. I knew everything about it. I kept to his right, and he liked me there, where he could peep at me, see how I was doing, worrying about my holding on. From time to time, I'd move left and he'd edge over. Now, like most hill roads, that one isn't too good. The carts have dug deep ruts in the middle, and the ridges in between are crumply, sink underfoot. You don't notice it much unless you know, but what it means is that your ankles, your knees, your hips, all the muscles in your legs, do just a little extra work at each stride.

"On the sides, the dirt was hard-packed, solid. I kept on his right side and he did not think of running way over on the left shoulder, away from ruts. And he had no idea I was doing anything to him. Also, he'd been away from the mountains a long time and even the slight rise in altitude was getting him. He felt a bit tired, and I gasped a few times to buck him up. I thought of passing him then and there, but it was lucky I didn't. We passed the control group at Croix de la Font and started downhill again. We overhauled and passed the two handicap men.

"Then we reached the first level stretch of maybe six hundred meters. He settled into his real stride, and I'm telling you, Jules almost beat me then, because he had plenty left and form counted. I realized that if I had lost my head and

Follow the Leader!



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Whitey:

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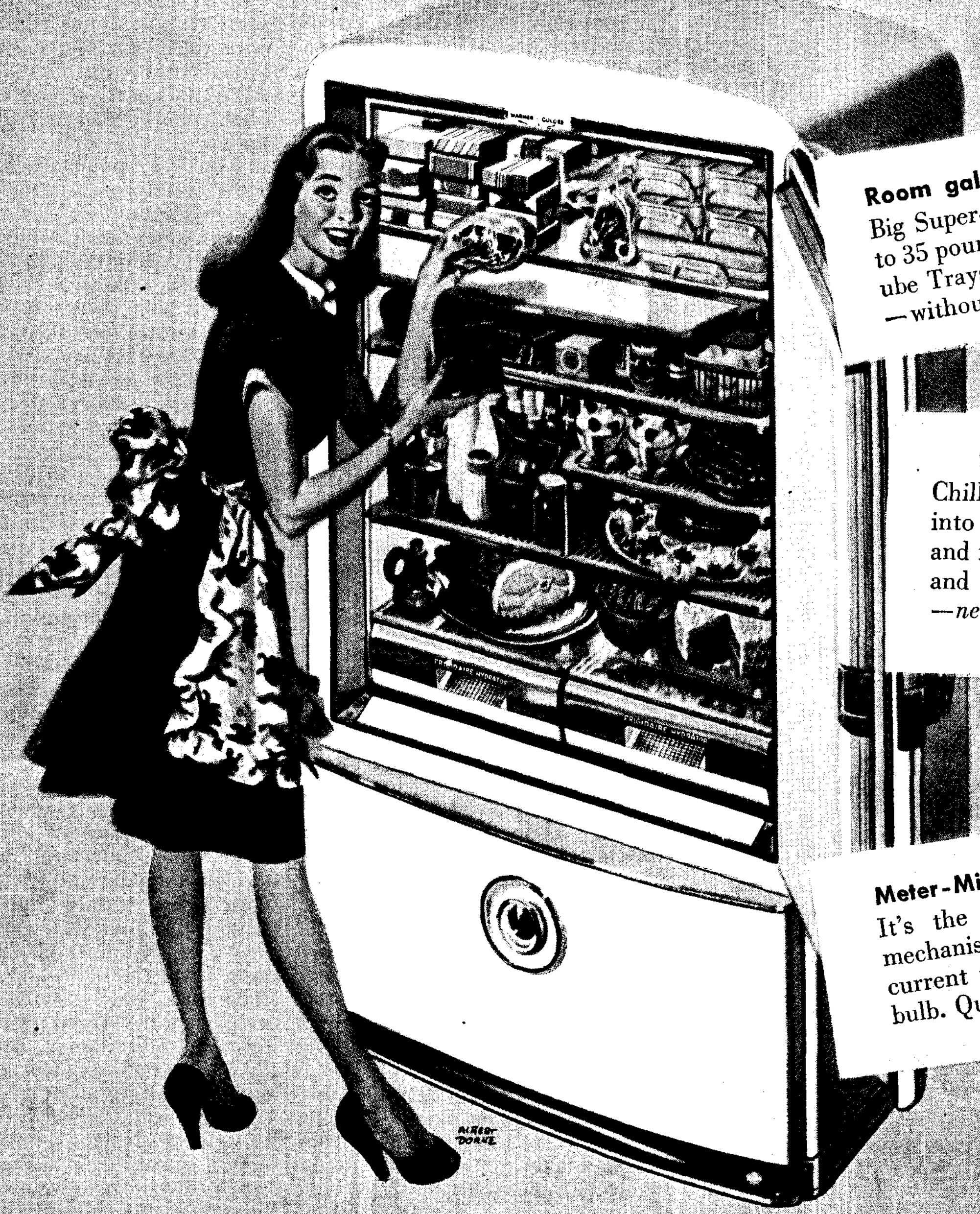

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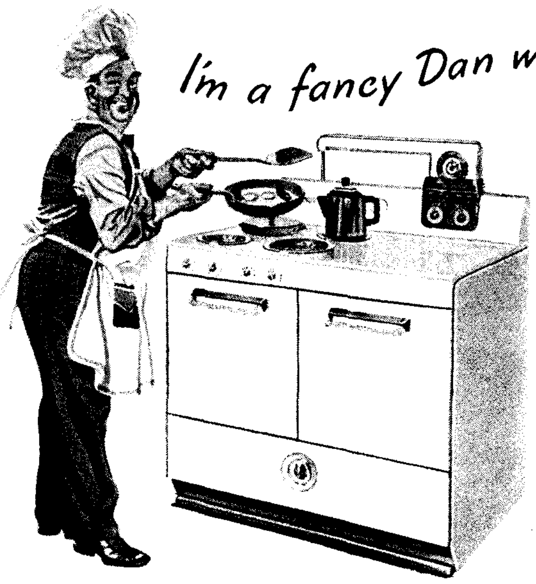

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Home Radio Division, Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Sunbury, Pa.

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passed him earlier, he'd have got wise to my scheme and beaten me by several hundred meters. He almost ran me off my feet, but he eased up just when I felt I couldn't keep on.

"Maybe he was tired and maybe he saw the bend in the road and made up his mind to make it more spectacular by letting me show up with him and pulling away fast. As for me, I had decided long in advance that all that was needed to beat him was to get there first, no matter by how short a lead. I knew he thought his final sprint would take me by surprise, that I wouldn't be able to stand the pace. But he was getting worried, because he had covered more than four fifths of the distance, and I was still right with him. I was still there, with two quarts of white wine sloshing in my belly. So far as he knew.

"As we rounded that bend he tried a sprint. He got away to a long lead, but, like a fool, he turned to look and to see how I was doing—and lost stride. I came up behind him and swung left, where he wasn't used to looking. We had saved our breath, we hadn't spoken a word until then.

"'Enough fooling, Julot,' I said to him: 'Get going, Parisian!'

"I saw his face jerk toward me, his mouth open. He was trying to make some reply. I passed him, he caught up. I had noted a spot just four hundred meters from the finish. Four hundred meters was my best distance; I would try to imagine I hadn't been running at all and start off like I did in a dash. Well, he beat me to it, started to run like a devil.

"I lost fifteen, twenty meters. Then I stopped kidding myself about being fresh, just knew that I was going to get licked if I didn't find something extra somewhere. I wanted to beat that guy so badly that—well, you remember. I won."

Monsieur Claude sucked his pipe with a reminiscent smile.

I REMEMBERED that finish, the shouting, the dust, the swirling excitement. I remembered Antonia rushing out to embrace Claude, his tired, rather foolish smile. I remembered my surprise when I saw that he was crying even while he laughed. . . .

Jules left by the evening train. Nobody was sorry to see him go. "Our Julot" had become just a conceited Parisian who had taken a lesson from our local champion. That defeat must have taken something from him, too—for he ran second and third all the next season and finally quit running. Our champion, however, did get his name in the Paris papers, for one of the reporters had written a humorous article about the unperturbed mountaineer who ran on white wine and beat a champion.

Claude received letters, then visits from important men, men who represented athletic associations and wanted to convince him that his duty was to train and represent his country. He refused, even when he received a startling offer to run for money, a sum absolutely fantastic to mountain people, who find hard cash very scarce. The offers continued for a while, then a young chap in the south ran the ten-thousand meters in phenomenal time and Claude was forgotten.

"Say," I spoke up after a silence, "why didn't you accept that big offer to run for money? It was guaranteed, win or lose, and even if you'd lost every race, it was a nice little sum."

"It was a large sum, in those days," he corrected. "Why? Well, you shouldn't try to squeeze too much out of anything. I'd shown everybody I was the better runner. I'd proved to myself that I was the smarter thinker." He thought it over a moment before going on: "But there was something else, too, which I never puzzled out until this minute. I have kind of wondered myself at times about not taking that chance. It just comes to me why I refused, just now."

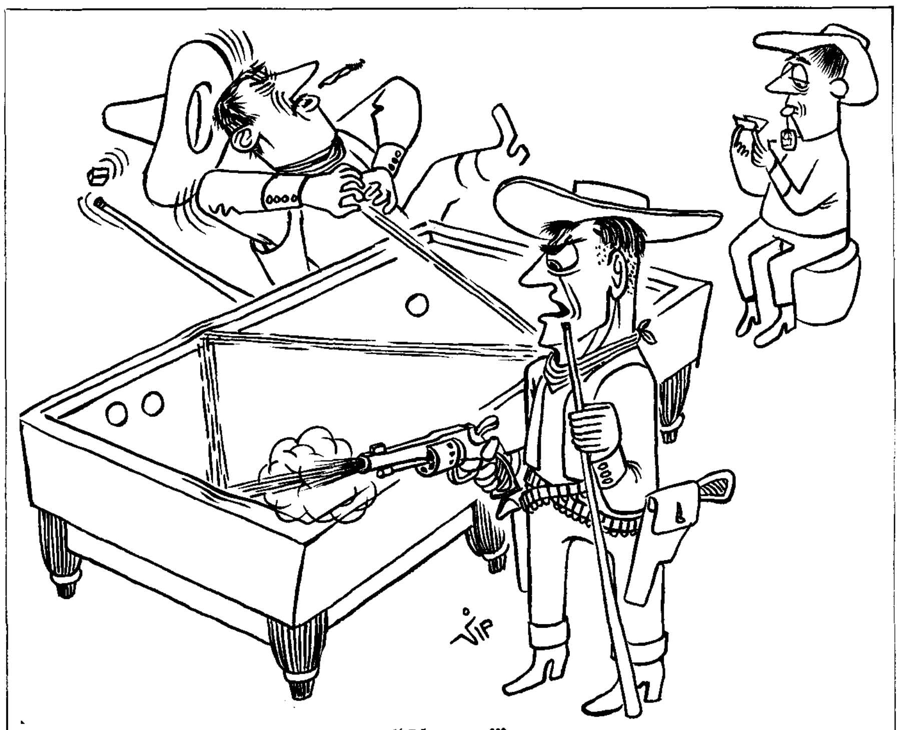
"Why, Monsieur Claude?"

"Well, I knew I'd have to beat Jules to shut up my mother-in-law. I wanted to shut her up to prove Antonia had been a good picker. So I really ran that race for Antonia. So you see, my winning it was like a present for her. You know, about presents—if you keep any of it for yourself, it spoils the present, eh? So I couldn't take anything for myself, no fame, no money. It would have been like holding back part of what I had given her. You follow me? Because, even if we never talked about it, then or in all these years, Antonia has always known why I ran that day. So she could be proud of me and think that even at running I was the better man. And I guess she knows, too, that I didn't want to spoil it by making something for myself out of it. She's very smart, you understand."

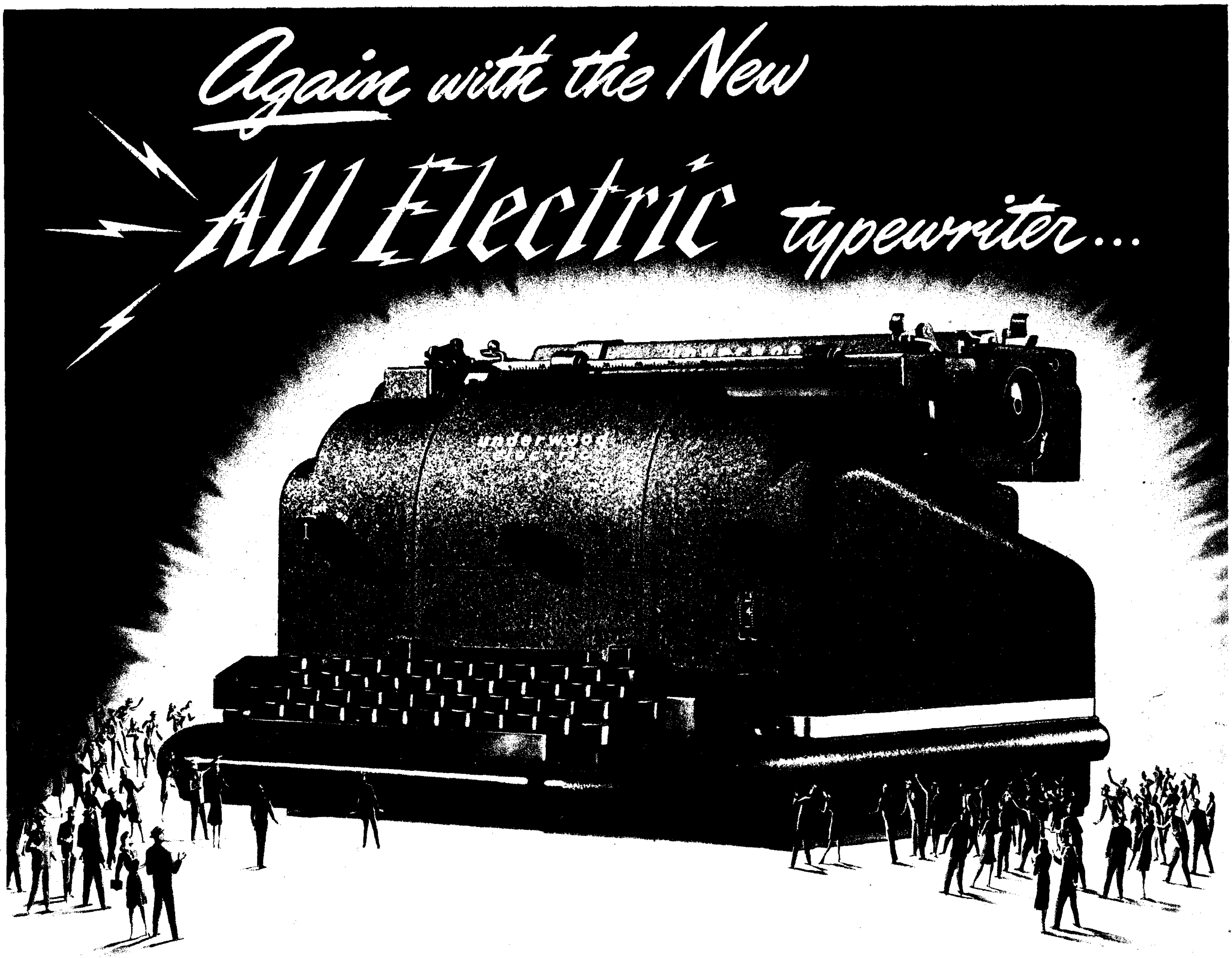
"You should tell her, sometime, Monsieur Claude."

"Oh, no." He stopped walking, gestured awkwardly: "Words are never as good as feelings." He took off his hat again to mop his forehead. He laughed happily in the sunset glow. "The things one does for love, when one is young and foolish!"

THE END



COLLIER'S "Cheater!" VIRGIL PARTCH



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SWEET WATER

Continued from page 26

sure Brann told it straight . . . " He shook his head. "No, it isn't worth it."

"What happened?"

"Keck got in the game at Cantwell's. Had a bad night and wouldn't quit. Put up his horse as ante on the last hand of draw. Joe Brann said he didn't want to, but Keck insisted. Then Keck claimed Brann fouled his hand. Brann says he didn't. It was one of those things. Anyway, Keck pulled his gun, got to his horse and rode, and Brann swore out a warrant. So now old Nye is hiding him, eh? How do you know?"

Young Ware hesitated. A faint resentment marked his tone. "I'm entitled to some secrets."

Wilse stood in front of him, searching his round face. "Not when I'm concerned," he rumbled. He repeated, "How do you know?"

The younger man tried to meet Wilse Ware's black eyes and could not. "It was a happenstance," he said sullenly.

"Well?"

Ed Ware looked down at his hands. "I spent the other evening with Tracy and Barbara Edwards. When I left and walked by old Nye's house, Harry Keck was just riding away. I heard Nye call out to Keck to make himself useful and repair some corrals while he was down at the well."

Wilse Ware's huge black hand reached out and gripped his nephew's shoulder. The powerful fingers dug into that shoulder until Ed cried out. The younger man tried to jerk away but that single arm held him immovable. The red blood of a terrible anger surged in Wilse Ware's face.

"You're lying!" he thundered. "If Harry Keck was riding at night he would never leave Nye's house by the front way. You sneaked around that house spying."

Young Ware stood perfectly still, held by that great arm like a frightened bird in an eagle's claw.

"You spied. A filthy, sneaking spy. My own nephew."

He flung Ed Ware from him and resumed his pacing.

Presently he stood before his nephew and said slowly, "Brann has his rights. I'll see that he gets 'em. But I'll not break the bargain over a card game. If we can pick up Keck without a fight, all right. He'll stand trial like anybody else. But no fighting."

Ed put on his hat, anxious now to get away from his uncle's presence. "When is Folsom taking the wagons south again?"

Wilse swung again to face his nephew, saying sharply, "Why do you ask that?"

"The road passes within a mile of the well. I want to tell Jess to keep his eyes open. Why, what's the matter?"

"The wagons are waiting for a coal load," said Wilse irritably. "Troubles in number one."

"That's one of the mines under option to the railroad, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Anything serious?"

"Of course not." Wilse's voice was curt, surprisingly half angry again. "Just little things. All mines have them."

Ed moved toward the street. His uncle called after him, "No talk about the mine, do y' hear? Somebody might get the wrong idea."

When his nephew had gone, Wilse Ware resumed his pacing, his frown growing heavier and heavier.

JIM LINEER peered across the desert at the wavy black line creeping down from the north. When his squint forced out the heat shimmer, the black line straightened and took on shape.

"Ware's coal wagons," he said.

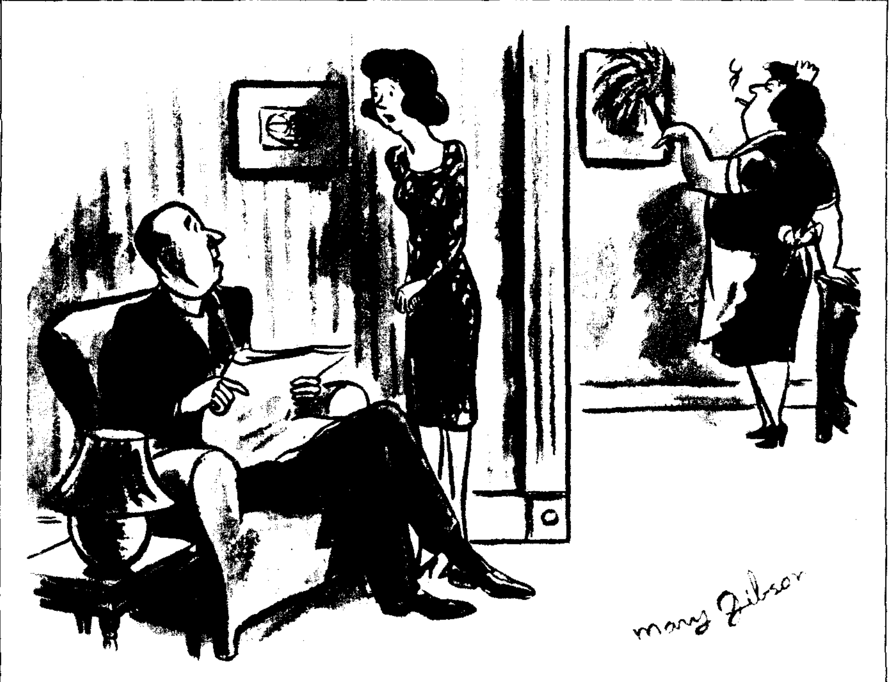
Hellwig nodded. He was the drilling contractor from El Paso.

"Out here you git to where even the sight of a damned coal wagon is welcome," he said. "Coal in the desert in July!" He cocked an eye at the steam boiler of his drilling rig. "Still and all, I'd be using the stuff if it wasn't so high and mesquite so plentiful."

The road to El Paso, down which the Ware wagons were moving, lay a quarter mile to the west. Another mile westward was Tinker Well. The July rains were late. The harsh red humps of the Jarillas seemed to be melting back into the desert from which they sprang.

Hellwig cupped his hands at his mouth. "*Aguador!*" he bellowed. A little Mexican with a shrunken, timeless face crawled reluctantly from the shade beneath the water wagon, climbed to its seat and clucked the mules toward Tinker Well.

Hellwig took off his hard hat. Released sweat coursed suddenly in rivulets down his cheeks. He put the hat on again quickly. "A man could walk on that Tinker Well water," he growled. "It's scaling my boiler, not to mention my



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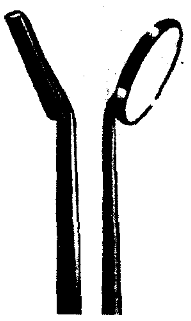

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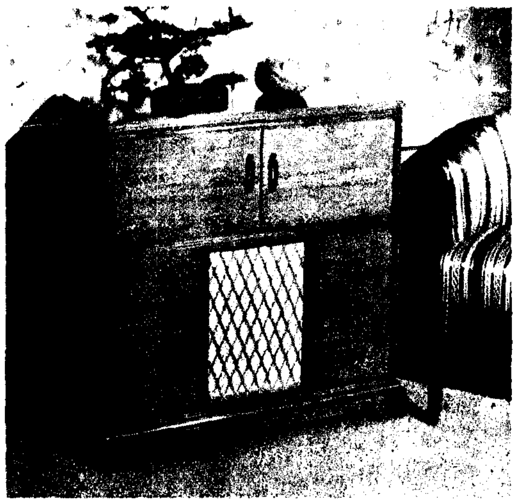

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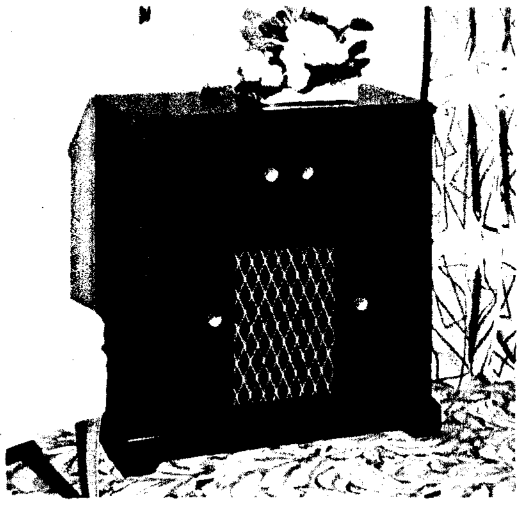

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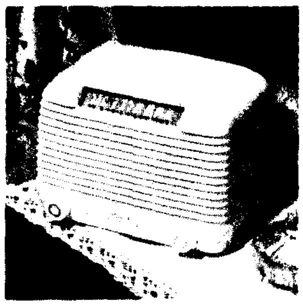

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belly. It's going to cost you plenty."

The Ware wagons were straight west of them now, strung out on the road, plodding southward. Lineer thought he could make out the huge bulk of Jess Folsom on the seat of the lead wagon.

"You'll collect without argument," Lineer said. "Get us a good well and I'll buy you a half-dozen boilers."

They were committed now. All of them. The word had been passed, the signal given. Down there to the south, below the state line, the roadbed crews were pounding north. Plows and scrapers and fresnos were sinking into the red earth and flashing in the sun. Hundreds of teams and hundreds of men. Soon the rails would follow. A mile a day. Little Georgie and Big Tim would stand for no less. A mile a day, and every mile bringing them closer to this waterless wasteland beneath an unblinking sun.

Water for how many? A thousand head of horses and mules, say. And eight hundred men. It had to be here. Thomason had to be right. It had to be a well as big as the first one down there at the state line. And sweet as the first one. It was too late now to look to the Sacramentos. That was a dream laid aside. There was only one more thing he could do. One more way to hedge Thomason's bet. Get more water wagons. Send telegrams to Houston and San Antonio and Dallas and Fort Worth. Yes, and even Denver and Kansas City. Locate every water wagon in the Southwest.

Presently Hellwig said, "You never can tell about wells. A couple of years ago I was sinking one for a rancher over in the Jornada—say, have them wagons stopped?"

Lineer swung around. The Ware wagons were to the southwest now, all but hidden by the mesquite hummocks. He stood a moment until he was sure they were not moving. Then he ran cursing for his horse.

He shouted over his shoulder, "Tinker Well. Bring your men!"

"Not me," Hellwig called back. "I aint lost nothing over there." Then he remembered the *aguador*. "Hey, wait a minute!"

But Lineer was already putting his horse to a run. He was still a half mile from the well when he heard the crack of a rifle. Then a half dozen more shots came flatly across the desert.

THE firing died away. Lineer pulled up, listening. There was no sound but the sucking lungs of his horse. Then he heard the soft clank of harness trace chains. The water wagon emerged toward him through the mesquite. Its mules were walking stolidly but they were throwing their heads and he knew they had been running.

They were driverless.

Water spurted from a small hole in the side of the wagon's wooden tank. It was a hole the size of a rifle bullet.

He cut around the wagon and moved on at a trot, waiting in his nerve centers for rifle fire that did not come. He could see the top of the old 'dobe *choza* now, and the holding corrals beyond.

He pulled his horse down to a nervous walk and changed direction, cutting farther west. When he turned south again he could see the well, and the tank just beyond it, and the blank north wall of the *choza*. Now, if he was right, the Ware men could see him but Harry Keck in the *choza* could not.

He stopped. No living thing was in sight. It was three hundred yards, an easy rifle shot. He sat still, feeling the heat of the sun in his cheeks. If anybody were going to shoot at him, the shot would have come before now. Nevertheless he raised his left hand high above his head and kept it there.

Then his eyes found a shapeless lump of something dark, dark clothes perhaps, on the ground by the water tank. It could be the *aguador*. It did not move.

He put his horse forward at a slow walk, and now he raised both hands above his head. His eyes searched the low hummocks to his left front. He tried in vain to pierce the little stubs of mesquite crowning each hummock. There was where he and Tim had slipped forward last week. There was where Jess Folsom and the Ware teamsters must be hidden now.

The silence ran on, a heavy and waiting thing, as he cut the distance slowly to two hundred yards. Then to a hundred. He ached to drop his right arm, to wipe away with its sleeve the sweat caught in his eyebrows and his eyelashes. But he knew that rifles followed him.

NOW the lump on the ground was moving. It was the *aguador*. The *aguador* saw him and was trying to crawl toward him. The *aguador* pushed up on his two elbows and his left knee, and then he threw himself forward with that knee and fell flat. Then he rose to his elbows, pushed with the left knee and fell again. He rose and fell forward, over and over in quick, spasmodic motions. Then slower and slower, and finally he sank and lay with his head thrust forward, chin dug into the hard ground.

"That's far enough, Lineer!"

It was Jess Folsom's voice. It came from the left front, out of the mesquite and the soapweed.

Lineer faced in that direction, halting his horse with his voice. He sat a moment, not sure what he was going to do or what he should do, knowing only that he must reach the man on the ground if he could. A blob of sweat broke out of the beads in his eyebrow and flowed into the corner of his eye, stinging and blurring his vision.

"Now turn around and get out of here," yelled Folsom. It was a measured yell, distinct and commanding.

"I have no gun, Jess," called Lineer.

He waited a moment more, then kicked his feet from the stirrups. He raised his right leg over the saddle horn, slowly, deliberately, and slid to the ground. He lowered his arms. He wiped his face across the crook of his left arm, feeling the sharper sting of sweat and then the cool relief. He stepped forward, leading his horse.

Sand and dust spurted a yard in front of him, and he heard the shot.

Almost immediately a shot answered from the *choza*, and he heard Harry Keck's defiant yell.

Answering fire drummed out of the hummocks. Lineer saw little puffs of tan dust eddy about the *choza*. He stepped back, short-reining and soothing his horse and waiting out the exchange. Keck was on the floor someplace there in the *choza*, not daring to raise himself to fire again. The Ware firing fell off.

"Keep still, Keck," called Lineer. "No more shooting."

The *aguador* got to his elbows and jerked forward and fell again. The man's eyes were open and on Lineer, and he was crying something that Lineer could not understand.

"Now will you get out of here?" It was Folsom. His voice was thick with anger. But it also held a faint note of complaint.

"No, Jess. The fight's over. Keep your men down and stay where you are."

Lineer dropped the reins. He took one step forward. He took a long side step to his left, his eyes riveted on the east wall of the *choza*. His nerves stretched to a vibrating tautness as the window came into view. Now Harry Keck, who missed by three inches a week ago, could find him with that rifle.

He took another step forward, and another, walking straight toward the *aguador*, eyes never moving from the window.

At the fourth step he heard Folsom curse and yell a command. He quickened his stride, knowing that he had won half his way, swiping again at the sweat

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Hear them Whistle!
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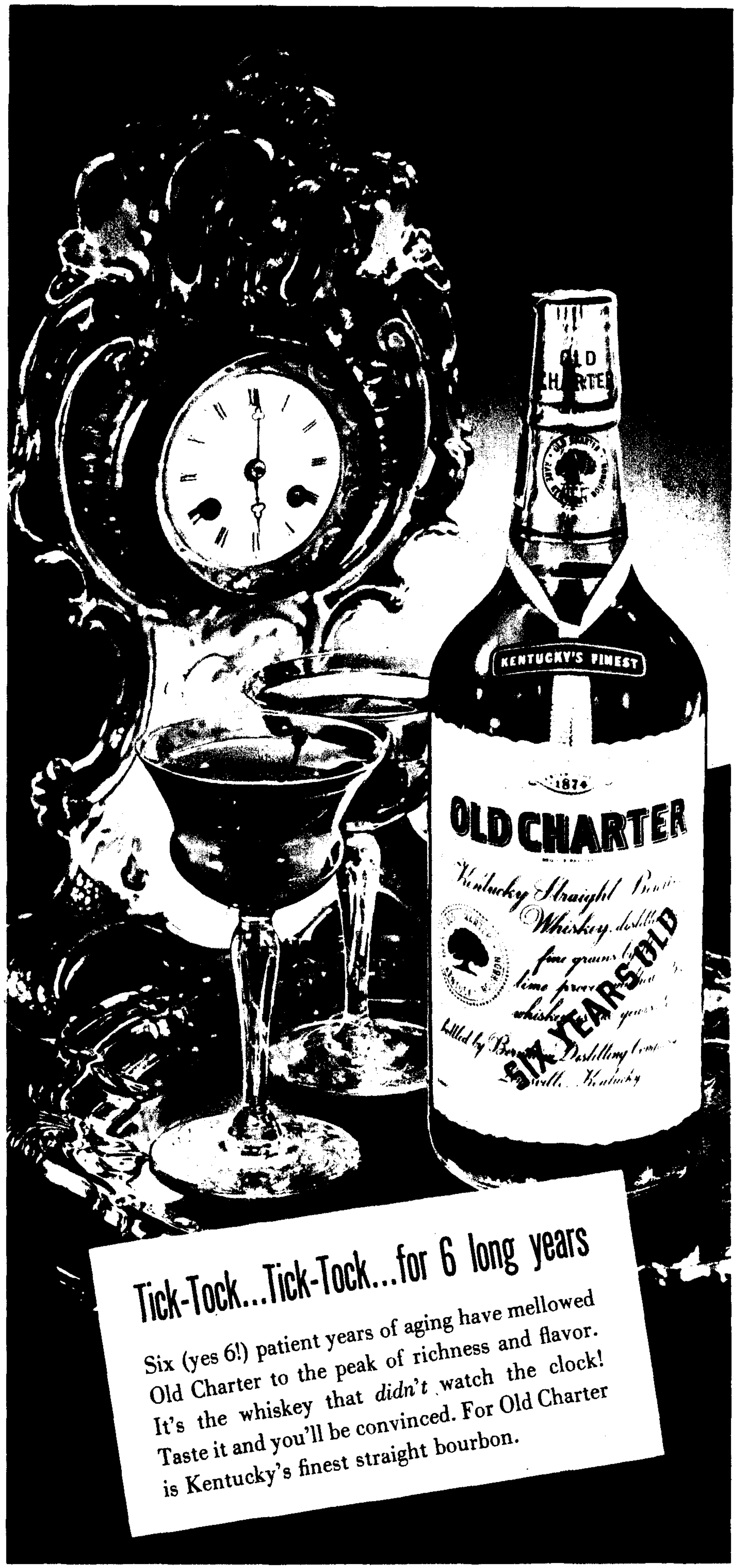

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that poured around his eyes. He reached the little Mexican. The window was at his right side now, not ten yards away. And Harry Keck had not spoken.

He hesitated, turned his back on the window and bent over the *aguador*. The man's right pant leg was covered with the rich red of blood. The dead red of sand and earth streaked through it. Blood trailed across the ground to a point near the well. There, where he had fallen, a pool of purple black gleamed in the bright sunlight.

The *aguador* rolled on his left side, looking up at Lineer with animal fright in his soft old eyes. His lips trembled and formed words, but the only sound that came out of him was a long sigh.

Lineer found his knife and slashed at the pants. It was then that Keck's high, reckless voice reached out at him:

"If they use you to rush me, Lineer, the first bullet goes into your back."

Lineer called without turning around, "Harry, you had better just keep quiet."

THE wound was in the fleshy part of the *aguador's* hip. Too far back to catch a bone. Clean holes where the bullet entered and emerged. The danger now was loss of blood. And that danger was serious.

Keck called contemptuously, "Lineer, you're a fool."

Lineer rose. Now he turned his back on the hummocks and spoke into the blankness of the window:

"Listen to me, Keck. When I finish here I'm going to walk out to that bunch. I'm trying to break up this fight and you're not helping with your talk. Folsom will think you and I are cooking up something."

He bent again to the wounded man. He slashed away the entire pants leg and used it to bind the wound as best he could.

The gratefulness of the *aguador* shone through the pain in his eyes.

"You are safe now, *viejo,*" said Lineer. "Lie still. I'll be back."

He straightened and walked straight into the hummocks. He had gone fifty yards when he came around a thicket and found Folsom waiting for him. Folsom sat on the ground, his big forearms resting on his knees, his great hands wrapped around a rifle that was pointed loosely at Lineer.

"All right, Jess," said Lineer. "Take your men and get on back to your wagons."

Folsom met his gaze sourly. "Seems to me," he said, "you're pretty high and mighty all of a sudden. Maybe we oughta just sort of take you along with Keck."

"Never mind that, Jess. You know Wilse Ware would skin you alive. You're through now. Move along."

"Who you tryin' to fool, Lineer? Wilse Ware stands behind his men, and you know it."

"Sure I know it. But not when you tangle with the railroad. The man you shot was working for me."

Lineer saw uncertainty come into Folsom's broad face. Looking down at that face, he thought that there was not too much intelligence in it, and no wickedness at all. But a capacity for unthinking brutality was there.

The uncertainty gave way to sullenness. "But this is legal. I'm a special deputy and there's a warrant out for Keck. I've got a right to pick him up."

"Not any more."

This was a place where Folsom was sure of his ground. He was suddenly belligerent. "Who says so?"

"I do. And I'm running the valley."

"Since when?"

"Since the railroad was started—and until it is finished."

Folsom's eyes went over his face carefully and with surprise.

"A large order," he said as he got to his feet. "I'll be checking with the boss. If he doesn't back you, watch out."

Lineer walked straight into him. It was so sudden, so unexpected, that Folsom gave a step of ground, forgetting the rifle in his hands.

Lineer said levelly, "I don't like that kind of talk, Jess."

There was no fear in Folsom. But there was doubt. He did not know whether Wilson Ware had surrendered authority to this man. Lineer's quick aggressiveness added to that doubt, for to Folsom aggressiveness and authority were one and the same thing.

Lineer, watching Folsom's face with the sharpness of his own temper, saw this. And he saw, in the man's confused eyes, the beginning of hatred.

"Who shot the *aguador?*" Lineer demanded.

"I don't know. Maybe Keck shot him."

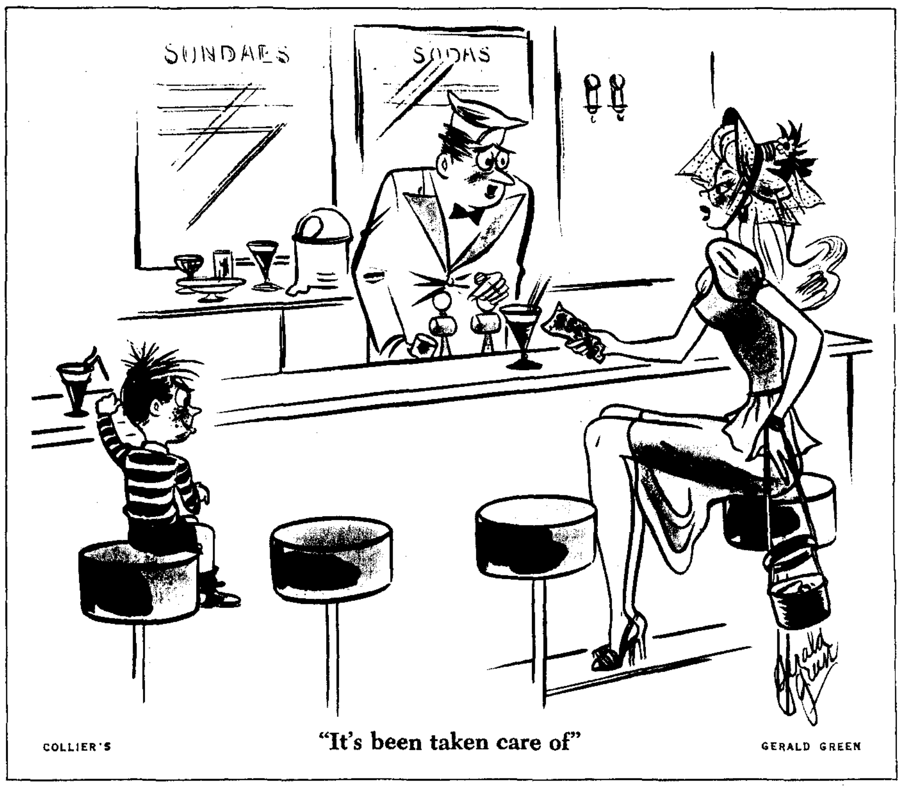
"How did it happen?"

"The fool got excited when the shootin' started. He jumped on his wagon to get away and ran right into the line of fire."

"Which way was he headed when he was hit?"

"North."

"Then Keck didn't shoot him. He was hit in the right hip. Tell Wilse Ware



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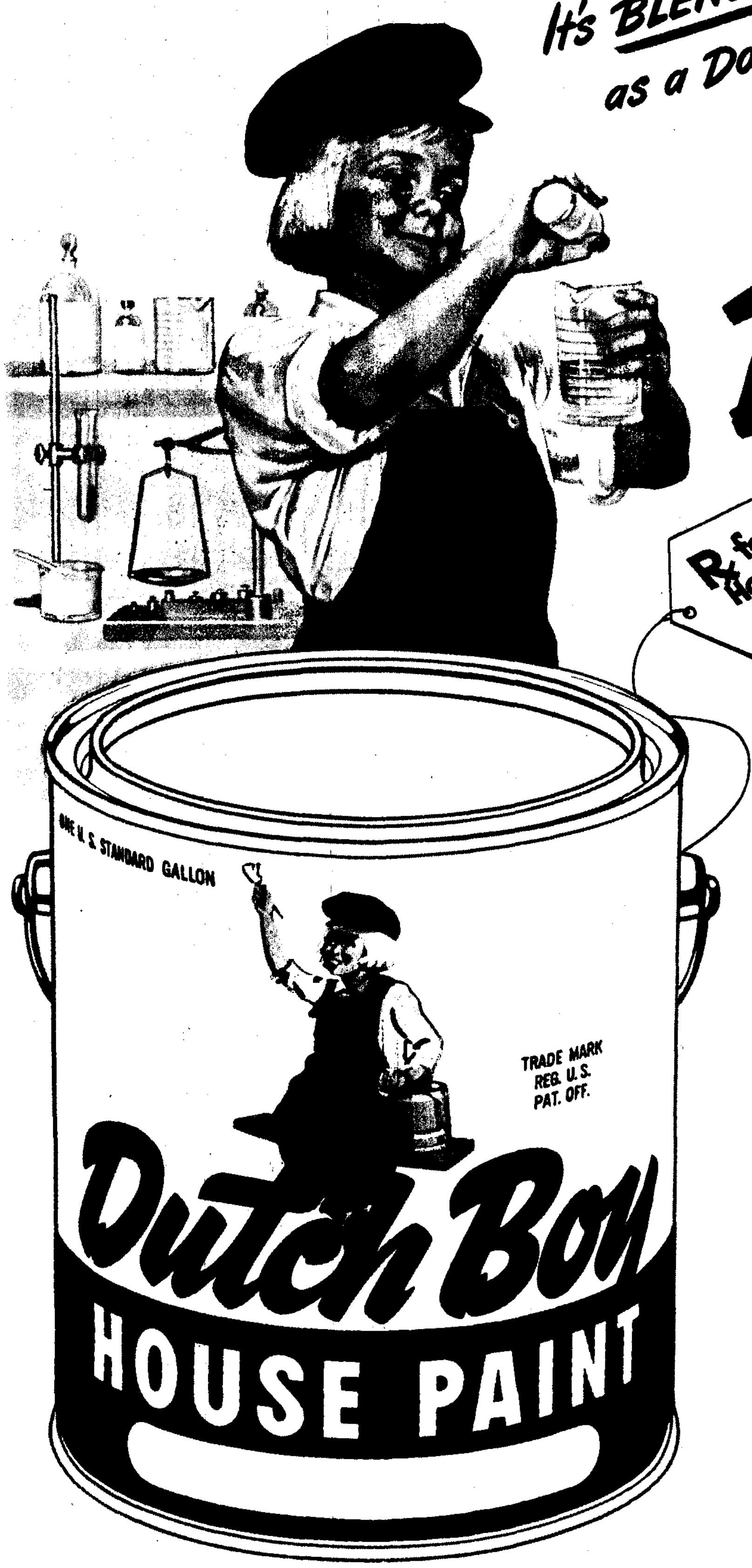
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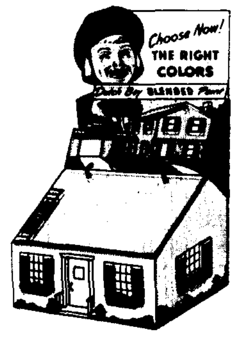
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Prove that your WINDSHIELD . . . like all others . . . has LOW SPOTS . . . hard to wipe clearly . . .
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CLEAR-FLEX ECONOMY REFILLS quickly MAKE LIKE NEW . . . at your gas pump . . . *when rubber finally becomes worn* or damaged. Holder OUTLASTS your CAR.

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Simply ask your good gas-pump man . . . next time you buy gas . . . to install for you . . . quickly . . . out on the driver's half of your windshield . . . one ANCO Clear-Flex Wiper Blade. Deposit with him only the regular price . . . printed on its box. Keep your old Blade . . . if you like.*

THE CONTRAST TELLS

Leave untouched the used Blade and Arm on your OTHER wiper shaft . . . until you compare it with CLEAR-FLEX performance . . . in the next storm! You are delightfully amazed . . . by CLEAR-FLEX. *Eye-strain . . . jangled nerves . . . FILM FATIGUE . . . GONE!* You enjoy at last the relaxed comfort . . . and added safety . . . of crystal-clear driving vision.

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If you then are willing to part with your ANCO Clear-Flex Blade . . . the dealer who put it on for you is authorized by us to remove it . . . put back your old Blade . . . and refund pleasantly every cent you deposited for CLEAR-FLEX. We protect him in that. Show him this ad. You risk no money. *Get yours today. Try it. Then make* it a PAIR. May save you a costly smashup!

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*—Use CLEAR-FLEX Blade ONLY with the sturdy ANCO Dead-Locker Arm . . . already on millions of cars. ANCO Arm fits quickly any wiper shaft. Suits any good wiper motor. Holds Blade true . . . at correct pressure. If not now on your car, ask serviceman to install a PAIR quickly for you. More than 250,000 good gas stations and service stores sell ANCO BETTER Blades and Arms.

Made by the makers of long-famous ANCO RAIN-MASTER† Blades and Arms . . . original equipment for years on DeLuxe models of high-grade cars. Your dealer knows ANCO.

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that when you report to him. Tell him you shot the railroad's man."

Lineer turned and strode back toward the *choza*. He saw Hellwig coming in from the northeast with a wagon and all of the drilling crew. Good. He would need the wagon. He glanced at the sun. By steady driving he should make Tularosa by dawn. But there were other things to do first.

He side-stepped through the *choza* door and stood motionless, letting the pupils of his eyes expand to the darkness. Presently he made out the figure of Harry Keck squatting on the floor by the window, a rifle across his lap.

"They're gone, Keck," he said.

Keck was smiling thinly. "Do you want me to thank you, Lineer?"

"You tried to kill me last week," said Lineer. "Why?"

"I'd kill you now if you had a gun." Keck was laughing now. "I didn't try to kill you, Lineer. You're just the kind of man that doesn't understand a warning until he gets a bullet in his ribs."

"All right, Keck," said Lineer. "And you're the kind of man that will take no orders, so I'll give you none. But I'll give you advice. Ride to Jube Nye's house and stay there. And stay away from me."

LINEER wheeled out of the hut. The wagon pulled into the yard. Hellwig hopped off and strode angrily to the *aguador*.

"I want two men for hard rides," said Lineer.

"If it'll stop this kind of damfool business," said the driller, "you can have them."

Lineer picked the nearest man. "Ride to the railroad office in El Paso. Don't stop. Change horses at the state-line well. Tell Tracy Thomason I want him in Tularosa. Tell him to ride day and night."

He stabbed a finger at a second man. "You find Wilse Ware in White Oaks. Tell him Folsom shot a railroad man. Tell him I want him in Tularosa as fast as he can get there."

He turned back to Hellwig. "Get the *aguador* into the wagon."

The dawn sun topped the Sacramentos and shone full into Lineer's heavy-lidded eyes as he turned the team up the street to Jubal Nye's house. On the wagon bed behind him the *aguador* stirred, moaning.

"We are there, *viejo*," said Lineer gently.

He climbed wearily down, tied at Nye's hitching post, and walked next door to the home of Barbara Edwards. Molly answered his knock.

"Ah, Molly," he said, "can Barbara spare you for a hard task?"

He saw sudden fear leap into her eyes and the blood drain from her cheeks, and he cursed himself for his stupidity.

"Tim's fine," he said quickly. "But I have a wounded man out in the wagon. He may die. I'm asking Jubal Nye to take him in because there is no other place. Will you come and nurse him?"

Barbara Edwards came to the door, looking small in a flaring blue robe, her hair thick and loose about her shoulders. Even through his weariness Lineer saw in her face the sweet freshness of sleep just ended.

"Jim! You'll not take him next door," she said. "You'll bring him in here—Molly, find Manuela. Tell her to air the southwest bedroom upstairs. Jim, you look half dead—can you carry him in alone? Wait, I'll slip on my dress and help you."

Lineer shook his head. "You don't understand, Barbara. This is a hard and dirty job. Your house is no place for him."

She shot a glance of quick anger at him. Then she smiled. "Jim Lineer, you are a fool. If you don't bring him here this instant I'm coming out into the street for him just as I am. Now hurry!"

She turned away into the house, calling to Molly. Lineer walked back to the wagon, feeling a sudden lifting of the black mood that had ridden with him through the long night.

The *aguador* cried out without opening his eyes as Lineer laid him upon the bed. *"Padre! Padre!"* The blood was drained from his sun-blackened face, giving it a sickly olive color. Tinker Well's red earth still matted his hair. *"Sangre de Cristo! Padre!"*

Molly stared down at him, her gentle blue eyes filled with compassion.

"I must get Father Otero," she said, and hurried out.

Lineer began cutting away the filthy shirt. He felt Barbara's hand on his arm.

"You're going to bed, Jim—Manuela, go make the bed in my room for Señor Lineer."

"In a minute," said Lineer. "Then I'll go to the hotel."

"Manuela has had two husbands," said Barbara firmly, "and if she can't undress and bathe this poor old man, I can."

Lineer cut away the last of the shirt and straightened. This was a side of Barbara Edwards that he did not know. He stared at her through the haze of his weariness, shook his head in slow bafflement and, when Manuela returned, followed Barbara from the room.

In the hallway he stopped, smiled humorously down at her, and announced, "I'm hungry."

"I am, too." She smiled. "Shall we eat?"

He stabled the horses and splashed his face at the basin, thinking that this girl had much more than the compassion that prompted her to admit the wounded workman into her home without a question. She had a sure balance of mind, a steady sense of the reality of life. She could meet suffering and act with a quick mercy. And she could understand that a man might feel hunger in the presence of pain, accepting that naturally as the way and the necessity of man.

SHE sat opposite him at breakfast. Her eyes were full of questions but she waited patiently until he had finished his coffee. He said briefly, "Some of Ware's men tried to take Keck. This fellow was caught in the middle."

He followed her without protest upstairs again to her bedroom. She stood in the doorway, regarding him with thoughtful eyes.

"Jim," she asked, "did this happen because Tracy did not get in touch at once with Wilse Ware?"

He dropped into a chair and began working on his right boot. Without looking up at her, he said, "Ask Tracy."

She lingered as though she intended to say more, then changed her mind. She closed the door, and he heard her footsteps going down the hall to the room where the *aguador* lay.

He looked about the room as he undressed, acutely conscious of the femininity of it. Yet it had an orderliness and a noticeable lack of the cloying fullness that he remembered from other bedrooms into which a young man's stray pursuits had led him.

He saw on her dressing table a hairbrush backed with heavy silver. Looking at it his thoughts went back to the private car there on the siding at San Antonio and the girl with mocking green eyes who stood on the rear platform of that car with this brush in her hand.

Slipping naked between clean white sheets, he listened for a minute to footsteps moving through the hall. Then deep, dreamless sleep came.

He awakened in late afternoon to that hush which marks the house of the sick. He lay for a while, letting his mind drift aimlessly away, reluctant to return to reality.

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He thought with a slow surprise that is whole life had been lived apart from he kind of women that most men knew. Mothers and sisters and wives. He had never lived in a house with a woman, any kind of woman. He wondered in an idle way if he would adjust easily or hard o the demands of a wife. And then he hought that he would prefer a woman who flashed out at him if he gave her ause, and not one who gained her way with the weapon of a bland and supple nd yet inexorable pressure.

He became aware gradually that this oom was imparting to his senses the aint, clean fragrance of the girl who lept here. His mind began, in a slow nd pleasant way, to build intimate little images of her. He saw her seated before her dressing table, engaged in the mysterious pursuits of her sex. He saw her lying here, her arms outflung and her auburn hair loose upon the pillow. He came fully awake at the sudden coursing of excitement through his body and wung his legs to the floor, grinning at himself and yet wondering too.

He dressed and tiptoed down the hall. Molly sat beside the little Mexican. His breathing seemed quieter. . . .

He left the house without seeing Barbara. Jubal Nye was alone in the big living room next door. Looking into hat strong, deeply lined face, Lineer was startled by the sudden revelation of cute suffering there. Yet the old lawyer was, as always, courteous and perfectly elf-possessed.

"You've heard?" asked Lineer.

"The whole valley has heard," said Nye. "Sit down, Jim."

"No. Is Keck here?"

Nye nodded. "He says he didn't shoot he man."

"He's right. But let it stop there. I've ent for Ware and Thomason. I'm lodging you until they get here."

"All right, Jim. I'll be here." As Lineer turned away, Nye added sharply, "Don't waste any time."

Lineer swung back, regarding the older man thoughtfully. "Maybe you had better keep your men out of Tularosa," he said.

"Is Ware coming alone?"

"If he brings men I'll see that he sends hem back."

"A large order," Nye said dryly.

"Perhaps it's about time for large orders."

Nye studied Lineer steadily. "All right, Jim. I'll keep my men out."

Swinging into the plaza, Lineer ran suddenly into the tension that lay upon the town. There was no outward change. Plaza life moved sluggishly as always in the hot late afternoon. But it was there in the uncertainty of men's eyes as they turned sober glances upon him.

Storm hovered over Tularosa. Storm such as these men had known before and faced now with both dread and anticipation.

THEY looked at the striding figure of Lineer, and then up the street toward the two big houses beside the *'cequia madre*. A man was shot. Only a stray Mexican who chanced to wander between two powerful forces. But the Mexican worked for a new force in the valley: The railroad. Always before, when one man was shot, then another was shot in swift reply. Then another. And another. It had always been that way in the Tularosa Basin. Now would the railroad add new guns to the feud? Would the coming of the railroad mean three powerful forces at war?

These were the questions in men's eyes as they looked up toward the big houses and back at Lineer. And according to their natures most men were deeply troubled, and a few were pleased.

Lineer cut in at the little banking office of Ed Ware. The nephew of Wilse Ware sat alone at his desk, wiping at his cheeks and down his open collar with a white silk handkerchief. His mild brown eyes were startled and momentarily afraid as they searched Lineer's face.

He burst out nervously, "Jim, I'm glad to see you! What's happening?"

"Wilse is on his way here. I want you to go meet him."

Young Ware seemed to shrink back.

Lineer regarded him with a closer attention, observing an unexpected fear in that round, ordinary face.

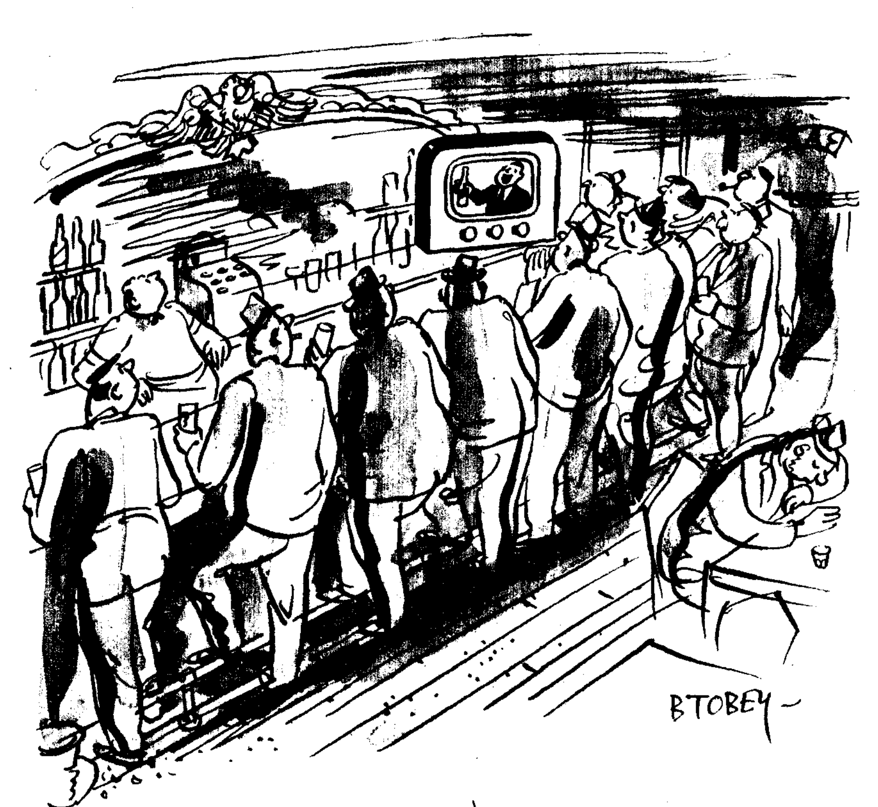
Ware took hold of himself. He said reluctantly, "All right."

"If he has men with him, tell him to send them back. Tell him I'm guaranteeing there will be no trouble here."

"Well, now—" began Ware doubtfully.

Lineer gestured curtly. "He'll come alone. Tell him Thomason is riding from El Paso. We talk when Thomason gets here. No talk until then."

Lineer claimed his room at the hotel



COLLIER'S "—and now, men, reach in your refrigerator for a cold bottle of delicious Klix Beer—" BARNEY TOBEY

WIN $5,000.00 CASH OR A 1948 NASH!

Enter Aunt Jemima's Jingle Contest Today!

How would you like to see YOUR NAME on a check for $5,000.00? Someone—it *can* be you—will win $5,000.00 cash in Aunt Jemima's thrilling new contest. Other winners will drive three 1948 Nash Ambassadors; own 25 new Kelvinator refrigerators, 50 Maytag washers—and hundreds of other prizes.

It's easy! It's fun! Here's all you do to enter this $60,189.00 contest. Just write half-a-dozen words (or less) to finish this jingle:

"Aunt Jemimas can't be beat
As my favorite breakfast treat;
Fragrant, tender, fluffy-light—

(Write last line of jingle to rhyme with "fluffy-light.")

One answer might be "I love them morning, noon or night." But you can think of a better line! Mail *in* your entry with one package top from Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix for Pancakes or Buckwheats.

Send in several entries. The more you send, the better your opportunity to win one of these sensational prizes. Remember, each entry must be accompanied by one Aunt Jemima package top. Write each of your jingle lines on a separate piece of plain paper. You'll find entry blanks at your grocer's, too. Be sure to print your name and address plainly on each entry. Remember, *this great contest* closes midnight, Wednesday, October 15, 1947. Mail your entry today!

$60,189.00 CONTEST 2,054 PRIZES

$5,000 IN CASH

THREE 1948 NASH AMBASSADOR FOUR DOOR SEDANS Yes, these are *next* year's models — fully equipped with radio, Weather-Eye conditioned air and other special Nash features — truly the automobile of your dreams!

25 KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS Spacious 6.8 cubic feet models with magic shelf, twin sliding vegetable crispers, chilling tray and vegetable bin.

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275 SHEAFFER PEN AND PENCIL SETS.

1,000 AIRGUIDE INDOOR-OUTDOOR THERMOMETERS. Twin scales show both indoor and outdoor temperatures on this one deluxe thermometer.

These 2,054 valuable prizes will be awarded to contest winners in above order.

Easy Contest Rules: **1.** Write a last line for the jingle. The last word must rhyme with "fluffy-light." Write your entry on a plain sheet of paper or get an entry blank from your grocer. Be sure to print your own name and address plainly.

2. Mail entries to: Aunt Jemima, Box D, Chicago 90, Ill. Enter as often as you like. Each entry must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Each entry must be accompanied by one package top from Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix for Pancakes or Buckwheats.

3. Entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, October 15, 1947.

4. Entries will be judged for originality, suitability and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned and no correspondence will be entered into. You accept the conditions of these rules when you send in an entry. Entries, contents and the ideas therein become the property of The Quaker Oats Company.

5. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete list of winners will be available about November 15, 1947. For list send self-addressed, stamped envelope.

6. Any resident of the United States may compete, except employees of The Quaker Oats Company, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.

Distilled with
imported botanicals
HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN

They grow Imported Botanicals for pick-of-the-crop gin drinks

Want to know something that makes friends say "How do you do it?" when you mix a Tom Collins, Fizz, Martini or Orange Blossom?

Here's how! Just bank on the men who grow the rare *Imported Botanicals* which make Hiram Walker's Gin so much *tastier* . . . tangy *cassia* from China, spicy *juniper* from Italy—the many delicate herbs, roots and berries that give this gin its famous flavor.

When these "vintage year" botanicals are added to Hiram Walker's years of distilling skill, superlatively fine gin is the result.

Taste the difference Hiram Walker's Gin makes—whatever your favorite gin drink may be.

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain.
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN

and ate alone. He thought of returning to Barbara Edwards' house but dismissed the idea. She and Molly could do for the *aguador* anything he could do —and better. He was sure of that now.

Leaving the hotel he swung off the plaza and paced beneath the cottonwoods toward the desert. The sun's passage beyond the San Andreas had softened the sky to a solid pink glow. But an oppressive stillness imprisoned the long twilight. If the July rains did not come soon, every living creature in this vast basin would suffer.

His mind went back to the two men riding toward Tularosa somewhere in this long afterglow. Tracy Thomason from the south. Wilse Ware from the north. They should arrive within an hour of each other tomorrow evening. Twenty-four hours. He had that much time to decide how far he could go. How far he must go. How far he could drive three strong and stubborn men.

He began to measure them, one against the other and each against the background of his separate wants and passions. Powerful men. Men capable of great and swift violence to attain an end. Yet two of them were essentially simple and uncomplicated men, secure and straightforward in their strength. He dropped them from his mind, and the man who remained was Thomason.

The western sky flush faded. A heavy blackness pressed down upon the valley. Lineer became gradually aware that he was alone upon the desert. He stopped, listening to the tiniest of night sounds that by their very loudness testified to the dimensions of the silence. The night and the desert beckoned with their mysterious power, urging him toward the spectral white sands, where a man might go blind or die of thirst in a day.

He swung about and paced back into town.

OF THE two who rode from the far ends of the valley, Tracy Thomason traveled farther and arrived first. He stamped into the railroad land office just before sundown, turned angrily away when he did not find Lineer and strode up the street. Lost sleep and sun glare streaked his eyes. But the thrusting vitality of the man was undiminished.

He found Barbara in her garden. She rose with a glad cry and came to him, and he kissed her with a demanding hunger that told of some new need, some shaping uncertainty deep within him.

When he freed her she looked at him wonderingly. She smiled and said simply, "I've missed you, Tracy."

She pulled him down beside her in the little ramada that Ed Ware had built in the garden in some earlier summer to escape the heat. Honeysuckle wandered over it. Just behind it rose, incredibly, a fig tree that proliferated in a dark and beautiful green. A few steps away the *'cequia* murmured beneath its cottonwoods. In all the valley no spot furnished such an illusion of coolness.

She pointed at the upstairs corner window. "He seems a little better now," she said. "But we don't know—"

Thomason stared at her blankly. "Who?"

"Why, the man who was shot. I've never heard his name." She paused, musing, and added, "I wonder if even Jim knows it."

"The Mexican? In your house? Barbara, are you out of your mind?"

She gave a little laugh. "I think Jim thought that at first too. No, Tracy. He had to be cared for, and who has more reason to care for him than I?"

Thomason turned so that he faced her directly. "I won't have it," he snapped. "Taking some greasy little ragtag into this house—Barbara, you forget you are going to be my wife. You have a responsibility to me. What will the people of this town think?"

"I don't know what they will think," said Barbara quietly. "But I think he is a human being. And he is one of your men, Tracy."

"He is not my man. He's that well driller's man."

"Any man who works on the railroad is the railroad's man. And I am part of the railroad too."

"We'll get him out of there at once," said Thomason. His temper had subsided, but his voice was irritable. "I'll pay somebody in Tularosa to keep him."

Barbara sat quite still, her face lowered. For just a moment her eyes flashed. But when she spoke it was with regret and patience.

"No, Tracy, he stays. Tonight of all nights I want him here."

"Barbara!" he burst out. "For God's sake, why?"

"Because Wilson Ware is coming. Because you're going to sit down with Ware and Nye and Jim to save this valley, and I want you to do it in my house with every one of you knowing that poor little old man is upstairs."

THOMASON stood abruptly. A suspicion was forming in his brain. A suspicion that grew swiftly into belief, and tightened his face until his jaw thrust outward, long and ugly.

"Jim Lineer put you up to this," he said.

"No, Tracy. I'm doing this because I want to help you. Because I'm going to be your wife and I have a right to help you."

"Somebody has made you think this thing is more serious than it is. It had to be Jim Lineer."

"Jim told me nothing," she answered quietly. "If you don't believe this is serious, go look at the faces of the people on the plaza."

Thomason swung away and paced the garden in long, nervous strides. When he turned back to her his face held a completely changed expression. It was humble, almost solemn.

"I know. This was my fault, Barbara. I've been eating my heart out with that knowledge all the way up here."

He stood waiting for her reply, searching her face with a peculiar intensity, an avid expectancy.

Barbara rose and went to him. She raised her mouth, smiling. "You will straighten it out, Tracy. Nothing can stop you if you feel that way."

He kissed her lightly. "Of course, sweetheart," he said. His voice became light, completely assured. "This time I'll settle it for good."

He pulled her down beside him in the ramada, but almost at once sprang up again. He swung back and forth before her with restless, aggressive energy, his eyes gleaming with a conquering fire. Once he laughed softly to himself.

"I hope the colonel gets back before winter," he said. "Won't he be surprised?"

"At what, Tracy?"

"Me."

She said, puzzled, "I don't understand."

He sat again and grasped her hands, smiling his strong smile.

"Haven't you guessed the real reason your father made us promise to wait?"

"There is only one reason, Tracy. Our silly quarrels last winter." She glanced about her at the quiet peace of the garden, lifting her head to gaze over the cottonwoods at the high, dark line of the Sacramentos. "I've had time here to think a lot about the kind of person I was in New York. I can see now why he thought we would grow to hate each other out here." She smiled happily. "When he comes back and sees his changed daughter, I know he'll want us to marry at once."

"No, Barbara. Your father thought I would fail on this railroad. That was why he gave me complete responsibility. He wanted to leave me without any ex-

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cuses. And he didn't want his daughter to marry a failure."

"Tracy!"

"It's true. He has had some kind of doubt about me ever since—well, for a year now. He kept me loafing around New York last winter because of it." Thomason grinned. "He didn't know that would give me a chance to fall in love with you."

"I don't believe it."

Thomason said almost gaily, "You've never known that he called me into his office the day after we told him we were in love. He accused me of being too hot-headed and ambitious. Said I bulldozed people to get my way. Shouted at me that I couldn't make my own decisions. Oh, he gave me a real dressing down."

Barbara laughed with sudden, sharp relief. "Tracy, you silly. He was lecturing you as any father would."

"No, Barbara." Thomason's eyes sobered. Puzzlement came into his voice: "The colonel has done more for me than my own father could have. But he has never been a father to me. When I was a boy he never asked me to call him father. And when he talked to me about my own father I always had the feeling he was holding back something."

Barbara withdrew her hands from his, and clasped his hands between her own. She said softly, "I never dreamed you missed your own father so much, Tracy. You've always been so—so confident about everything."

"It doesn't matter now," he said lightly. He leaned forward, kissed her, then continued in a fiercely exultant voice, "The Jarilla Well is at ninety feet and going strong. We're ready to start laying rails. I'll have this road finished six months ahead of the time the colonel set. He'll see whether or not I can make my own decisions!"

BARBARA answered the brusque knock at her door. Wilson Ware stood there in the stream of yellow lamplight, an unlighted cigar jammed against his back teeth. Young Ed Ware stood uneasily a step behind. The skin over his left cheekbone was laid open in a long, irregular gash. His eye was swollen.

"Come in, Mr. Ware," said Barbara. "The others are here."

Ware stepped over the threshold. His black eyes swept the room, finding Lineer and Thomason and settling in a long stare on Jubal Nye.

Without turning he threw a contemptuous command back at his nephew: "Wait at the hotel."

The younger Ware turned without a word and slumped off the porch. Ignoring Barbara, Wilse Ware strode to the cold fireplace and turned to face the room, his powerful legs deep-planted and apart. Lineer nodded casually from his chair. Jubal Nye, in a chair beside him, sat with cold immobility. Thomason rose from a couch, smiling easily, and offered his hand.

"Manuela!" called Barbara. The plump Mexican woman came in at once, her dark eyes widening to the stormy silence here. She bore an ornate tray upon which were a thick-bellied pot and four cups, all gleaming with thick veins of gold filigree. These were newly arrived in the first shipment of furnishings from New York. Barbara had chosen to use them for the first time tonight.

"Please sit down, Mr. Ware—there, on the couch with Tracy."

Her manner was cool, relaxed, completely self-possessed. Ware nodded and sat, watching her with a careful blankness as she arranged the service and poured coffee. Once puzzlement flicked across his eyes.

Barbara straightened, smiling. "Please call me if you need anything. I'll be upstairs with my patient."

Ware listened to her footsteps mounting the stairs. He set down his coffee untasted and stood again at the fireplace. He returned the cigar to his mouth, rolling it slowly with his tongue, his heavy face guarded and suspicious.

He said questioningly, "Patient?"

"The wounded man," said Thomason.

"Ah! The driller's Mexican, eh?"

Lineer said without emotion, "The railroad's wounded man."

Ware's eyes veered around and settled on Lineer, regarding him with a thoughtful deliberation.

Ware swung his gaze back to Thomason. Thomason set down his coffee, pleasantly aware that these three were waiting for him to speak. He faced up to Ware, aggressively confident. Then he frowned. For Barbara's footsteps were clicking down the stairs.

She entered the room, smilingly apologetic. "I forgot to tell you—" she stopped, looking in dismay at Wilse Ware. "Oh, Mr. Ware, don't tell me that coffee is too weak! I'll have some more made at once. Here—"

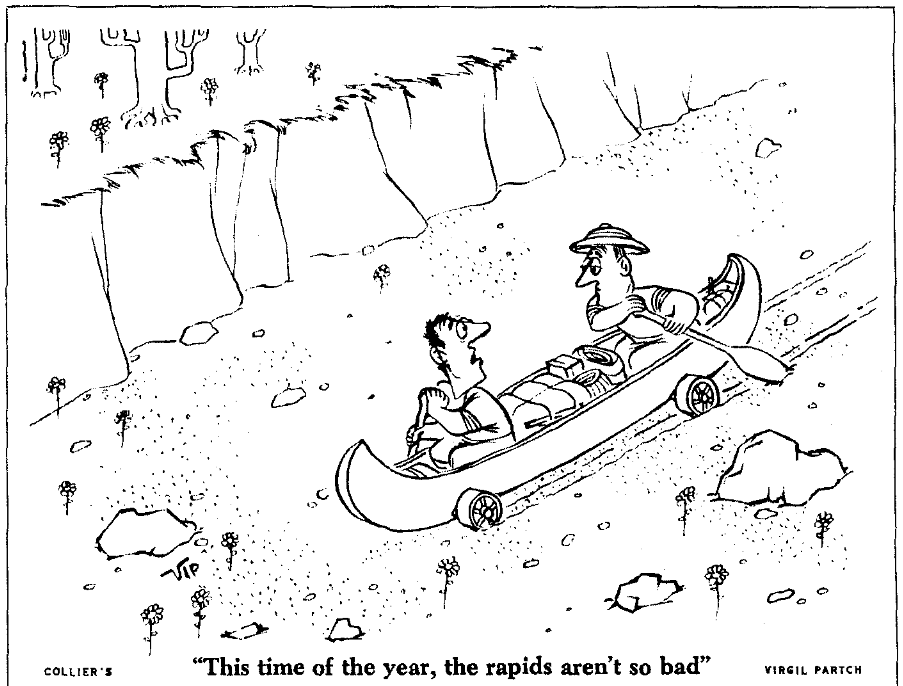
Ware returned abruptly to the couch. For the first time since he had entered this room, he smiled. A forced, uncomfortable smile. "Not at all," he said. "It's fine." He picked up the cup.

Barbara persisted sweetly, "Are you sure?"

"It's damned good coffee," he growled.

"I forgot to tell all of you," she said, "that I'm having the housewarming two weeks from Saturday night. And I want promises now that you'll all be here."

She looked first at Ware. She was quietly smiling and expectant. He stared at



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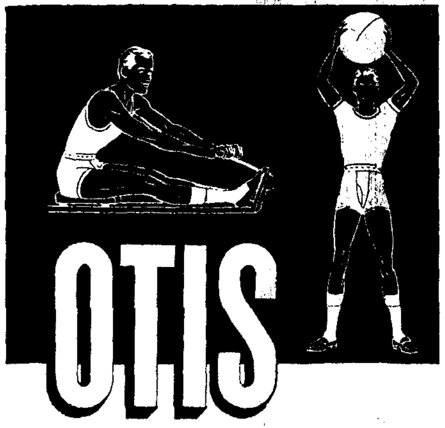

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her for a long moment. He said gruffly, "Thank you. I'll be here."

She turned to Jubal Nye. He said gravely, "Delighted."

She smiled at Lineer. "And I think I already have your promise, Jim." He nodded.

Again they listened silently to her feet on the stairs. Thomason's eyes were turned in that direction. He frowned again, vaguely angry. Lineer chuckled softly. Wilse Ware's laugh boomed out suddenly, and as suddenly the tension was gone from the room. On the second floor landing Barbara heard that laugh. Pent-up tautness flowed out of her body. She smiled contentedly as she seated herself on the top step.

Ware put a match to his cigar. He leaned back on the couch, his thick body at ease, and nodded at Thomason. "Well?" he asked.

THOMASON'S angry glance moved over the three men in turn. This was not the way he had intended it to be. These men were relaxed now, prepared to approach this crisis with logic and even good will. His little speech that was to have been spoken with such firm friendliness, with so pleasant a manner but with the iron there to be seen beneath the glove, was no longer necessary.

He said abruptly, "You've both broken your word."

The good humor vanished from Ware's face. He reached up with one hairy black fist, took the cigar from his mouth and studied it thoughtfully. Jubal Nye twisted slightly in his chair, glancing at Lineer. Lineer was watching the tightness on Thomason's mouth.

"We're going to do two things before we leave this room tonight," continued Thomason. "We're going to settle this fight. And we're going to make damned sure that there's not another one."

Ware leaned forward. "I gathered," he said dryly, "that when Jube and I both accepted invitations to Miss Edwards' party, that put an end to the war."

"Did it?" shot back Thomason challengingly. "It was over once before. It would have stayed over if you had been men of your word."

"Circumstances," snapped Ware. "I gave no permission for a gunfight."

"Nor did I," said Nye quickly.

Ware swung to the old lawyer. Black eyes with a little dancing flame in them locked with faded blue eyes that held a cold and implacable fury. The long, long hate beat at its feeble restraints, coiling and straining to break loose and wreak its violence upon this room.

Ware growled, "But you hid a man from the law."

Nye nodded. He said evenly, "I hid a man from Wilse Ware's law."

"Folsom is a deputy sheriff. He was doing his duty."

"Including the shooting of an innocent man?" Nye's voice grew sharper but ever more precise as his temper mounted.

"The devil with that!" shouted Tracy Thomason. Blood surged through his forehead until it submerged the faint freckles there. "That's done with. That's behind us. I'm demanding assurances for the future now!"

Ware laughed shortly. The full measure of his contempt was in his face and his voice as he said, "You've got 'em, and they're good if you'll use what little sense God gave you. What more do you want, boy?"

Thomason swayed toward Ware, held fully now by the rage that swept through him. His voice rose higher, "No man living can talk to me like that!"

"Of course not," said Ware with heavy mockery. "You're the president of the railroad, aren't you?"

Jubal Nye's penetrating voice cut between them, "I want to hear from Jim."

Thomason wrenched his body back around, staring now with his pale gray

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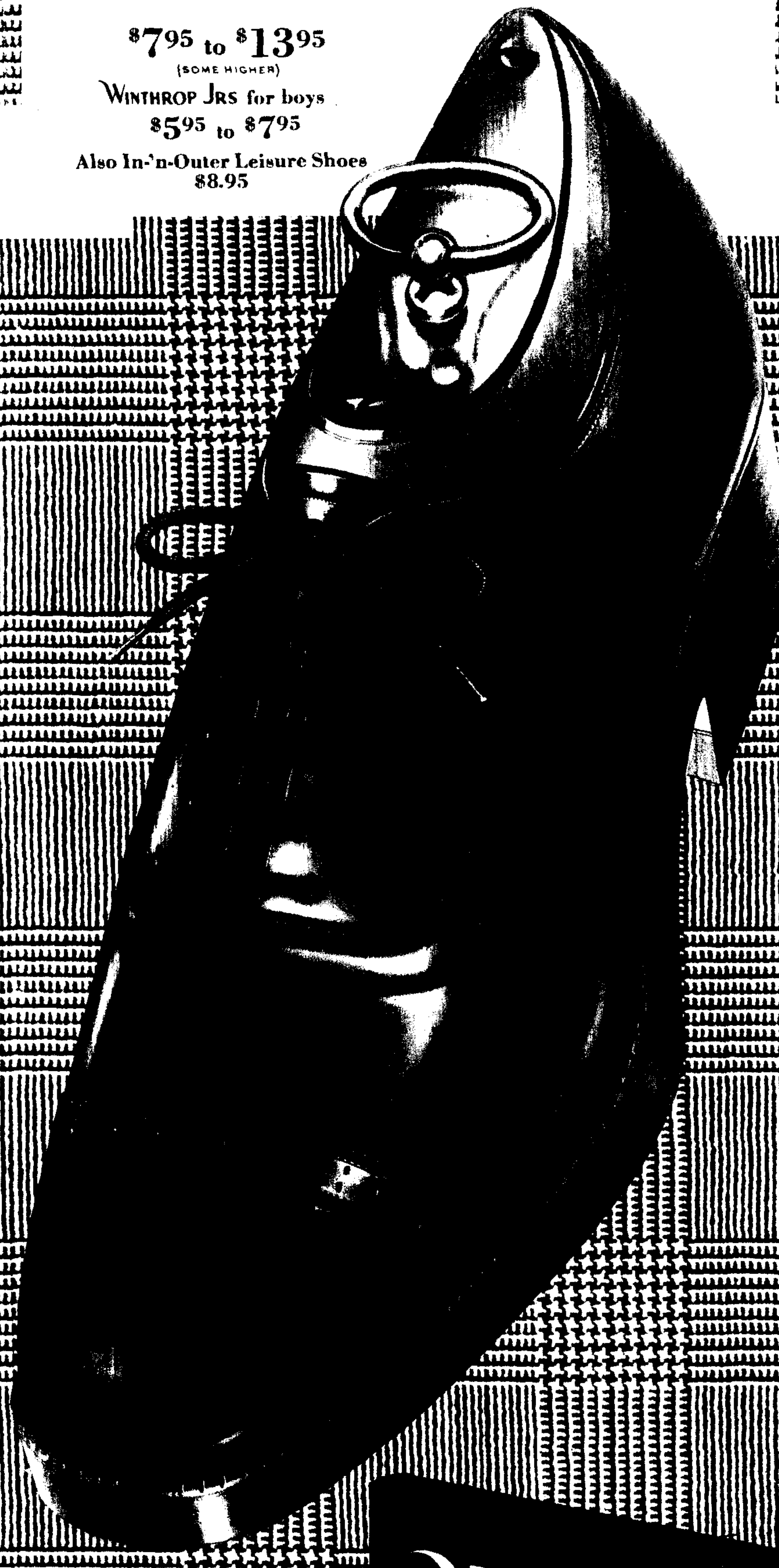

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eyes as though he could dominate the old lawyer with the force of that glare.

He snapped, "I'll do the talking."

"I'll hear Lineer," said Ware.

Thomason half rose, then as suddenly subsided. He looked uncertainly into the three faces about him. Some quality went out of the man in that moment. Some instinct toward decency and balance, perhaps. It fled from him, leaving him with his pride and his ambition and the galling knowledge that he would never dominate strong men. And as his eyes settled on Lineer there grew in them a hate that ate at his very soul.

He said sourly, "If Jim wants to talk, let him."

Lineer said slowly, "There can't be three forces running this valley. There can't be two. From now on, the railroad must be boss."

Thomason's head came up. He looked at Lineer, barely seeing him, his mind reaching out eagerly for this new idea.

"Of course," he said. He repeated, as if to himself, "Of course."

"I thought that was coming," said Ware. His deep voice was low, softly dangerous. "I've thought it since the day the railroad came into this valley."

Nye said dryly, "Things change. Even in this valley, things change."

WARE looked from Lineer to Nye. He said suspiciously to Nye, "You seemed damned anxious for Lineer to talk. You wouldn't by any chance have known what was in his mind, would you?"

Nye nodded slowly. "I knew what was in his mind because there was no other conclusion he could come to. But I didn't talk to him about it."

Ware grunted. It was the way of these men that, even across the gulf of their hate, each recognized the other as a man of honor. He accepted Nye's word, turning challengingly back to Lineer. "And if my answer is no?"

Thomason broke in. A new vista, a grander stage of command, had unfolded before him. All of his impetuous confidence was back in his voice: "Then, by God, we fold the railroad. We stop everything and pull out of here!"

Ware did not even turn his head. He said scornfully, "Talk sense. Who believes the great Colonel Edwards would let a little bloodshed make him abandon a railroad?"

Lineer said coolly, "Within three weeks we'll cross into New Mexico with rails. We'll have eight hundred men. We'll find guns for as many as we need to run this valley."

"Mule skinners," said Ware. "Mexican pick-and-shovel labor. What fighting can you get out of them?"

"Why—are you counting on fighting us?"

Ware relaxed in his seat, pulling at his beard and smiling with a faint malice. "That reminds me. According to the word Folsom sent, you told him you were running the valley now. Not the railroad, but you."

"That's correct," said Lineer easily. "I'm running it—under Thomason."

Thomason regarded Lineer, suspicion plain in his face.

Ware stood once more at the fireplace, meditative eyes on Lineer. Suddenly, then, he made his decision, sweeping his arm down in a short plunging arc.

"All right," he said. "I knew this was coming. I'm prepared to play it that way if you show me you mean business and play no favorites. But when construction is finished—" He left the sentence uncompleted, his black eyes steady on Lineer.

"When construction is finished," said Nye, "this won't be the same valley."

"We wipe the slate clean," said Lineer. "Keck goes free."

Wilse Ware smiled. "You sure push your luck," he said. His voice held a mild note of complaint. . . .

Barbara sat with Molly on the first steep ridge of the Sacramentos, observing the changing desert below. Yet she was not really seeing it, for she was caught up again in the wretched thoughts and doubts of these last two weeks.

Would she ever find the courage to tell Tracy that she had sat on the stair landing that night when the four men were gathered in her living room? Yes, she must. But she knew she could never tell him she had not intended it as eavesdropping; she could never explain to him that she had intended that night to bask innocently in his moment of triumph and to feel that she had done her part to make it a triumph.

So absorbed was she in her own unhappy thoughts that she was not aware that Molly had grown very quiet beside her. Molly was watching the distant white sands, far out where they beat like blinding ocean surf against the parapet of the San Andreas range. Molly's eyes were widely opened, and the shadow of some nameless fear darkened them.

Then, there below, the afternoon breeze stirred. It grew stronger. An eddying current moved across the sands, picking up the snow-white crystals and flinging them at the sky. They rose at first in a formless column. The column seemed to poise, to sway as it arranged itself into a slender shape. Then it dipped and wandered across the desert like a spectral wraith.

A sharp cry escaped from Molly. "Pavlo Blanco!" she whispered.

"Why, Molly!" exclaimed Barbara. She took Molly's hand and was startled to find it was trembling. "Molly, what did you say?"

"Pavlo Blanco. The White Lady of the Sands." Molly sat tensely, her eyes following the swooping specter there below with slow fascination. She continued in a low, frightened voice, "The spirit of a girl in her white wedding gown, searching for her lover swallowed up by this valley. It happened a long time ago, but Manuela says it is so."

Barbara did not smile. She said gently, "Molly, there is no man in this valley strong enough to harm your Tim."

"There is no man," said Molly. "But there is"—she paused, her blue eyes staring at nothing— "there is some dark thing at work down there."

RESTLESSNESS came over Barbara. She respected the sensitiveness of Molly, however strangely it might express itself. But there was more than intuition to guide her here. There was this new thing in Tracy Thomason's eyes, behind his smile. A secretiveness, a slyness almost, that was not like him. And there was a tight alertness in the ways of men, telling her that the meeting in her house had not assured peace in the valley.

Sometimes she thought that all of it must be her imagination; that it sprang entirely from these foolish doubts that had risen to rob her of the happiness she had so recently found. She had so little reason to doubt, and she should be thoroughly ashamed of herself.

Molly said impulsively, "I wish so very much, Miss Barbara, that your Tracy and my Tim were friends."

Barbara kissed her cheek. "And I." A thought came to Barbara then—a thought that she pushed away as despicable. It returned, forced upon her by this new and growing suspicion.

She took a long, searching look into herself, and asked firmly, "Did Tim tell you what happened in Sonora?"

Molly nodded hesitantly.

"Molly," said Barbara earnestly, "I want to know exactly what Tim said."

"We-lll," said Molly. "You know there was this bandit *jefe* and he was raiding their camps and stealing their supplies and all. And they had orders not to fight back on account of—of politics, Tim said. The bandit was the man of the governor or some such very

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queer thing. And finally it got so bad Mr. Lineer telegraphed your father something had to be done, and the colonel sent Mr. Thomason out there."

"Yes, Molly, I know that."

"Tim said that when Mr. Thomason came he told Mr. Lineer he was going to the bandit *jefe* and"—Molly hesitated, embarrassed—"and make a contribution for the poor."

"Pay tribute," nodded Barbara.

"Tim said that Mr. Lineer advised against it, but Mr. Thomason was insistent. He said Mr. Thomason went to the hideout of the *jefe* and paid him some money, and came back and said there would be no more trouble. But two nights later, when Mr. Lineer was away, bandits came down on one of their camps again and killed a cook. Mr. Thomason claimed it must have been a different band that Mr. Lineer hadn't told him about, but Tim said everybody in the camp recognized the same *jefe*."

Barbara fought down the anguish gathering in her heart. "Go on, Molly."

Molly continued unhappily: "Tim said he and Georgie Price organized the camp to go after the bandits, and Mr. Thomason ordered them not to go. Tim told him they were going anyway, and Mr. Thomason fired him. Tim told him that only Mr. Lineer could fire him, and Mr. Thomason got very angry and threatened him and Tim hit him."

"Is that really all, Molly?"

"That's all that Tim had to do with Mr. Thomason. When Mr. Lineer came back, Mr. Thomason ordered him to run Tim out of the camp, but instead Mr. Lineer told Mr. Thomason he had better leave. Then Mr. Lineer said—said to hell with orders from New York if the orders were going to get his men killed. And they went after the *jefe* and shot him and then there wasn't any more trouble."

Barbara rose. She turned to mount her horse. She said in a lifeless voice, "We had better go back and dress for the party."

They left the ridge and moved at a walk across the flatland. The first of the short-lived summer rains had at last come. Overnight, infinitely small flowers of pale yellow and blue-white had sprung from the red earth. Barbara sought them out with bent head as they rode, trying thus to lead her mind away from the pain of her thoughts.

She did not see the horseman angling toward them at a lope, nor hear his horse until he was almost at Molly's side. She looked up as Harry Keck reined in and lifted his hat to Molly. She saw at once the flush of liquor in his cheeks, and the bright recklessness in his eyes.

"Molly," he said, "I have been wanting to see you."

Molly said politely, "Thank you, Mr. Keck, but I cannot see you any more."

Keck pushed his horse closer. "I'll come over tonight," he said.

"No," said Molly, "not tonight or ever again, Mr. Keck."

Keck laughed. He leaned forward and grabbed the bit ring of Molly's horse, jerking the animal's head to an abrupt halt. "Tonight," he repeated.

"Stop that!" cried Barbara.

Keck grinned across at her, reaching for Molly's waist. "Tonight?" he demanded.

Barbara spurred her horse forward and whirled him until she faced Keck. She raised her riding whip and brought it slashing down at the hand that held Molly's horse. Keck was too quick for her. He jerked the hand back as the leather whistled down.

"Easy there!" he laughed.

"Run, Molly!" cried Barbara. Molly kicked at her horse as Barbara spurred her own mount against Keck's horse, catching him by surprise. She raised the whip and struck again. He threw his body back from the hips but this time he was not quick enough. Barbara saw the sharp tongue of leather lick at his cheek and she saw the livid welt rise even as she whirled her horse and rode off.

Keck lunged forward in pursuit but almost immediately pulled up his horse. For the houses of Tularosa were in sight.

BARBARA moved gracefully among the guests who thronged her house and garden. Though every door and window of the house was thrown open, the heat of the day still lingered there. But in the garden it was altogether pleasant. Violins mingled their sweet music with the murmur of the '*cequia madre*. A guitar sang sadly of love. The men and women of the Tularosa country took their ease at tables beneath smoking torches and found the night good.

Tracy Thomason cut across the garden with his long stride to intercept Barbara. He smiled down at her gaily, yet his tone held a tinge of sharpness, "Young lady, why are you dodging your true love tonight?"

Barbara gazed across the garden, suddenly wretched because she could not meet his smile. "But it's my party, Tracy," she said. "Would you have me neglect my guests?"

"Of course not," he said impatiently. "But I've hardly had a word with you."

"Please, Tracy—here come the Wares. We must go meet them."

Wilse Ware bowed with rough gallantry over her hand, his eyes full of his frank appreciation and his respect.

He said to Thomason, "I wonder, young fellow, if you know how really lucky you are."

Thomason smiled with his quick charm. "Luckier than I deserve." He shook hands with the younger Ware. "Good to see you, Ed." Ed Ware's left eye had lost its purplish bruise, but a faint streak of irregular scar remained across his cheekbone.

Wilse Ware asked idly, "How's your Jarilla well coming?"

"Slow but steady," said Thomason. He continued confidently, "I look for good water at four hundred feet."

Ware said in his blunt way, "I don't have your confidence."

"Oh, the water's there. We'll be laying rails into White Oaks before you know it. By the way, I hear you've opened a new coal shaft. Increasing your output?"

Ware's heavy face smoothed into a guarded expression. "It comes to that," he murmured.

Barbara listened with only half an ear, her eyes turning restlessly about the garden. "Find them a drink, Tracy," she said, and moved off.

She slipped to Molly's side, laughing a little at Molly's lost look.

"Quit worrying, Molly," she said. "Tim will come. It's a long ride." She added reassuringly, "I expect he and Mr. Lineer are at the hotel by now, cleaning up."

"Did you tell Mr. Thomason about—about Harry Keck?"

"No," said Barbara. "I've decided to talk to Mr. Nye about it."

"I don't want Tim to know," said Molly. "He might do—something terrible."

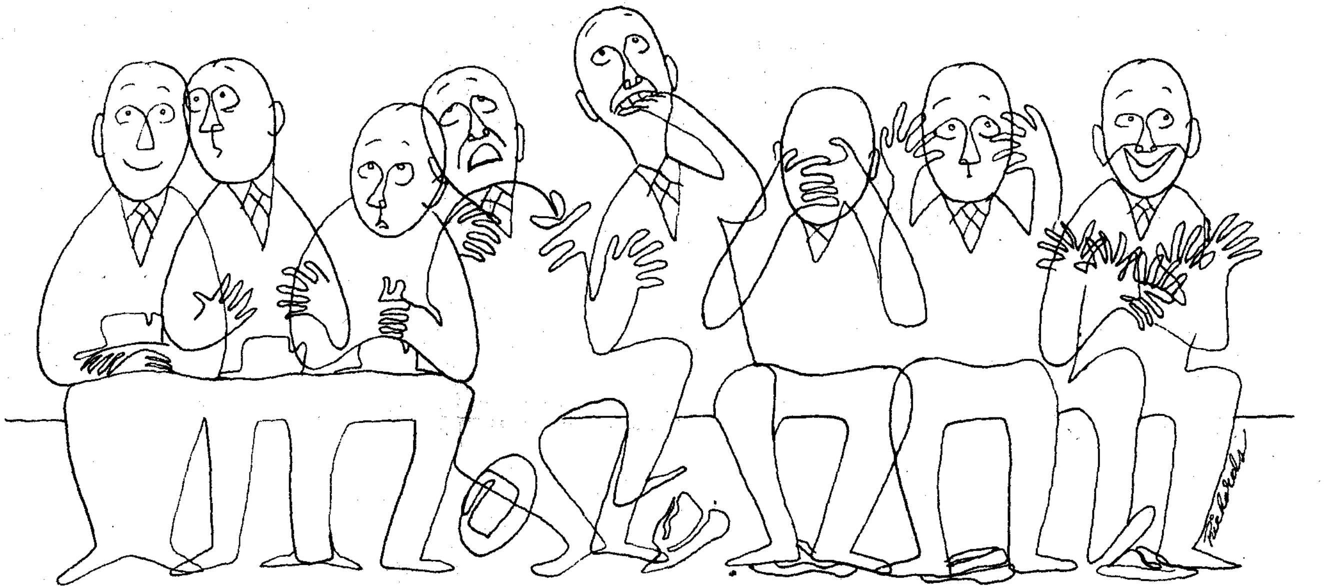
"All right, Molly."

Barbara thought as she turned toward the house once more that she too would be glad to see Tim and Lineer. Then it came to her with a shock that it was Jim Lineer she wanted to see. That she had been waiting and watching for him these last two hours, some part of her mind holding him even when she was busiest with her guests.

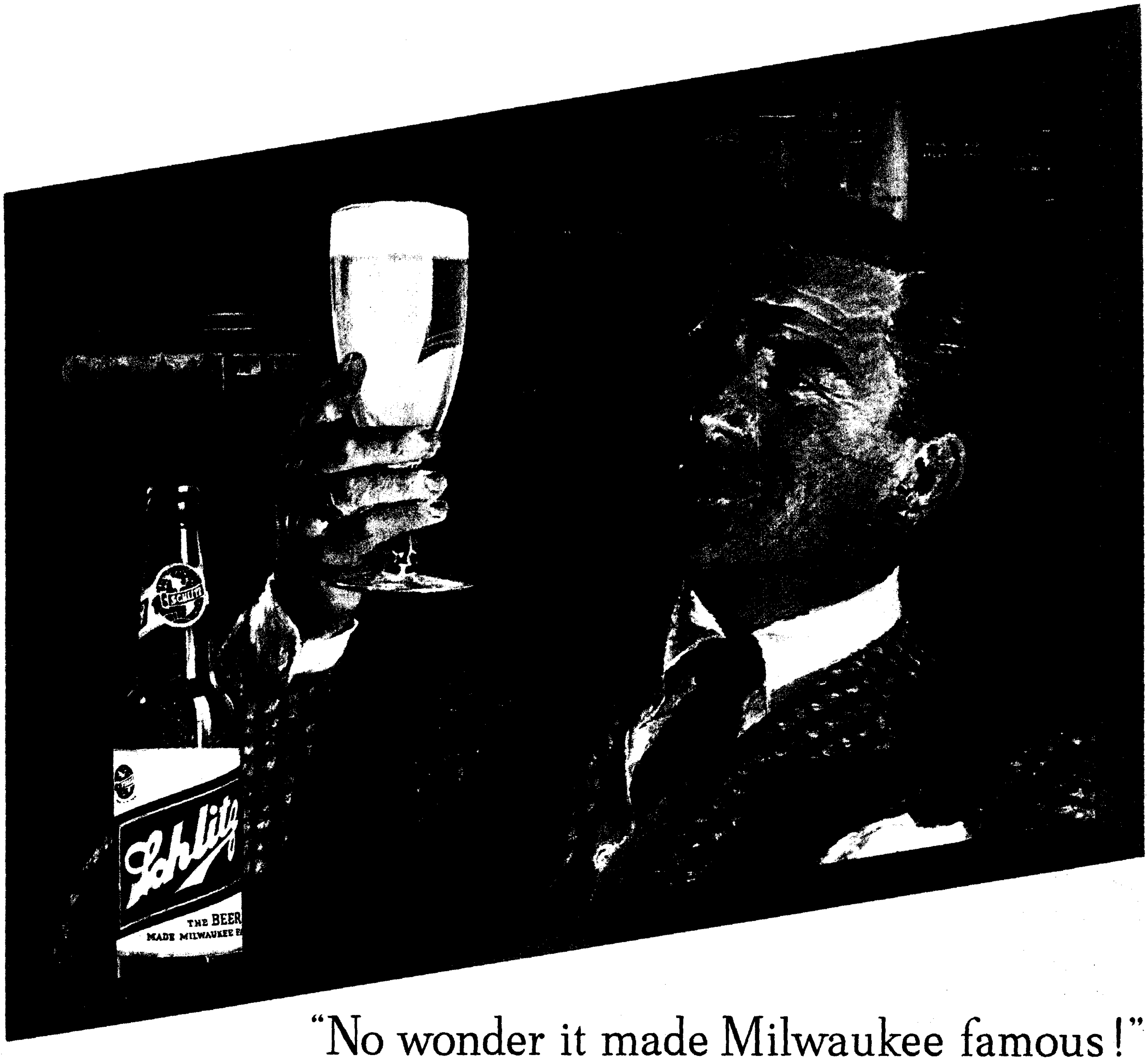
She stood at the threshold of the back door, one raised arm against the doorjamb, accepting this new knowledge into her mind. At dawn this morning, when she had awakened, she had lain thinking of him, of the remoteness in the dark gray of his eyes and the meaning of it. On the ride this afternoon, when dark doubts had brought turbulence to her mind, she had somehow been steadied by the remembrance of his quiet strength.

She admitted these things to herself now, feeling the warm shock of them through her body. When presently she continued into the house her face was still quite pale.

Harry Keck came up the street from the plaza. He walked slowly, very straight, lifting his feet high. His right coat pocket sagged from the weight of the flat bottle there. The butt of a heavy pistol was hooked above his waistband. He stood before Barbara Edwards'



COLLIER'S ACROBATS KEN RICHARDS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Schlitz
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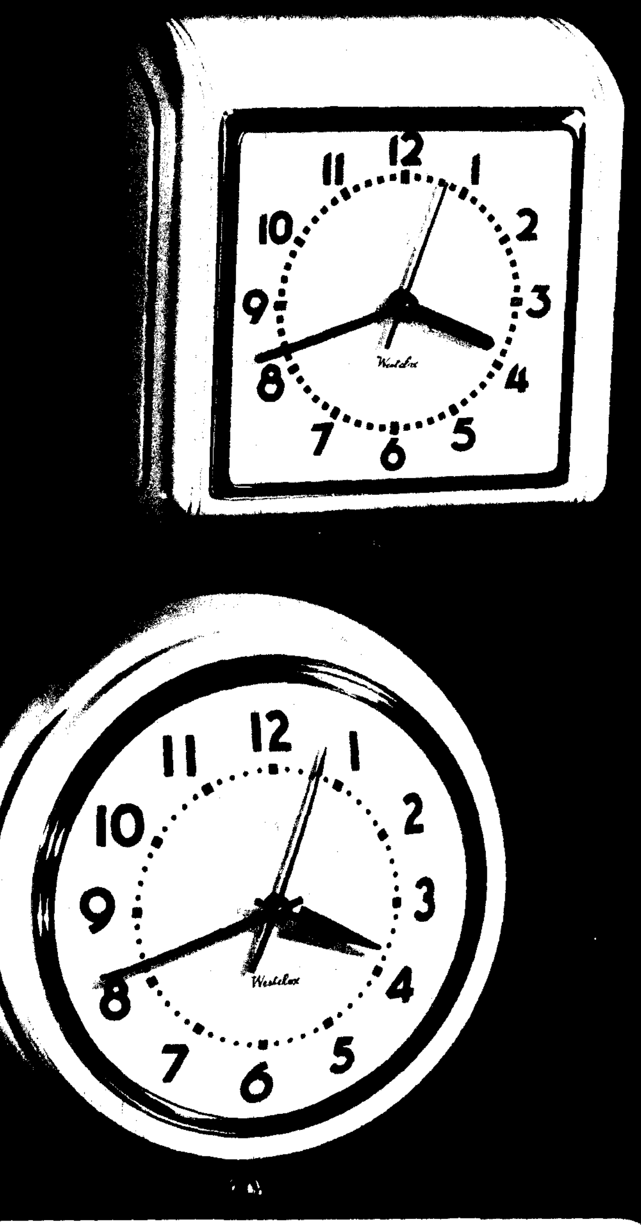
There's no better time



The finest electric clocks we've ever made

Two brilliant stars from the Westclox family of electrics—and they're at home in the kitchen! Both clocks are self-starting. Both come in a choice of ivory, red, green or white finish. And both bear the famous name that identifies a whole family of Westclox electric and spring-wound alarm clocks, electric time clocks, wrist and pocket watches. Some Westclox have plain dials, others have luminous dials that you can see in the dark. Westclox are priced from $2.10 to $15.00.

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house, listening as the violins chased merry sound across the night.

He retraced his steps and entered Jubal Nye's darkened house. Without striking a light he mounted to the second floor, turned to his left and found a bedroom that overlooked the garden next door. He sat on the side of the bed there in the dark room. Through the window and down, his vision extended over the low 'dobe wall separating the two houses and full into the garden.

He watched the musicians and townspeople indifferently. He saw Thomason talking idly with Wilse Ware. Then Molly came from the house with Ed Ware and he stiffened, following her figure. So long as she was in sight his eyes were on her, reaching out for her with a hot and maddened want.

When she was no longer visible he slumped on the bed, removing the bottle from his pocket.

PRESENTLY Barbara emerged from the house, walking directly to Thomason. She had to know now. Before Lineer came. She had to know the man she was engaged to marry. She had to know herself.

Thomason rose and reached for her hand. "It's about time," he smiled. Ware waved his cigar at them, saying, "Run along, you two. I'm comfortable."

Thomason guided her to the rear of the garden, beneath the cottonwoods and beyond the glow of the torches. He brought her to him with a swift and hungry swoop of his powerful arms. His lips were hard, demanding. Yet they told her for the first time the full measure of his dependence upon her, and she wondered that she had not seen.

She broke away and leaned against a tree, leaving her hand in his. Beyond the trees the night sky glowed. The desert itself seemed soft tonight, cooled from its first draught of summer rain. Yet its changeless lure remained, steady and insistent.

She asked carelessly, "Were the nights in Sonora ever as glorious as this?"

"I wasn't there long enough to notice."

He reached for her again. She slipped away, holding herself rigidly to her unhappy purpose.

"I was thinking today, Tracy, of your trouble there. And wishing that it had never happened."

He said in his easy way, "I told you there wasn't much trouble to it. Jim just had a situation there too big for him, and I had to go clean it up for the colonel."

"But it spoiled any chance that you and Jim might become good friends."

"That was his doing, not mine," said Thomason carelessly. "He didn't like it because I did in a day what he hadn't been able to do in six months, and he turned that black Irishman loose against me."

As he brought her to him in the darkness, searching impatiently for her lips, she knew at last with a gray and wrenching certainty that he was a weakling. This boy who had been in her house from her babyhood. This young man who had seemed so strong and clean when she was twelve, and whom she worshiped then with a child's ardor. This man now whom she was to marry. He was a weakling who was miserable without the voice of authority, and misused it when he had it. He was a weakling who fed on the praise and esteem of others, and would lie to himself and to the girl he loved to get it.

Yet she thought, as she gave him her lips, that there was no evil in him. And his need of her was all the greater now. For he was rushing toward a disaster of his own making in this valley, and she must be at his side when it engulfed him. He was her older brother before he was her sweetheart. She must not deny his claim.

She slipped from his grasp, murmuring, "We must return to our friends."

He followed her reluctantly back into the garden, leaving her at her command to join Jubal Nye, where he sat nodding in his polite way to the wife of the alcalde.

As she entered the house she heard Tim's laughing halloo and Molly's glad cry, and she found she was hurrying eagerly toward the living room.

Lineer took her hand, smiling down at her. "It's good to see you," he said.

She left her hand in his, feeling the hard warmth of it, seeing in his direct smile that he shared this keenly pleasant awareness of their joined fingers. Her eyes moved as if for the first time over the deep burn of his cheeks, the wide and relaxed mouth, the dark gray eyes with their baffling serenity, a serenity beyond the reach of men. She saw the quiet hand that held hers, wide through the palm and somehow knowing, suggesting a strength ready to use but unused.

As her eyes returned to his she saw that his thoughts were wholly on her, soberly searching her and himself. She knew with a swift gladness that she had been intimately in his mind as he lay through still nights upon the desert. She felt then the full aching emptiness of a regret such as she had never known.

Perhaps she granted one bewildered moment of farewell to the new Barbara who was born upon this desert and died so soon. Perhaps she never knew that the new Barbara was dead.

When she withdrew her hand with a cool little laugh, her green eyes were bright with a willful mockery. "You need a drink," she said. She took his arm, guiding him gaily through the house toward the garden.

HARRY KECK stood by the window in the dark room. The flat bottle held but one good drink now. He saw Molly disappear into the house, and Barbara and Thomason walk beyond the torches to the darkness of the cottonwoods. He saw them return presently, and watched Thomason find a seat beside Jubal Nye.

He pulled the pistol from his waistband. The flickering light of the torches gleamed on its blue barrel as he toyed idly with it. He raised it and sighted it at the bulky figure of Wilse Ware, trying to steady it on the tip of the cigar in Ware's mouth. He shifted it, holding it on Thomason for a moment, then steadied it with a grin on Jubal Nye.

From the corner of his eye he observed Barbara and Lineer enter the garden. He swung the pistol quickly, his grin vanishing and a wild anger flaring in his eyes. He held the front sight on the point of Lineer's shoulder as the two of them moved about the garden, stopping briefly at each table.

When they sat at a table on the far side of the garden, Keck sat down on the bed, and setting his right elbow on his right knee, steadied the gun with both hands. He brought the gun down slowly until the tip of the front sight centered on Lineer's chest. He put the merest hint of pressure on the trigger, his eyes narrowed, his mouth open, his tongue moving back and forth across his teeth as though he found an actual taste in the pleasure of this moment and must savor it fully. He lifted the gun high then, laughing silently. He aimed it with the same slowness again, this time finding the faint whiteness of Lineer's forehead.

Down there, Molly and Tim strolled into the garden. Keck's gaze swung instantly to Molly. He lowered the gun to his lap. His eyes moved briefly and speculatively over the big figure of Tim, then returned with a hungry, insane intensity to the face of Molly.

He sat motionless as the minutes passed, his lips working silently, his eyes never wavering. Presently he saw Tim walk with Molly to a table near the low wall. He saw Molly sit down alone and Tim walk away, and his body jerked. He thrust the gun back into his waistband. His searching fingers fumbled on the bed behind them until they found the bottle. He drained it, dropping it between his legs. He jumped up, steadied himself and lunged through the dark house.

Molly sat facing the garden, smiling happily to herself. The violins were answering the desert with their own song of sadness now, but it was a sadness that could not reach her. She heard a low thump at the wall behind her. Then Harry Keck slipped into the seat beside her, his mouth open with soundless laughter.

"I told you tonight," he said.

Molly stared at him in dismay. She felt no fear. Tonight there was no fear in her. Then she thought of Tim, who must be returning even now with the long glass of lemonade she had asked for.

"You must go," she said quickly. "You must get out of here at once!"

He laughed at her, leaning across the table for her hand. She jerked it to her lap. "I just came," he said. "And I'll not leave without the kiss I came for."

Molly stood up, looking quickly about the dim-lit garden. He had come so quietly, so silently that no one had seen. Tim was not yet in sight. She still felt no alarm. Thomason and Jubal Nye sat not more than a half-dozen steps away.

"Go quickly before you are seen," she urged.

Keck jerked to his feet, almost upsetting the table. His fingers found her arm, gripping it with his drunken strength and pulling her toward him.

He grunted savagely, "Don't play with me."

Big Tim, emerging from the house, heard Molly's cry. He dropped the glass in his hand, never knowing it was there, as he leaped across the garden.

Keck held Molly until Tim was almost upon him then tried to back away, his right hand digging at his waistband. His fingers never found the gun butt. Tim's roar beat upon his ears. Tim's great right hand wrapped about his shoulder. Tim's left hand closed upon his thigh. Keck spat like some enraged wild animal as Tim lifted him up and up until his jerking body was straight above Tim's head. Tim flung Keck from him then with all the strength of his mighty wrath.

Keck's hurtling body crashed upon the table, sliding off it as the table crumpled and rolling with a crazy aimlessness across the grass. It came to rest with arms and legs outflung and was still.

Tim leaped after him. Molly grabbed at his hand. He stopped instantly at her touch, and her eyes held his until the rage went out of them.

"But Molly," he said, "he needs killing."

"No, Tim," said Molly. "Not for this."

It was Lineer, coming in swift strides across the garden, who saw Keck move.

LINEER changed the direction of his steps, heading for Keck as the man gathered his arms under him and pushed himself slowly up to a sitting position.

Keck looked about him with wild, glazed eyes. They settled on Tim, standing with his arms about Molly. Keck's arm stabbed again at his waistband.

Lineer reached him in one more long stride. Lineer's right boot swung forward, coldly deliberate, and sank into Keck's stomach. Keck doubled forward sickeningly, then toppled on his side.

Lineer bent down, found the gun and straightened. He saw Tracy Thomason coming up and tossed the gun to him. Then he bent over Keck again, grasped his arms and lifted him to his feet. He shook Keck, rocking him slowly until Keck's neck muscles stiffened and Keck's head came up, eyes open.

Lineer dropped his arms then, regarding the man until recognition and hatred came into Keck's eyes.

"You're through here, Keck," said Lineer. "Ride out of this country."

Keck said thickly, "You go to hell."

"I'll give you tonight," said Lineer in the same quiet voice. "Tomorrow word will go out to every man in this valley that you're outlawed."

Keck's eyes moved over the crowd. They paused momentarily at Thomason, seeing his odd little smile. They continued until they found Jubal Nye, settling there questioningly.

"You heard," said the lawyer coldly.

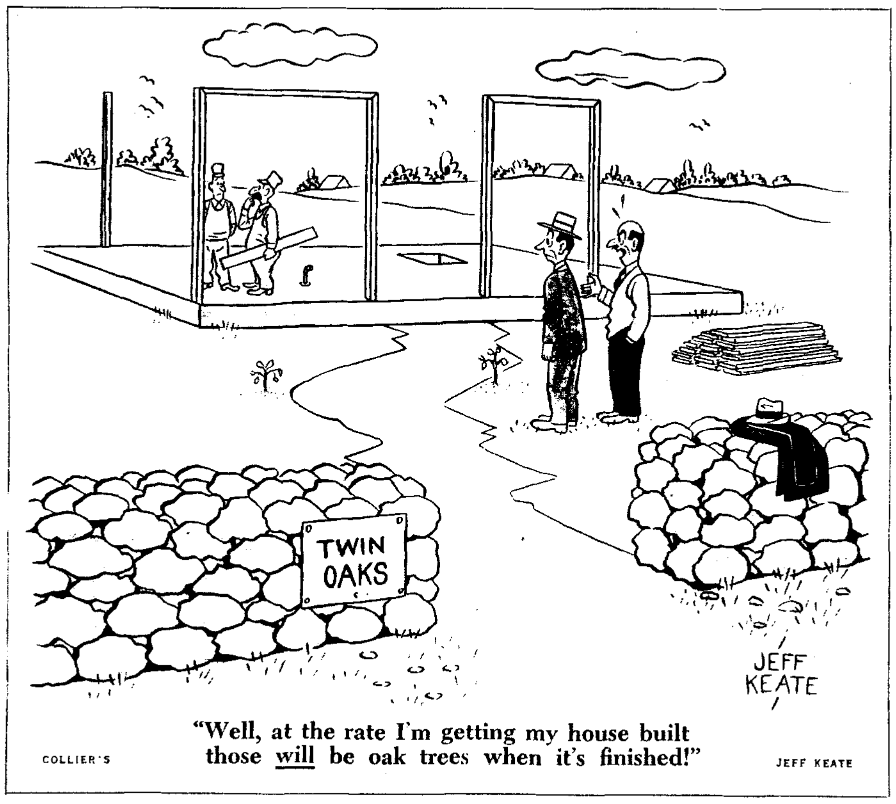
Keck returned his gaze to Lineer. "I started to kill you that first time at Tinker Well," he said. His eyes and voice held a flat, unemotional deadliness. "I changed my mind at the last second and let you live. Next time I won't."

"Ride out," said Lineer.

Jubal Nye came and stood at Lineer's side, watching as Keck climbed over the wall and vanished into the darkness.

"A mistake, Jim," said Nye. "When that kind of man looks at you that way, kill him."

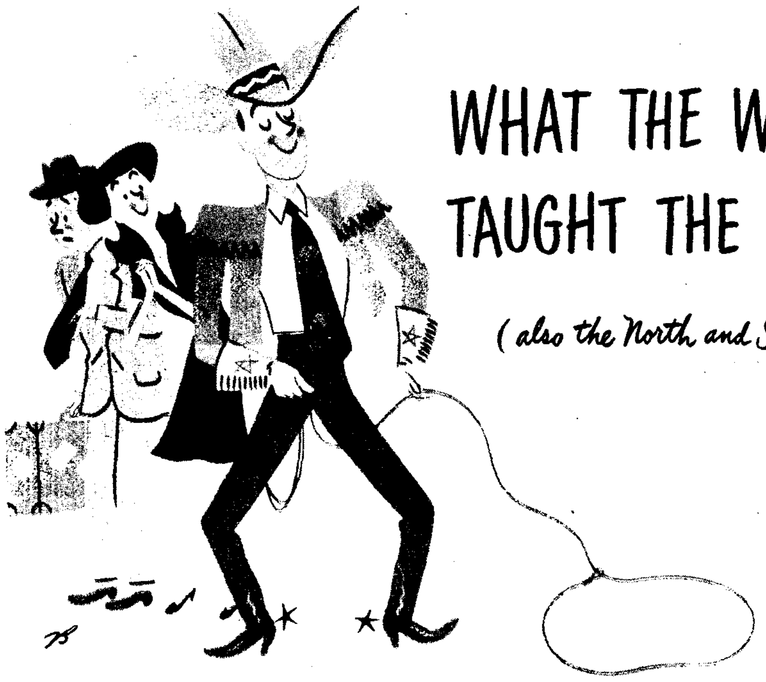
(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S

"Well, at the rate I'm getting my house built those *will* be oak trees when it's finished!"

JEFF KEATE



WHAT THE WEST TAUGHT THE EAST!

(also the North and South)

Out in the Golden West, good new ideas come in flocks—like quail!

One of the *very* best is the *all-wool* Arrow Tie—some of which are shown below. These handsome ties, "Woodland Wools," feature big bold squares (something new) . . . striking stripes and colorful patterns . . . and some other honeys we have not encountered before.

These new Arrow Ties knot up mighty sweet, and will wear for years! At your Arrow dealers. $1.00.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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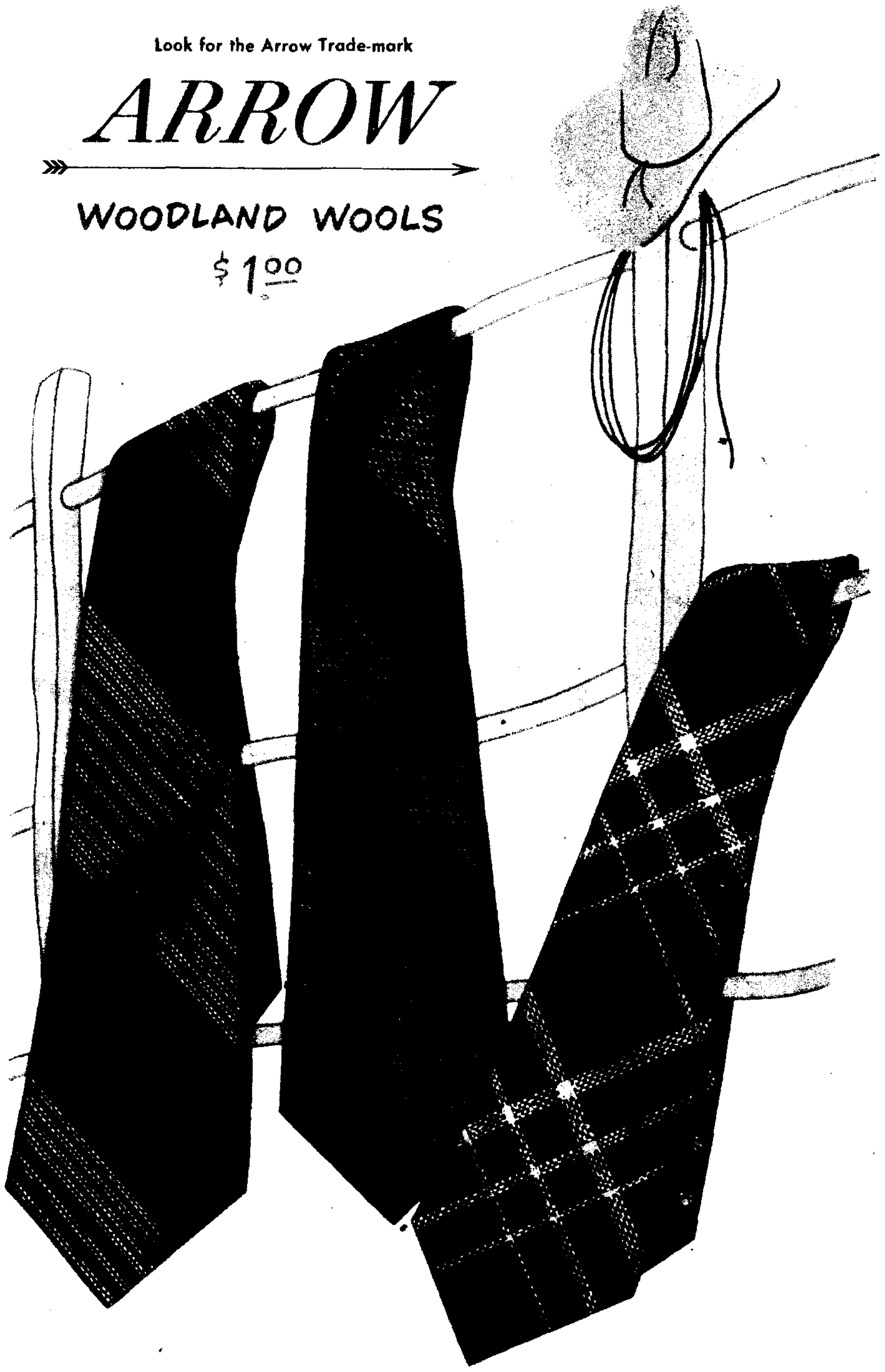
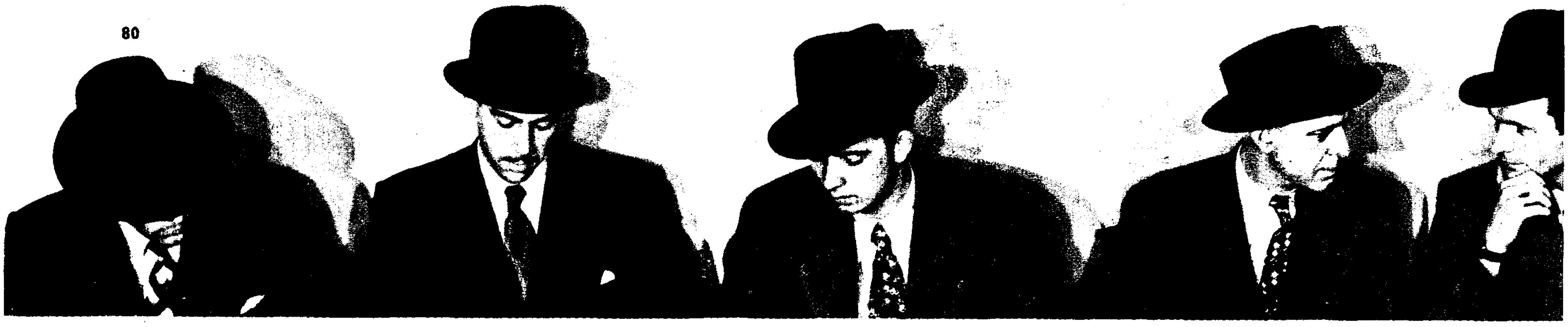




For country and sportswear, with a brown tweed jacket, and gray flannel slacks: a rough felt in a greenish-red shade that blends with country colorings. This hat never has a "new look"

With an Oxford-gray business suit, a derby with full crown and medium-wide brim, as worn in metropolitan cities. The derby is a dressy type of hat which, well-proportioned, isn't hard to wear

College men like this typical university-style snapbrim hat, in rough-finish mixture, with raw edge. Fine for college and country wear, the hat has a very tweedy look that is new for fall

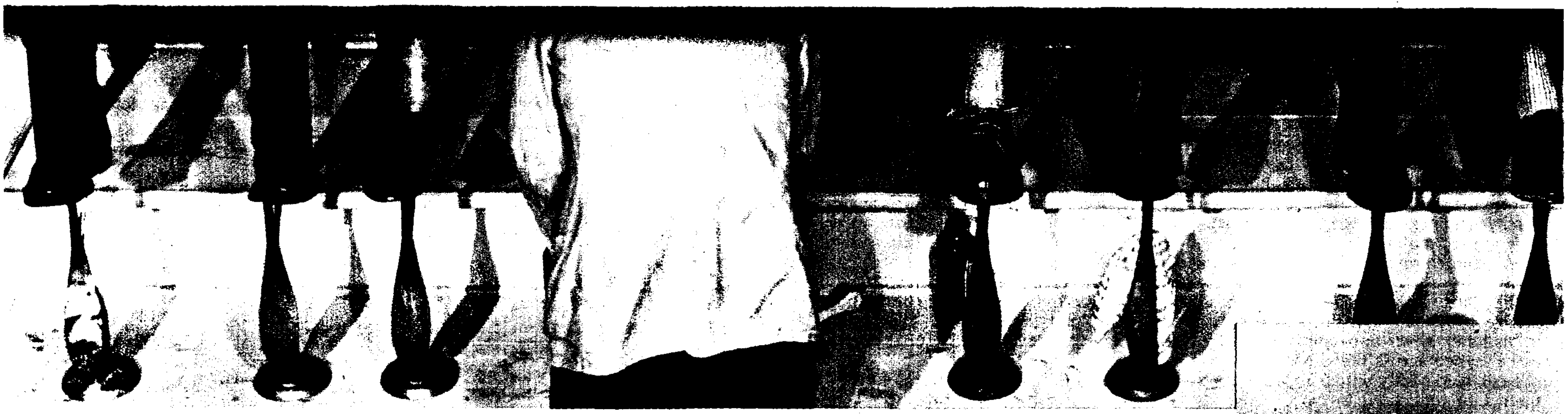
The tan Glen plaid suit, for informal town wear and a brown porkpie-shape felt hat. The hat is light in weight and has a raw-edge brim and narrow band. The outfit is also fine for travel

Ankle-high Chukka boots, popular with officers during the war, are practical for country wear and prevent pebbles from getting in at the sides. In brown calf; no toecap. Socks are green wool

Black calf half brogues with punched toecaps are extremely dressy and look well with formal types of business suits. Hose are of gray lisle, carrying out color harmony with the gray suit

The college set also like heavy moccasin-type brogue shoes, in dark reddish leather, with rubber soles and rawhide laces. Worn with country and campus clothes. Tan or "natural" hose

Brown suède shoes are appropriate for town wear with a casual suit. Made with leather soles and punched toecap, they wear well, but should be kept brushed. Socks are of brown lisle



BOTH ENDS NEAT

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

Are your hat and shoes friends or foes to the rest of your attire? Follow these simple rules of dress to keep peace in the sartorial family

ANY man who meets a couple of ladies on the street is always gratified if he overhears one of them say, "There, my dear, goes a well-turned-out man!" It is amazing how few men manage to reach this pinnacle of sartorial perfection, yet it is actually a very easy thing to do; a man can be well-turned-out simply by observing a kind of continuity of character in his complete outfit.

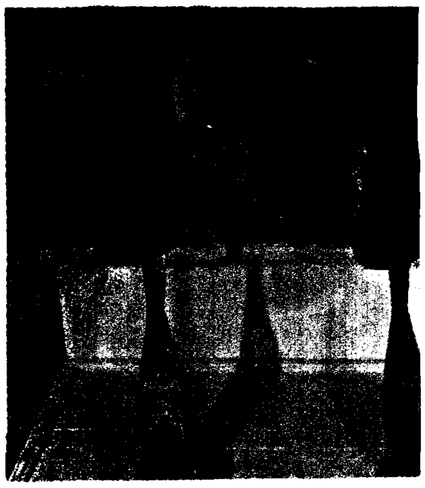
Begin with the hat and the shoes. Some shoes are intended for town wear only, either dress or casual, and they are definitely out of place anywhere else. Likewise, there are shoes meant solely for the country. Don't confuse them.

Town and country shoes are cut on different lasts. A last is a block shaped like the human foot, over which shoe uppers are drawn and shaped. The soles of well-made town shoes do not protrude noticeably beyond the uppers, and the shoes contain a minimum of decoration, such as punching, foxing, broguing and other ornamental perforations.

Town shoes in general are distinguished by clean-cut lines and simple appearance. They are always in black or brown, and nothing else should be worn by city dwellers and businessmen who wear dark, conservative clothing. To wear with casual town clothing, such as Glen plaids, small checks, gray flannels, lightweight tweeds—the sort of thing a man wears on a not-too-important occasion—such shoes come

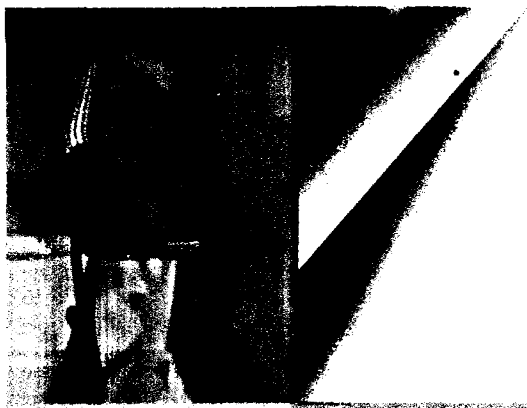
A double-breasted worsted flan-nel business suit, in gray. Wit it, a gray snapbrim hat with ra edge and unpinched crown medium wide brim—a hat tha looks well with town clothe

Black calf blucher shoes wit punchings, or perforations, o the toecaps. The blucher wa named for General Blucher, o Battle of Waterloo fame, wh had high insteps. Black lisle hos



double-breasted gray flan-
suit is also intended for
ıal town wear. The hat is a
ən-mixture sport felt with
ow band and welt edge. Gray
green look well together

h informal town dress, black
ık shoes, which have a buckle
p instead of laces, carry out
casual note. The outfit is
perfect for spectator wear
traveling. Gray lisle socks



in quarter and half brogues, monk and blucher types.

Country shoes are sturdy, with extended soles thicker than the soles of town shoes; they are intended to be worn with sport jackets and slacks, leather and waterproof jackets, sweaters, etc. They are built to take wear, and come in many types—heavy brogues with tip ornamentation, rubber and crepe-soled models, ankle-high leather or suède Chukka styles, bluchers with punched toecaps, and monk soles with strap and buckle.

Shoes offer an excellent guide to the correct type of hat. With a citified shoe, a town hat is proper; with country shoes, a sport type of head covering. In any event, hats and shoes should be in harmony, and should take their cut from the suit. With dressy town clothing, hats should be on the formal side—the Homburg type, with a silk-bound or plain welt edge; the off-the-face hat, with turned-up brim; the snapbrim with raw edge, and the derby. With casual town clothing, one may don a regular snapbrim or a flattop porkpie hat. For the country, hats should be rough-mixture felts, Tyrolean shapes, solid tweed and patterned caps, or stitched water-repellent hats of poplin and cotton.

University undergraduates, who have decided notions about wearing apparel, appear to be partial this year to a khaki-color snapbrim number with a dark green band and a welt edge of a contrasting light color. The same shape is available in dark brown, gray and fawn color, and collegians wear it with all types of clothing.

With a brown business suit, wear brown or black shoes. But watch the hat. With brown shoes and brown suit, wear a brown, green or tan hat. With black shoes and brown suit, wear only a black hat. If you wear your blue suit, either black or brown shoes are okay. But with blue and black wear a gray, blue or black hat; with brown shoes and blue suit, wear a brown hat. With a gray suit and black shoes, use a gray, green, blue or black hat, but if you wear a gray suit and brown shoes don't cover your head with anything but a brown or green hat. With tan suits, such as gabardine, whipcord, covert and tropical worsted, only brown shoes are good, but the hat may be brown, green or tan. And with black suitings, dressiest of all, wear only black shoes and black hat.

Of course, with any of these outfits, socks should be in the same color as your suit or blend with your necktie.

By observing a few simple rules you'll lengthen the lives of both your hats and shoes. Before you wear a new pair of shoes, have them shined; it prevents rain and other spots from marring the leather.

Shoe trees for each pair of shoes you own are a good investment. Shoes take on the shape of the foot in warm or wet weather, and are apt to wind up with curled edges. They should be placed on trees as soon as they're removed from the foot.

Don't let rundown heels stay that way. They injure the shoes, spoil your appearance, and are bad for feet and posture. If you wear suède shoes, clean them with a rubber sponge or wire brush made for the purpose, and brush them after each wearing.

Before you put on your hat, brush it. Hats collect dust in closets and on shelves that eventually eats into the felt and destroys its vitality. Constant brushing greatly lengthens the life of any hat. If your hat gets wet, don't put it near steam heat; it will shrink and be too small.

Hatbands should be replaced the moment perspiration stains begin to show. If you own enough hats, wear a different one every day. Above all, don't let the hat-check girl place another hat on top of yours, because sweatbands will leave a ring upon hats they are resting upon. The look the girl gives you may be dirty, but your hat will stay clean. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BAUMAN-GREENE

The single-breasted blue business suit, striped, is a dress-up town type. With it, many men prefer a dark, midnight-blue Homburg, which is dressy and goes well with the dinner jacket

Intended for casual town use, the gray cheviot-type suit is fine for commuting, travel by plane and everyday office wear. Most popular type of snapbrim is this brown, welt-edge model

Here is the newest type of snapbrim hat, of brown felt, with a tapered, unpinched crown and the narrow, raw-edge brim. This is a dressy snapbrim; looks fine with a brown worsted town suit

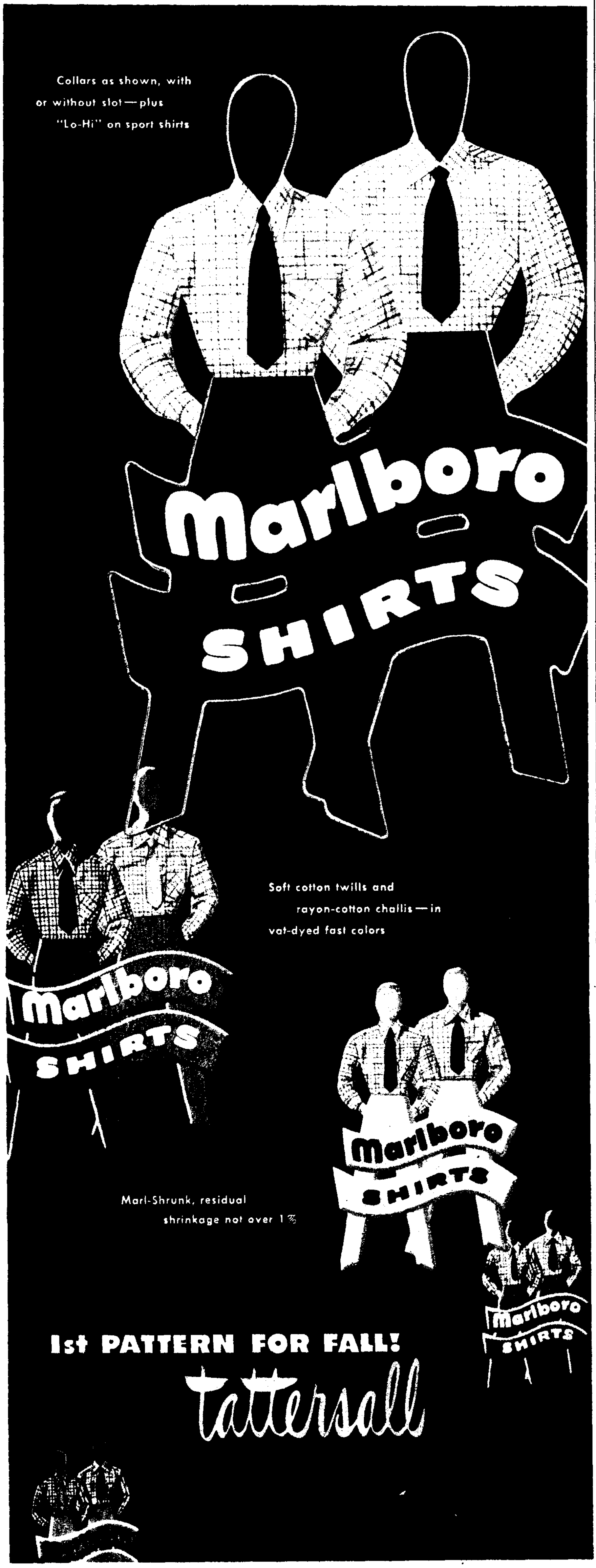
No. 1 university hat is the khaki-color felt with greenish band and light contrasting color welt edge. Shown here with a brier-green tweed-mixture suit, it is worn with all college clothing

Dressiest of all town shoes is the black, straight-tip shoe. Without punching or decoration of any kind, it is suited for wear with all town and business clothes. Socks are of blue lisle

With the gray suit and brown hat, brown wing-tip full brogue shoes, not as heavy as regular country shoes. This outfit is also perfect for spectator wear at various outdoor fall events

Dressy town shoes in brown calf in quarter-brogue model, with plain counter and punched toecaps. Suit, shoes and hat are in color harmony and all are of a town nature. Brown lisle socks

Popular university shoe is the tan blucher, with heavy soles and no toecaps. This is also an excellent country shoe, rugged and long-wearing. The bright Argyle plaid socks are campus favorites



WALLFLOWER

Continued from page 22

occurred to me that Serena Whitford had been embarrassed by the milk and cookies; it just didn't occur to me that Serena had any feelings in particular. . . .

Those were exciting days for me—the parties at Elsie's house, with a dozen boys competing, the picnics, the country-club dances, the weekly attendance, en masse, at the local vaudeville theater. Serena Whitford usually came along, but it was not I who sat next to her at the theater, nor was it I who helped her gather wood and build a fire to roast the wieners—tasks at which Serena had won a rather easy reputation for proficiency.

Somehow I had acquired a reputation as a wit, and even today, in the sober-minded cashier of the First National Bank of Coburn, it sometimes crops out a bit. At Rotary they claim that George Saunders can turn a nice enough phrase in an informal speech, and I'm often called on for some of the old stories. It is fitting and proper that a banker show a certain amount of levity on occasion—the human touch—and I suppose it helps me now as it helped me then with Elsie.

AT ANY rate, they came to depend on me for the bon mot, and it was I who first named Serena the toady, although I'm sure she never knew it. It was an apt name. She did resemble a toad, and she was forever toadying Elsie. Not that anyone blamed her. Elsie was about her only chance for social life, and Serena hadn't begun to find substitutes yet in those days. She hadn't taken up art yet, or at least she never mentioned it.

My so-called wit focused attention on me at the parties we went to, and it was a distinction that undoubtedly did much to further my cause with Elsie. Still, it seemed almost overnight that those breathless days of puppy love began. I think I can say that they were the happiest days of my life, and I remember the almost stifled happiness, the poignant tiffs, the notes signed in colored ink, "Oceans of love and a kiss on every wave," or "Yours till Kewpies wear dresses." There was one occasion when Serena helped me out.

The week before Christmas, Elsie and I had a spat; Christmas Eve came, and we still were not speaking. Even after marriage she retained that tactic, and I would find it hard to tally up the silent days and nights in our home, there were so many. But that Christmas, Joe Minor, who always stood second best with Elsie, said, "That's a hell of a trick, George, having a fight so you won't have to give her a Christmas present." Joe always had a sharp tongue, and it hurt, because the truth was I had been having trouble getting along on my allowance and I *hadn't* bought a present.

It is certainly true that you could always trust Serena. She never mentioned it to Elsie, and it was the sort of thing Elsie would have loved to drag in the times she threw Joe Minor up to me. How many times I've heard her say, "If I'd had any sense I'd have married Joe Minor. I'd be the wife of a vice-president of the bank!" I know that Serena never told her, or I would have heard about it from Elsie. Anyhow, I happened to run into Serena that afternoon when I went downtown to buy a present and I told her my troubles. Serena said that she'd buy the present for me and she'd take it to Elsie's house and put it under the tree. I gave her all the money I had.

Christmas afternoon Elsie called me up and asked me to come over. Her sweet voice over the telephone made me tremble, and when I got to her house I found her sitting in front of the fire brushing her beautiful golden hair. She said, "George, it's perfect. I didn't think you had the taste." The brush she was using on her hair had come from a toilet set spread out on the couch beside her, and I guessed it was the present Serena had bought. I thought that she had done very well with the money I gave her. The set had a slick, expensive look.

There was a party at Elsie's house that night, and that was the time Serena lost her voice. The first time, I mean. She lost it often enough after that, and it got to be sort of a joke. We were all laughing and talking, and a few of us were dancing to the phonograph, and Serena was sitting in a corner, picking out records and putting them on to play. Somebody—one of the girls, of course—suggested that we play truth or consequences. It was just an excuse to make somebody commit himself. The question they always asked was, "Tell us who your girl is." The lovesick boys always told, and the smart ones took the consequences. That time, just for a joke, Elsie asked Serena, "Who do you love, Serena?" A funny color came on her face and her eyes had a stary look; we heard a sort of strangled whisper.

Elsie, who was holding the heavy, heavy over her head, bent down and listened to her whisper and shouted, "Serena's swallowed an olive. She can't talk!"

Every sort of home remedy was tried out, and Elsie's father was called in, but for two days Serena couldn't talk, then her voice was normal again. Several times after that Serena lost her voice, and Elsie told me, a long time later, that she could talk all the time. She pretended to lose her voice, Elsie said, in order to attract attention.

The fact was that Serena's loss of voice was her last real bid for attention in our group. We were getting older, and the parties had become less frequent. There was more single dating, and no longer was there a place for Serena on the back seat. I saw her occasionally. Her mother gave her her first bank account in her own name about the time I became a teller in the First National Bank, and Serena came around to my window to open her account. After that I saw her every week or so when she stopped at the bank for a deposit or withdrawal. Usually she came in about two o'clock, just following the lunch-hour business, and we had time for a brief talk.

She usually asked about Elsie, because she didn't see much of Elsie any more, she said. She told me she was too busy to get about much; she was studying art. She was taking lessons, she said, from an old fellow who lived on the West Side. His work was represented in several museums, Serena said.

"Drive by sometime and I'll show you my stuff," Serena said. "It's pretty bad, but I think I'm making progress."

"I will," I said. "I will, Serena."

Of course I didn't take the trouble. I passed the word around that Serena was on her way to being an artist, and I remember Elsie smiled and said, "Poor Serena." It was typical of Serena that everyone was convinced she could not possibly accomplish anything.

THE old group was breaking up. Joe Minor and some of the others went off to the university, an advantage I passed up. I wanted to go to work and get ahead and I said so. I had a lot of push in those days and I thought I was smart to get a job and make time while Joe Minor was away. I had Elsie pretty well dated up when Joe was back on vacations, and before he was graduated from the university we were engaged. I suppose I had asked her at least a hundred times before that night she suddenly said yes.

By that time Serena had gone away. Her face appeared one day at my window

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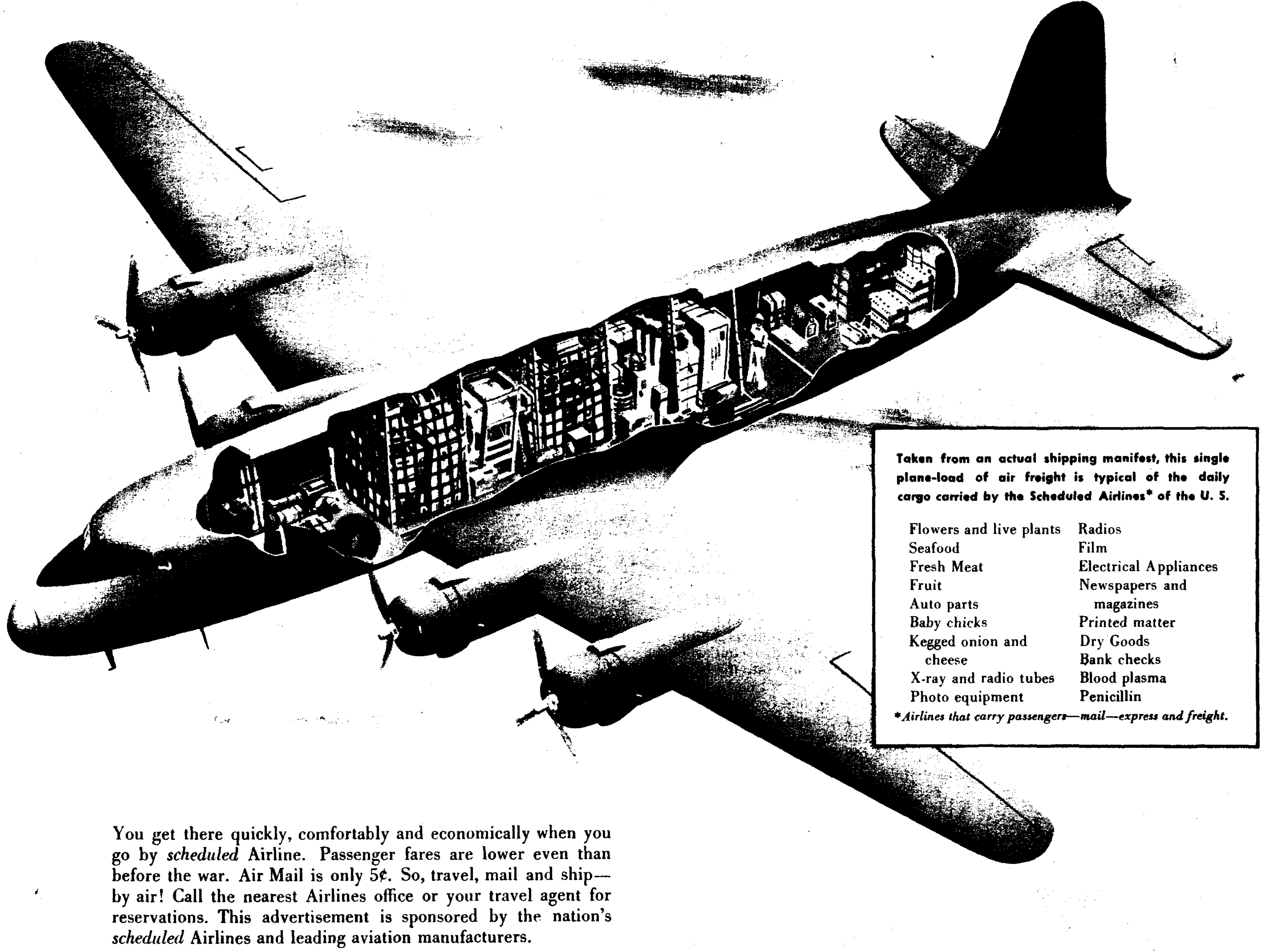

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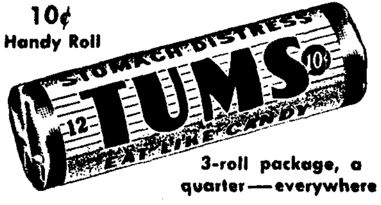

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in the bank. Her brown eyes were shiny and she was a little short of breath. "George, I'm going to New York!"

"New York?" I said. "What do you know!"

"To study art," Serena said. "I'm leaving Saturday."

"Well, that's fine," I said. "Congratulations, Serena. I guess we'll be seeing your pictures in the magazines the first thing we know."

"I'm going to study fine art, George," Serena said, with a gentle sort of tone. She gave me a patient, friendly look. "You know, you never came around to look at my work."

"I know," I said. "I'm sorry about that. Serena, I wish I had the time."

"I know how it is," Serena said, and then she was gone before I had a chance to say I was just a dumb banker and didn't know a thing about art.

That night I told Elsie about Serena's trip to New York. Elsie stood still a minute, looking at me with her head on one side, and she was frowning. "I think it's a shame," she said. "The poor girl hasn't any talent, George. I've seen her stuff. Dinky little flowers in dinky little vases. They oughtn't to encourage her."

"I guess she'll get some fun out of it."

"Fun?" Elsie smiled wisely. "She's not after fun, George."

"What is she after, then?"

"Well, look at her, George. She's the dowdiest girl I ever saw. She's going to New York to study art because it sounds glamorous. Poor Serena. The truth is nobody cares whether she goes to New York or not."

That was the truth, all right. Nobody cared. If Serena was mentioned at all it was in a casual, offhand way, and Elsie was the only one who seemed to show any concern about her. A little frown would come on Elsie's face whenever anyone talked about Serena's art, and I suppose it was because she was worried by Serena's pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp that she went around to see the old man who had been giving Serena lessons. She gave me a report that night.

"Poor kid," Elsie said. "She just has a little facility, George. It's hardly even talent. He said the art schools are full of Serenas. It's just pathetic, isn't it?"

I had sort of liked the idea that maybe Serena would turn out a Class-A artist, and I was disappointed, but I wasn't so sorry for Serena as Elsie was. Serena had got out to see the world, at least, and a couple of years after she left Coburn I got a letter from her with a Paris, France, postmark. I showed it around the bank.

She still subscribed to the Coburn paper, Serena wrote, and she saw in it that Elsie and I had been married.

"I'm glad for you, George," Serena wrote, "and I'm glad you cut that Joe Minor out."

EVEN then I had an allergy to Joe Minor's name. Joe went to the university while I went to work, but when he was graduated he came into the bank and started off at the salary I had worked up to. Of course, Joe had connections, and I didn't, and a college degree didn't hurt him any, either. He began to get a step ahead of me, and I guess I never will catch up. The day they made me cashier of the bank they moved Joe up to vice-president, and in the same breath I told Elsie of my promotion I had to tell her about Joe. That was five years ago, and it skips a lot of years. In those years we saw Serena pretty often.

Serena came back from Paris and the first night she called up Elsie for a long talk, and she came around for dinner the next night. Serena had given up the frilly dresses she used to wear, that only showed up how homely she was, and had begun to wear tailored suits. She had cut her hair short and quit bothering to make it curl. I liked Serena that way. She had a good, hearty way of talking and she had a lot to say about the places she'd been and the people she'd met. She was in town for only a week, and then she was going to Mexico. Exciting things were happening in art in Mexico.

Elsie asked, with a little smile, "How is your art work coming along, Serena?"

"I'll send you a water color from Mexico," Serena said. "I'm not bad, Elsie, but I'll never be really good."

"Oh, don't be discouraged, Serena," Elsie said, and patted Serena's hand.

Serena sent us the water color from Mexico—a mass of red-tiled roofs and a church spire and purple hills, and I had it framed for the living room. Elsie didn't think it went well with the drapes, and after a while she took it down, but we always put it up again whenever we got word that Serena was coming back to Coburn. As it turned out, Serena passed through town pretty often, and after the death of her parents, when she sold her house in Coburn, Serena began visiting us. It got so we'd receive a telegram from Serena saying, "Arriving tomorrow night," and I'd meet the train.

I REMEMBER one evening when a telegram arrived and Elsie opened it and read it aloud, then stood turning it over and over in her hands. She looked at me and said, "George, I think it's carrying things pretty far, don't you?"

"Carrying what pretty far?"

"Imposing on us," Elsie said.

"You mean Serena?" I said. "Come off it. We're old friends."

"That's just it," Elsie said. "She's imposing on an old friendship. We were just kids then, and I was sorry for Serena. I don't intend to shoulder her burden for the rest of my life, George."

"I didn't know you felt that way, Elsie," I said, and I was upset about it. "I'm always glad to see Serena."

Maybe Serena sensed what Elsie's feelings were, and maybe there was no connection at all. I don't know. At any rate, when Serena arrived she took me aside the first night and told me she wanted me to manage her affairs. Naturally I agreed, and she came to see me at the bank next day. I was surprised at how well off her parents had left her. It was quite a bit of money, and she asked me to handle her investments and insisted that I take a fee.

"I don't want to make any demands on old friendships, George," she said. "This is a business matter."

I must say that it put a different light on Serena's visits for Elsie, and I didn't hear any more about Serena imposing on an old friendship. What I did hear plenty about was Joe Minor. Serena came and went, but Joe was there all the time, at my elbow.

When Joe was moved up to vice-president five years ago and I told Elsie about it, she just looked at me, and her breath sort of hissed through her teeth. She said, "I *knew* it!"

"Anyhow," I said, "I'm cashier. That's not so bad."

"I can see the look on Betty Minor's face," Elsie said. "Damn her!"

Betty Minor wasn't one of the old crowd. Joe had met her at the university, and they were married soon after his graduation, a week or so after Elsie married me. There had been a natural resentment among the members of the old group when Joe brought in a stranger for his wife, but I always thought Betty was a pretty friendly girl. I liked her.

I've always believed in facing facts. The fact was that Joe Minor was a vice-president, and I was cashier, and I accepted it. We worked along all right together, and I must say that I never heard Elsie and Betty exchange an angry word, either; but at home, after an evening with Joe and Betty, I usually heard plenty about Betty Minor and Joe and their two brats, as Elsie called their kids. A boy and a girl they have. They both call me Uncle George, and I must say I think they're pretty fine kids.

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Serena usually brought them presents on her visits, and it's only natural that it galled Elsie a little. If you're unlucky enough not to have kids you'll know how it is. You have to cuss your luck a little now and then and you're bound to be a little bit envious of the fellows with big families. There was a time five years back when it looked like the draft might get me, and Elsie was pretty upset. It wasn't fair, she said, for me to be called up and for Joe Minor to stay at home, just because Joe had two kids and I didn't. But I couldn't make the grade physically and things went along.

The past five years were pretty tough for Elsie, with rationing and all that, and she complained it wasn't fair. A girl past thirty couldn't just mark time, she said, war or no war. She couldn't just let those years slip away. So we had a lot of parties, and we went out almost every night we didn't have people in. I guess we both got pretty tired.

We were feeling the strain, the war and all. Some nights we'd come home and Elsie would throw herself down on the bed and start crying. If I tried to pat her shoulder she'd jerk it away and I'd go off and leave her alone.

Finally it happened, just last week. They elected Joe Minor president of the First National Bank of Coburn, and they left me just where I was. Cashier. It was pretty bad bringing that news home to Elsie, but at first she surprised me. She listened to what I had to say, then she turned and walked out of the room. She didn't say a word. I called after her that I'd be made a vice-president as soon as there was an opening, but she didn't even answer.

But the next evening when I came home from the bank, I found her packing. She didn't speak to me, and I stood in the doorway a moment, looking at her, then I said, "What's the idea?"

"I'm taking a little trip," she said, without turning her head. I had never seen her quite like that before.

"So you're taking a little trip," I said. "Just like that. Where to, might I ask?"

"New York," Elsie said.

"So you're taking a little trip to New York," I said, and I was mad. "Now that's interesting."

She turned around then and looked at me. Her eyebrows were puckered and her lips were pressed together so tightly the dimple didn't show at all.

"George, let's get this over with," she said, "I'm not going to waste the rest of my life. I'll be old before I know it. I'll be stuck here, the wife of the bank cashier, and that's all I'll ever be. I haven't been a hundred miles from Coburn since we were married and now I'm going to take a trip to New York. Since you won't take me, I'm going alone. That's all there is to it."

"Don't you think maybe you ought to consult your husband?" I said.

"I'm telling you now," said Elsie.

"All right," I said, very slow and careful. "Take your trip to New York. But if you do, don't come back."

I walked out of the room and waited around downstairs, but she didn't come down. I got something to eat from the icebox and waited in the living room, but she didn't come down at all that night. I slept on the couch down there, and when I woke up in the morning she was gone. I looked around, but she hadn't even left a note.

It's not easy for a bank cashier to let it out that his wife has left him. I kept my mouth shut about it. Joe Minor passed by my desk and mentioned that Betty hadn't been able to raise Elsie on the telephone, so I had to tell him Elsie was out of town for a few days, but I didn't say where. I was pretty upset about it, and it was good news when I got the telegram from Serena that said: "Arriving tonight." It was sent from New York, so I knew which train to meet. I went down to the North Station and found the train was late because of that washout and I walked up and down in front of the train gate, waiting for Serena and wondering how much to tell her about Elsie. One thing I knew I could depend on: Serena would understand.

THE beam of the headlight passed across my face, and the train moved in slowly along the tracks. I went through the gate and walked along the platform watching the passengers get off, then I saw Serena already out of the car and walking toward me with that confident walk that had come on her in late years. We shook hands, and the good, hard grip of her fingers was a comfort to me.

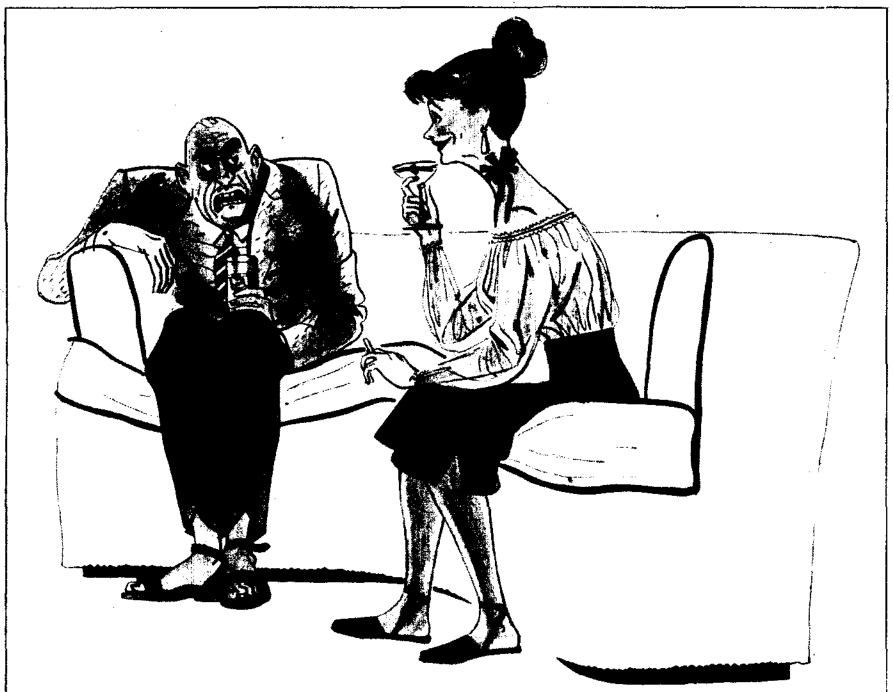
The first thing I said was, "Serena, Elsie's not here."

"I know," Serena said. "I saw her in New York."

She walked on, following the porter with her bags, and I fell into step beside her. I couldn't think of anything to say until we were in the car, driving away from the station, then I said, "Serena, Elsie's not coming back."

"I told you I saw Elsie in New York," Serena said. She lighted two cigarettes and passed me one, and we didn't say anything else. When we reached the house I said, "You see how it is, Serena. There's just me in the house."

"I don't mind," Serena said. "If you don't." She grinned at me. "I guess if you were going to make a pass at me it



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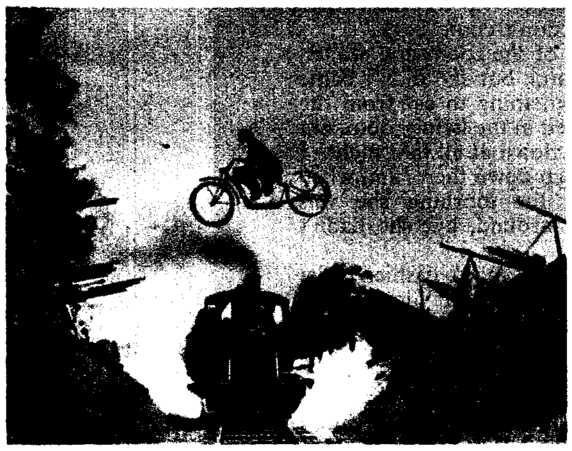

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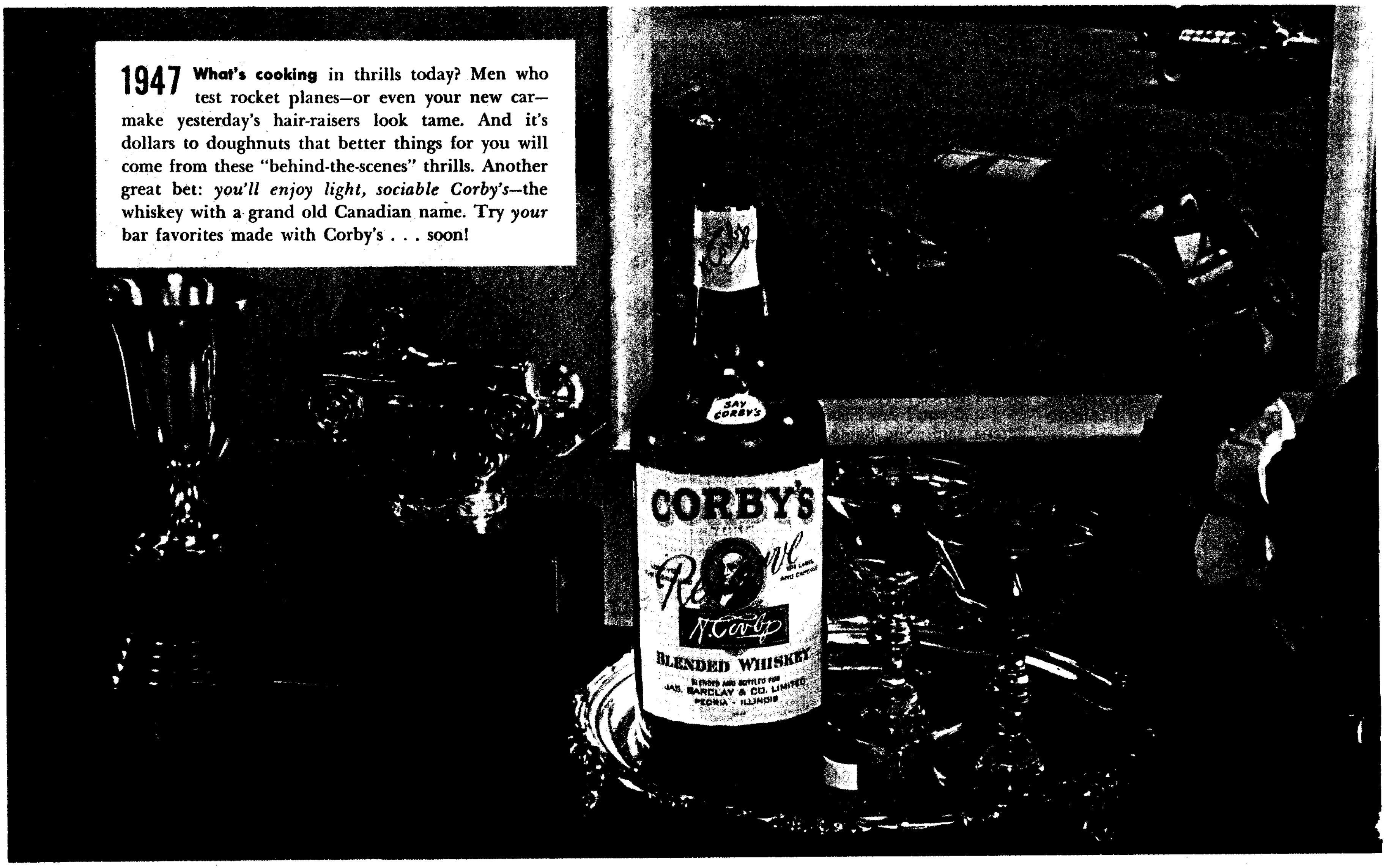
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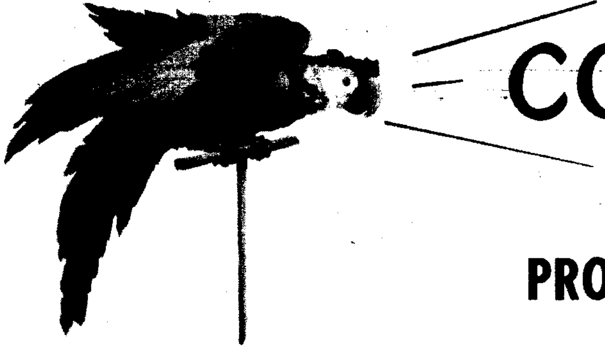

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would have happened a long time ago, George."

"Yeah," I said. "I guess so."

"You worried about what people will think, George?"

"Well," I said, "I'm cashier down at the bank, Serena. Of course, anybody that knows you—"

"Just leave my bags in the car," she broke in. She was still grinning. "You can take me to a hotel later, George."

We went in the house and Serena pulled off her hat and dropped it on the hall table. She said over her shoulder, "Get out a bottle of something, George. I want to have a talk with you."

I had some rye. I brought ice and glasses and we sat on the couch in front of the fireplace. It was good to be talking to Serena again, I thought. We had known each other for a long, long time. "George, do you think I've imposed on you?" she asked suddenly.

I gave her a sharp look. "Did Elsie say something to you?"

Serena shrugged. "It surprised me, what she said. She said that I'd imposed so much on an old friendship that it was her turn now. I gave her the keys to my apartment, George, and I walked out of there. I went to the station and sent you that telegram and got on the train."

"I'm sorry Elsie said that," I said. "It's not true."

"I said a few things myself, George," Serena said. "I'm afraid I told your little woman off. I was pretty positive about it, too. I'm beginning to have some regrets, because in a way I've always felt sorry for Elsie."

"You sorry for *Elsie?*" I said.

"She's had an empty life," Serena said. "An awfully empty life." She put her hand on my arm. "Of course, it's her own fault, George. It's not your fault."

I SHOOK my head slightly, and drank some of the rye. Serena chuckled, and her fingers pressed my arm a little. "Seeing the way you drank just now, like it was medicine, makes me remember," she said. "Remember the time Mother brought out the milk and gingerbread cookies, George? You never said a word about it. You pretended that milk and gingerbread cookies was just what you wanted, even after we left the house. I was afraid you'd tell the bunch about it, and make it a joke, but you didn't. I haven't forgotten that, George."

"Yes, I remember," I said, and drank some more of the whisky.

"George," she said, "are you going to miss Elsie?"

"I guess so," I said, and paused to think about it. "We've been married a long time, Serena."

"It could have been a good marriage," Serena said. "It's not your fault it wasn't. George, I told Elsie a few things when she walked in on me in New York. I told her that all her life she'd been a selfish, jealous female, and I didn't exactly use the word female, either."

"I suppose she's selfish, Serena," I said. "But Elsie's not so bad. She's had a lot of disappointments."

"Her vanity has been disappointed," Serena said. "That's all. Oh, I know if you'd had children it might have helped. That was a terrible disappointment, wasn't it, George?"

"It was," I said.

"To you, I mean," said Serena.

"I guess to both of us, Serena," I said, and finished the rye.

"Elsie had too much as a girl," Serena said. "She was the best looking of the crowd, the best dancer, the gayest. George, I told her that when she married you she never knew what she had. She never appreciated you. She wanted Joe Minor. It killed her taking second best."

"Why, you're wrong there, Serena," I said. "I cut Joe out. I guess it's the only time I ever did get the best of him."

"I know, George." Serena patted my hand. "Now put your glass down and prepare for a shock. I'll tell you what I told Elsie."

I put the glass down and looked at her. Her brown eyes were shining and I thought she looked more attractive than she ever had before. She wore her hair in the upsweep style, and it was becoming.

"George," Serena said, "I told Elsie she never appreciated what she had. I told her if she didn't want it, I did, and I took a cab to the station."

I stared at her. "God," Serena said. "If you could see your face!"

She had caught me off balance, all right, but something clicked in my mind. I could throw up my job and we could get out of Coburn, Serena and I. We could travel. I was handling her affairs and I knew how things stood—"Serena," I began, but she held up her hand.

"Skip it, George," she said. She walked over to the fireplace, and it was a moment before she turned. She said quietly, "George, Elsie is a petty, selfish woman, but you do want her back, don't you?"

"Well, I—" I began, and stopped. I looked at her. "Serena, we've known each other a long time. We—"

"Let me tell you the rest of it," Serena said. "I thought you would probably want her back, and that's one reason I told her what I did. I know Elsie, George. I know how her mind works. When is the next train from New York?"

"*From* New York?"

"Yes," Serena said. "Elsie will be on it."

I reached over and poured more whisky in my glass.

"George," Serena said, "you take her back on your own terms, you understand? You're too good a man to be imposed on by a woman like Elsie. She'll be on that train, I can promise you that. When does it get in?"

"About midnight."

"Don't meet it," Serena said. "That's all. Wait for her here, and act tough." She started briskly toward the door. "Now drive me down to the hotel."

I followed her slowly into the hall As she put on her hat, her eyes met mine in the mirror and she smiled. She said, "George, promise me something."

I said, "Sure."

"Get what you can out of life. Don't let them push you around."

"I do all right," I said.

"You're too good for Elsie," Serena said, "and Elsie knows it, too. But you'll never be happy without her."

"No," I said.

SHE took my hand in both of hers. "George, there's always been a special bond between us, do you know that?"

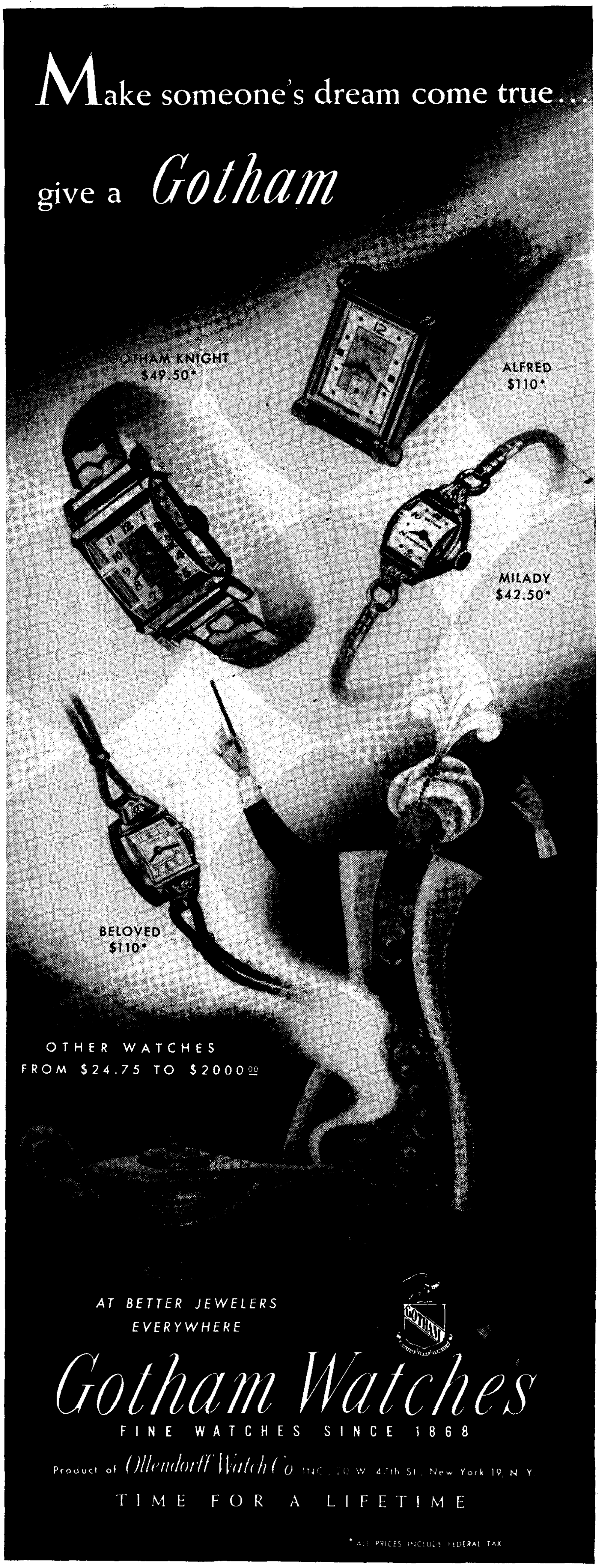
"Yes, of course," I said.

"But you don't even know what it is," Serena said. "It's because you took me to my first dance, George. Poor guy. You had to dance every dance but one with me and you never complained once. I'll never forget that, George."

She looked at my face and laughed, and said, "Well, let's go."

Sometimes I've wondered just what was in Serena's mind when she returned that night to Coburn, and what exactly she had expected from me. But even then, as we went down to the car, it was plain that Serena had made out better than either of us; she was a little closer to contentment. Of course, I knew she was right about Elsie. I knew Elsie was a petty, jealous woman. But she hadn't been right about me. I hadn't ever been the man Serena thought I was, but I didn't say so. I let her think I really had the qualities of her youthful memories, and I let her think that I planned to return straight home instead of driving to the station to meet the train that brought Elsie home. I hadn't forgotten my boyhood dreams, either—or my first dance, when the band played Margie.

THE END



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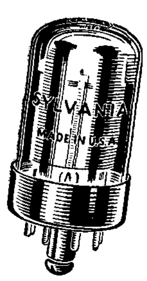

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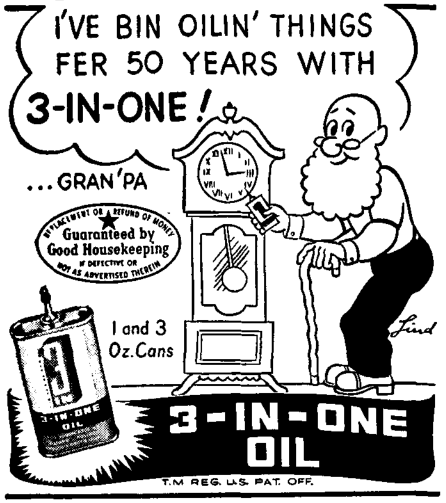
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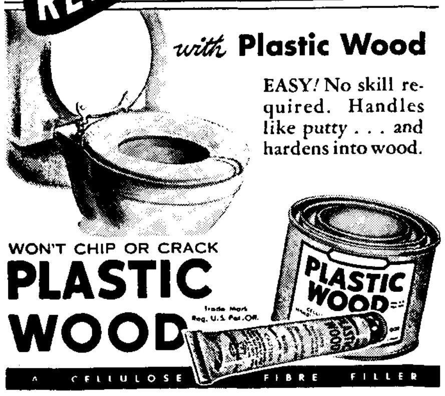


GHOSTS FOR SALE

Continued from page 17

last relations who stayed with the Willies left suddenly during the night by way of the rain spout and ran all the way to the station in their pajamas. So that evening you rather ostentatiously take a flashlight to bed with you as well as a .45 revolver.

You are awakened at midnight by a strangled scream close by your ear. For a second you lie awake, trying to locate the sound. Suddenly your bed is surrounded by luminous figures. Instantly you snatch up your gun and fire into the phantoms. They continue to hang over you, laughing mockingly. You switch on the flashlight. The ghosts vanish. Your door is locked. There are no sliding panels in the walls, and when you storm into the Willies' room, you find them both fast asleep and no evidence that they have been out of bed. This has almost completely solved the summer guest problem.

Midnight Horror Explained

Actually, the Willies had nothing to do with the ghosts except to press a switch before they retired. Promptly at midnight, an electrical timing device set off the scream (recorded on wire and installed in a table near your bed). After waiting a few seconds to allow you to wake up, the same timer switched on an ultraviolet bulb set in one of the ceiling lamp sockets. Ultraviolet light cannot be seen by the human eye, but the rays caused several ghosts, drawn with "invisible green" ultraviolet paint on the walls, suddenly to appear. In ordinary light, "invisible green" paint does not show. But when the ultraviolet "black" light hits it, this curious substance stands out like neon. After a few seconds, the ultraviolet bulb goes off again and the ghosts disappear.

For really serious house hauntings, Nelson dislikes crumbling old castles or rambling mansions. He prefers a house that hasn't even been built yet. He goes over the blueprints, consulting with the architect and contractor. Then he works with them during the construction. A house that has received this treatment is really a living nightmare. It is impossible to move anywhere in the place without meeting walking skeletons, vampires, drooling blood, or partly decomposed zombies.

Nelson keeps his secret devices for invoking spirits locked in a safe. When he sells one of his systems, only the purchaser is allowed to know the mystery and he must first sign a paper swearing not to reveal the secret. Nelson admits that certain of his spirits need mechanical devices to help them function. To guard the secret of these devices, Nelson has the separate parts made by three different mechanics living in different cities, none of whom knows what he is working on. Nelson assembles the parts himself. Some of these devices cost several hundred dollars each.

I asked Nelson if he believes that there are any real psychic phenomena. "I haven't a doubt of it," he told me instantly. "Every medium who comes into my shop always explains that she is buying my ghosts simply to help out her own genuine manifestations. Many people think that mediums are cynics who don't believe in the supernatural. I've never met a medium yet who didn't think that all the other mediums actually were calling up real spirits. Mediums are very sincere people.

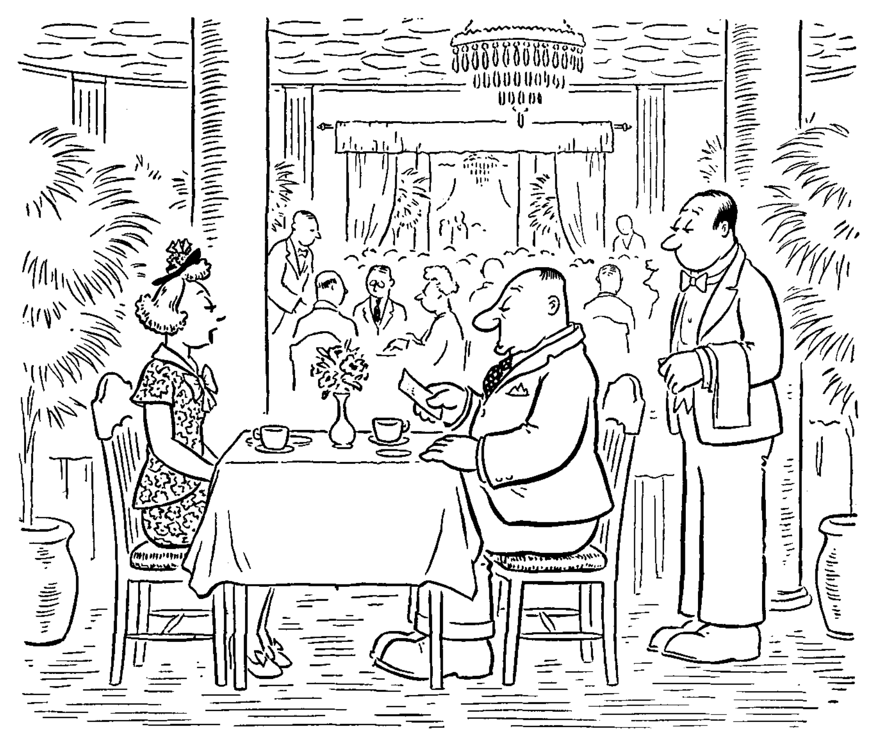
"Also, I think real spirits are strongly attracted by my commercial ghosts," Nelson added. "My ghosts all have the same face, but they are being constantly recognized by sitters as some long-lost relation. I attended one seance where a sitter identified a ghost I'd sold the medium as her dead husband. This was particularly curious because the ghost strongly resembled a piece of luminous gauze. I told the sitter I couldn't see any human features at all. The sitter explained that I wasn't psychic."

Nelson says that mediums are really jovial people with a strong sense of humor. "They're always cracking jokes," he told me. "I know one medium who charges $25 for a reading. After he's collected the money, he tells the sitter, 'This entitles you to ask me two questions.'

" 'Isn't that a lot of money for only two questions?' the startled sitter demands.

" 'Yes, Madam, it is.' says the medium gravely. 'And now, what is your second question?' "

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



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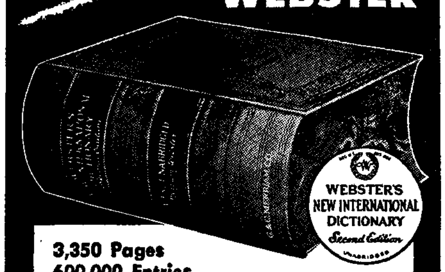
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One popular superstition among mediums is that there exists a wonderful invention called "spit balls," little capsules full of a highly concentrated, luminous gas. During the seance, the medium spits one on the floor. The capsule breaks, and the luminous gas rises slowly, glowing in the dark like a ghost.

"If I could manufacture spit balls, I'd make a fortune," says Nelson regretfully. "But there is no luminous gas that's lighter than air. I'm still concentrating on the problem."

Nelson also furnishes supernatural effects for theaters, carnival "fun houses," and "ghost shows." Ghost shows are usually run by motion picture houses showing a horror picture. During them, ghosts appear on the stage and occasionally even join the audience. "There are always a few smart alecks in an audience who try to grab the ghosts, but I've worked out several little ways to discourage that," Nelson explains.

If an audience gets too aggressive, Nelson shouts through the loud-speaker that he is going to send a plague of worms to crawl over them. Instantly two assistants, covered with black velvet in the darkened theater, run up the aisles. The assistants have stretched between them a long wire and dangling from the wire are rubber worms, coated with vaseline, to make the illusion more striking. In the pitch darkness, the writhing worms slither across the faces of the audience and produce a very realistic effect.

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"Now I have a more subtle method," Nelson explains. "During one show, a hysterical bobby soxer jumped on the stage and tore the leg off one of my skeletons. All my ghosts emit a horrible, blue-green glow and when the girl found she had the gleaming leg in her hands, she got panicky and flung it into the audience. It landed in a lady's lap and she hastily threw it a few seats farther back. Then the shining, dismembered leg seemed to be bouncing about the theater while the audience screamed in terror.

"That gave me an idea. Rather than use up valuable ghosts, I painted faces on a number of balloons with luminous paint. The projectionist releases them from his booth on the audience after the lights go out. People see these grisly faces floating toward them and naturally try to knock them away. The balloons spin, so the faces are constantly appearing and disappearing. If anybody tries to grab them, the balloons usually burst, which adds to the effect."

Nelson's studio is designed so that clients can see the ghosts they are considering buying, under ideal conditions. Beyond his office, is a small but completely equipped theater. Here producers can see the ghosts exactly as they will appear on the stage.

Nelson's advice to an ambitious young medium just starting out is to move either to Hollywood or Washington, D. C. Motion picture stars and Congressmen, he says, are the two most superstitious groups in the country. Occasionally, a medium will take unfair advantage of the trust Congress puts in her. A few months ago a group of Congressmen and their wives went to a medium and asked her to give them the winning number in the numbers game. The medium agreed and told them to put their money in a box so that she could bless it. After offering up prayers for the success of the venture, she handed them the box and told them to open it in a week. They would find a slip of paper lying on top of the money with the number written on it. When the committee opened the box, it was empty. The box had a false bottom and the medium had quietly removed the money while blessing it. "However, the Congressmen still had the box which was a very ingenious piece of apparatus," says Nelson cheerfully.

Nelson believes that motion picture stars are shrewder than Congressmen, but they also have more money. Even so, Nelson is frequently shocked by the ease with which the stars are deceived by cheap ghosts when, for a few more dollars, some of his creations would do a really good job on them.

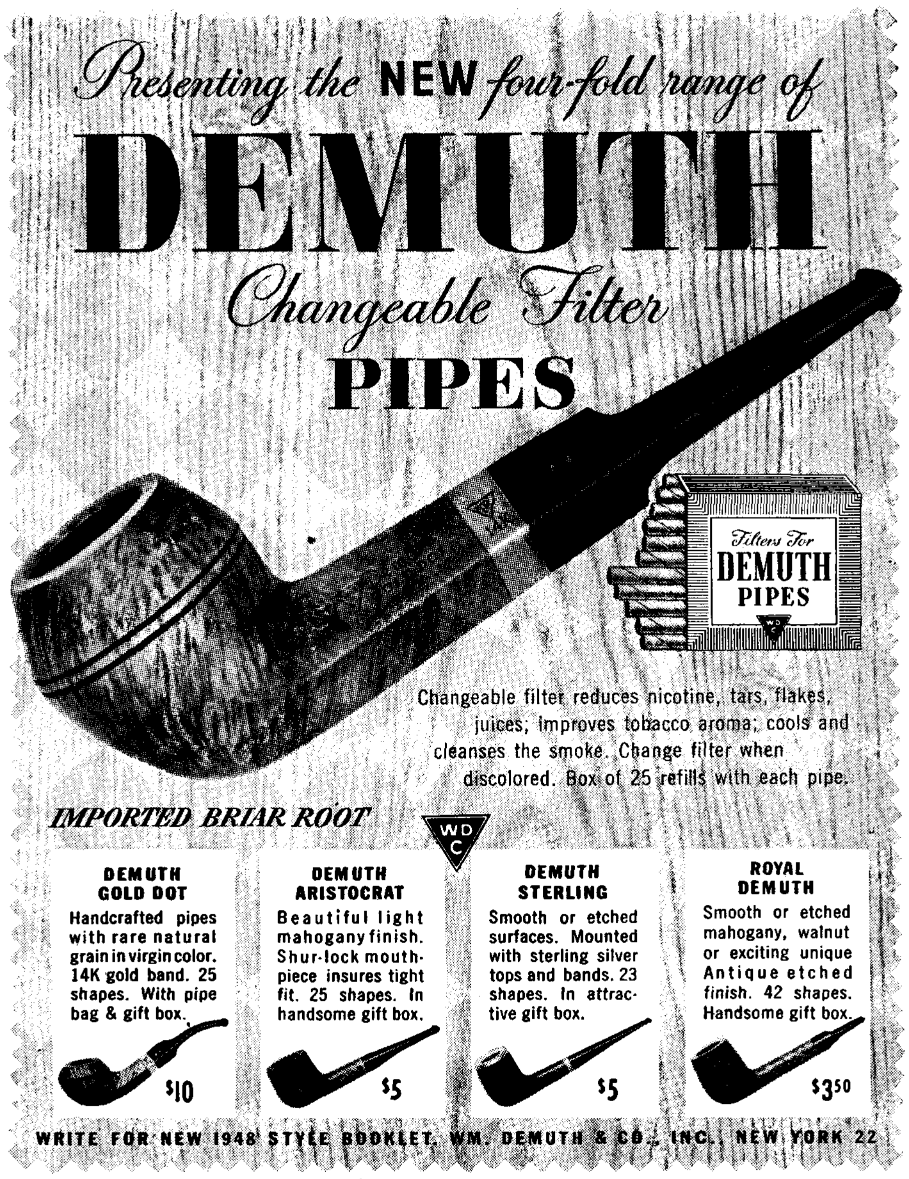
The Case of the Talking Buddha

Nelson knows one medium who did very well on the Coast with a talking Buddha. The Buddha was a small, wooden image that sat with his hands folded. An incense bowl stood in front of the idol and if you wrote a question on a slip of paper and burned it in the bowl, a voice came from the Buddha answering your question. One star consulted the Buddha so much that she finally decided that she'd save money by buying him. The price was $23,000. The star took the Buddha home triumphantly. But apparently he was annoyed at the change of residence, for he never spoke again.

"That Buddha was a very poor affair compared to my talking teakettle," says Nelson proudly. "My teakettle will talk anywhere at any time." Nelson says the teakettle was originally the property of a West Virginia mountaineer who was found murdered, still clutching the kettle in his arms. When the police tried to release it, the voice of the dead man issued from the spout, naming his murderer. Nelson bought the kettle and worked out a deal with the ghost to keep haunting it. You can ask the kettle questions by writing them on a piece of paper and dropping them inside. The voice answers you. Nelson says the kettle is the most popular discovery in all his years of psychic investigation.

In spite of his profession, Bob Nelson believes that genuine psychic phenomena do occur. "My brother and I have frequently seen things happen that we couldn't explain," he admits. "But usually it's not spectacular or constant enough to make it commercially useful. But for every piece of apparatus I sell, I'll sell a dozen books written by serious students of the occult describing real seance procedure. I supply people all over the world with the perfumes, incenses and herbs necessary for incantations. They write back to say they get results. Of course, much of it may be due to their imaginations. But I don't see how all of it can be. Yes, I honestly believe there is some force we don't fully understand that can make itself felt. But even practicing mediums will admit that this force is uncertain and almost impossible to control. For steady results, I prefer my own methods."

THE END



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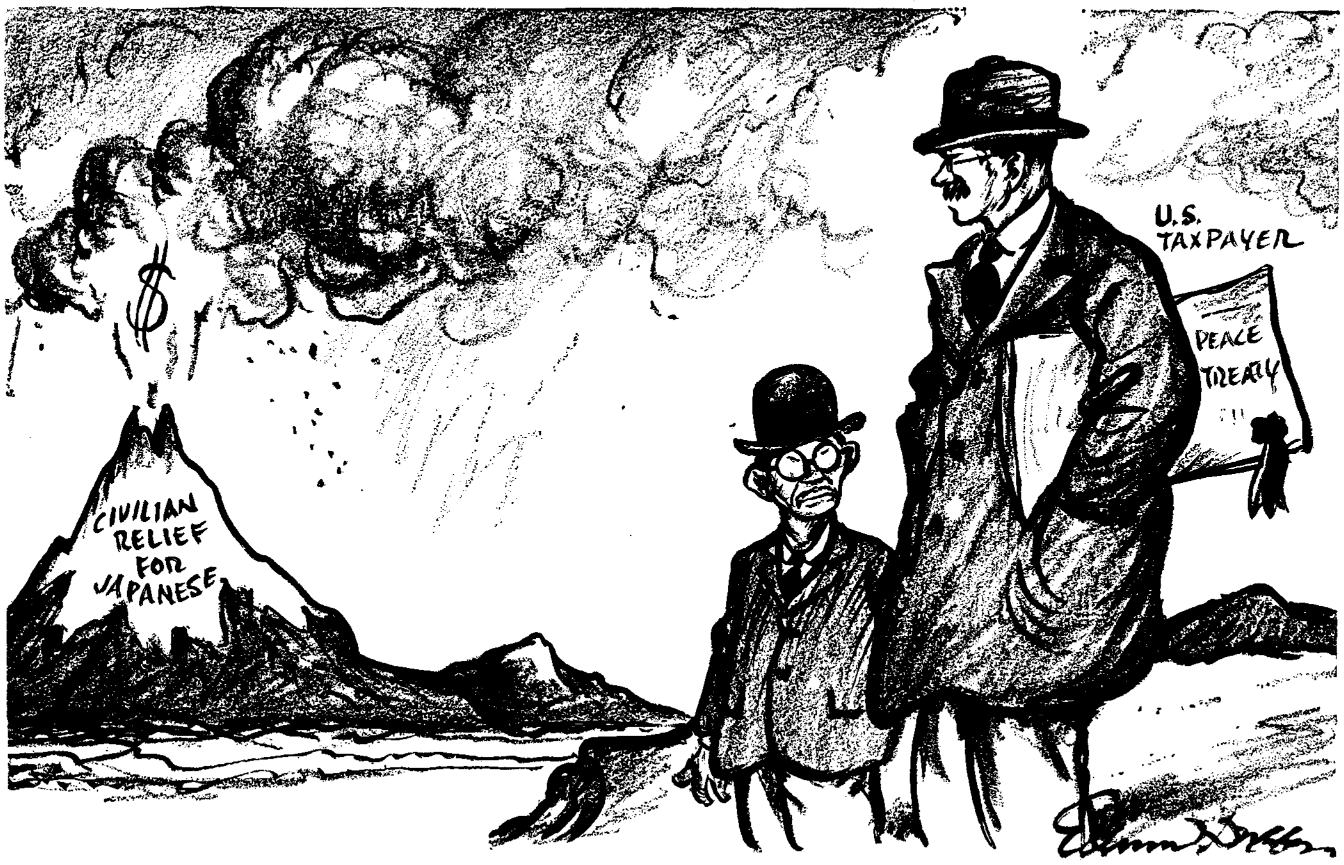

EARLY PEACE WITH JAPAN

WE SECOND the motions of General MacArthur, Herbert Hoover and others that a peace treaty with Japan be concluded as soon as feasible, and that this document be designed to enable Japan to get back on its feet economically and to prevent it from again becoming a military menace.

Not that we have any great love for the Japanese. The memories of Bataan and various prison-camp atrocities are too fresh for that.

However, the official winding up of the war with Japan looks like the most desirable and practical thing, from almost all points of view, that could happen any time soon in that part of the world.

Civilian relief for the Japanese is costing U.S. taxpayers about $300,000,000 a year. That drain can't be materially reduced until Japan can start up its foreign trade again on a substantial scale; and the latter can't happen until Japan's position is established by a peace treaty so that it can negotiate loans and credits.

Equally important, it seems to us, is the fact that the Japanese people, knowing that the Americans virtually singlehanded defeated them and being admirers of success wherever found, are now almost unanimous in their admiration of said Americans. Or if they aren't, they have succeeded in fooling all observers beginning with MacArthur himself, a lifetime student of the Oriental mind.

With the Japanese in that mood, it can't hurt us to encourage their friendship while safeguarding ourselves. We can best do that at this time by speeding negotiations for a realistic, tough-minded and just treaty of peace with them, and by renewing our war-born resolves to keep our Pacific bases and outposts strong and alert for many years to come.

If Russia will join in a Japanese peace conference, fine; and there appear to be reasonable grounds for thinking Russia will do so. But with or without Russian co-operation, let's get busy on an all-out effort to liquidate the Japanese part of World War II as fairly and speedily as may be.

JUST KEEP ON PROBING

IT'S hard to imagine any more salubrious medicine for the good old American body politic than the recent and forthcoming Congressional investigations into wartime fraud, graft, corruption, shenanigans and high jinks. These things always have gone with wars—whisky, presents, vivacious gals, bribes open or disguised, etc., to oil the letting of the fat contracts to the proper persons.

Our latest war was the biggest one in world history, so the logical presumption is that the rooking of the taxpayers was on a larger scale than in any previous conflict. By the same token, the next war, if there is one, will be still bigger, and consequently the graft investigations after that one will make the present probes look puny by comparison—assuming the atom bombs leave anybody alive to investigate or be investigated.

Meanwhile, one big postwar duty of our elected representatives at Washington is to dig up all the wartime dirt they can and expose it to public view, and to do it dramatically and sensationally so that it will come to the attention of large numbers of people.

This last was noisily done in the set-to between Howard Hughes and Senator Owen Brewster (Rep., Me.) with Elliott Roosevelt as a star witness.

Just let the facts fall where they may, and hit whom they will. The main thing is to spread the facts on public record.

And as the facts unfold before the fascinated eyes of all of us taxpayers, the main thing for us to keep in mind is that we paid, are paying and will pay for every bit of wartime waste, bribery, corruption and what not. This realization should be especially acute on federal income-tax days, which, as some 48,000,000 of us know, all too well, fall on the 15th of March, June, September and December. Dig, boys and girls. Dig deep. You're paying for all this skulduggery and vaudeville. And you're going to keep on paying, too. Keep smiling.

LOOKING FOR A WIFE?

MOST of the lovelorn advice that we've ever seen (and we've seen plenty of it) was addressed to the girls, whereas it has long seemed to us that the boys are in far more urgent need of such advice. So we will introduce a novelty at this point by offering the hardest-headed and most constructive tip we can think of to the great majority of young men contemplating matrimony; to wit:

The thing to do is to look around for a demanding, ambitious, energetic and good-natured young woman, fall in love with her, and marry her as promptly as you can.

She needn't be beautiful, though, of course, beauty helps. She needn't be wealthy, because the above-mentioned qualities will almost guarantee that both you and she will be plenty well off in due time.

If you are the typical rather indolent, happy-go-lucky, not too energetic male, this gal will furnish you the inspiration to effort that you need. She won't lead you into an easy life; but she will mainspring you into an exciting and satisfying one if you'll just stick along with her.

It was demanding, ambitious and generally good-natured women who stimulated the pioneering of this country from the Alleghenies to the Pacific—and who today stimulate American men to keep bringing home to the wife and family more and more of what it takes. That is one of the biggest factors in our success as a nation to date.

So if you're the easygoing type, as most of us men happen to be, just find yourself an up-and-coming young woman and marry her pronto. Leave the clingers and the droopers, the dumb beauties and the spoiled darlings to the exceptional self-starters and go-getters who can push ahead under their own steam exclusively.

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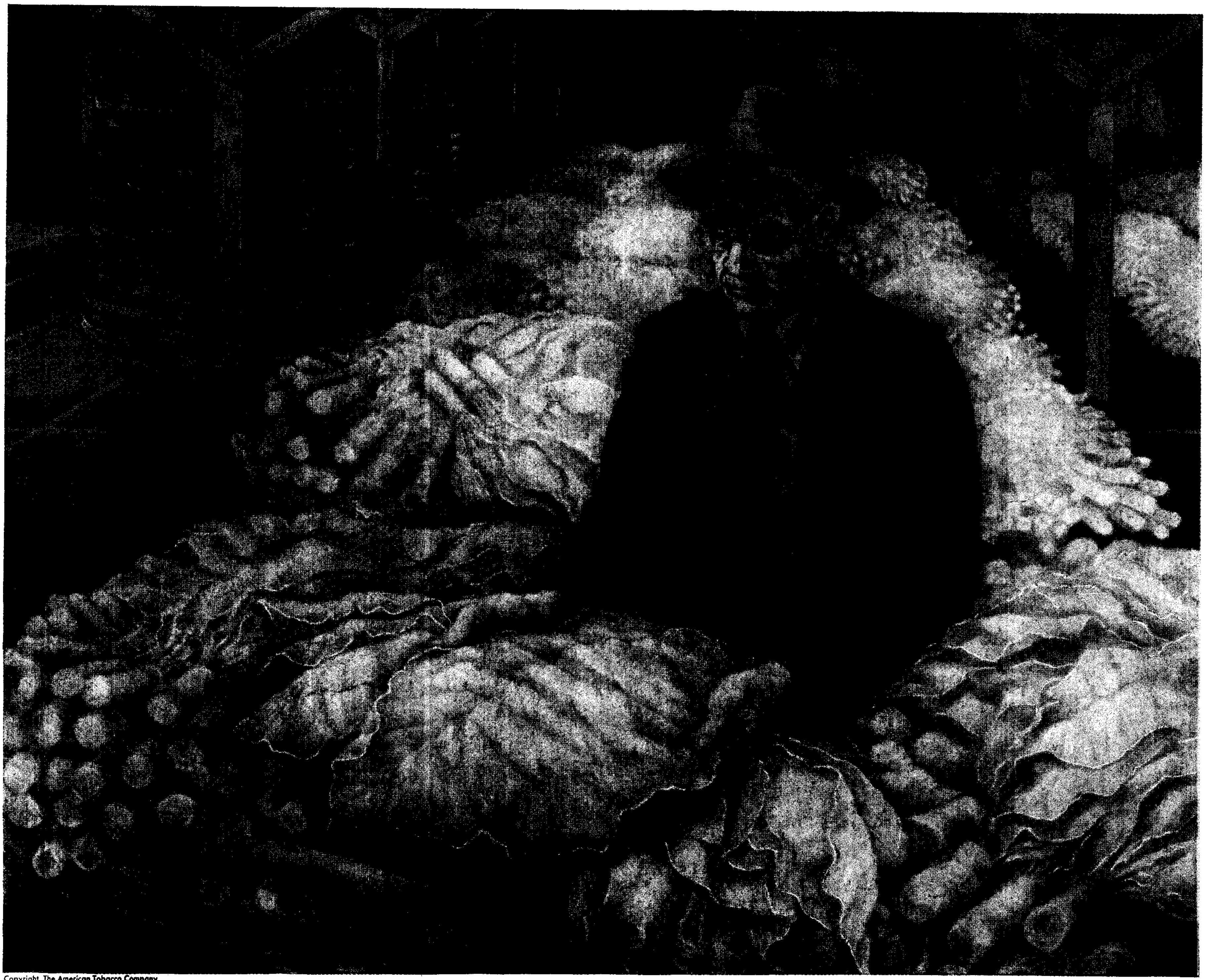

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